THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ated Weekly

Foun[illegible]8 by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 24, 1916 5cts. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

In This Number

COUSIN EGBERT INTERVENES—By Harry Leon Wilson

THE CROOK—By Ring W. Lardner

THE BLUE-WATER FEVER—By Peter B. Kyne

THE ROOF OF ARMAGEDDON—By Will Irwin

Be sure to send for Color Chart!

For sale by dealers everywhere.

CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

Beautiful—Waterproof—Low-priced

THERE is hardly a home in the country that in some room could not use to advantage a Congoleum Art-Rug.

Our inventors and designers worked a year to perfect these seamless rugs. They are made by a new process. Both the texture and colors are richer than it has been possible to attain heretofore in moderate-priced rugs—presenting a choice that will harmonize perfectly with varying color schemes in wall paper and paint.

These beautiful rugs have no equal in attractiveness at anywhere near their price, being faithful reproductions of the work of the greatest rug designers.

Our splendidly equipped plants and enormous facilities enable us to reduce the price to a figure that is amazing when one considers the exceptional beauty and superior quality which have been attained.

Congoleum Art-Rugs are made in six beautiful designs and in three sizes only:

6 x 9 ft., $5.50, 9 x 10½ ft., $10.00, 9 x 12 ft., $11.00

"This, my dear, is that new Congoleum Art-Rug."

The regular line of Congoleum Rugs

The waterproof qualities of Congoleum Rugs make them ideal for kitchens and bath rooms, where cleanliness and sanitary conditions are essential—a simple mopping keeps them clean and new. On the porch they are storm and sun-proof. In sitting rooms, dining rooms, halls, bed rooms, their rich patterns add greatly to the beauty of the home. And if a low-priced rug is desired for dining room, bed room or kitchen, Congoleum Rugs are absolutely what you want.

Lie flat without fastening

The fact that Congoleum Rugs lie flat without fastening; that their patterns and colors are carefully blended and in beautiful taste; that the price is lower than has ever been known before for a similar product—make them the most popular low-priced rugs on the market.

Sizes and Prices

3	feet x 3 feet	$ .65 each	6	feet x 9 feet	$3.90 each
3	feet x 4½ feet	.98 each	6	feet x 12 feet	5.20 each
3	feet x 6 feet	1.30 each			
4½	feet x 4½ feet	1.50 each		Congoleum Two-piece Rugs	
4½	feet x 6 feet	1.95 each	9	feet x 12 feet	$8.00 each
6	feet x 6 feet	2.60 each	10½	feet x 12 feet	9.00 each

The prices quoted in this advertisement are slightly higher in the far West and Canada.

Congoleum Rug Borders

Don't forget our beautiful Congoleum Rug Borders. These look exactly like quartered oak flooring. They are not like hand painted imitations as they are printed from the actual wood itself.

For the borders of a room outside a rug, Congoleum Rug Borders will give the effect of a real hardwood floor at a surprisingly low price. Much better than painting or staining—they make old, unsightly floors look like new.

Made in rolls 36 inches and 24 inches wide, selling for 50c. per yard and 40c. per yard respectively.

Congoleum-By-The-Yard

We also make over thirty patterns of Congoleum Floor Covering by the yard, 72 inches wide, and they are waterproof, rot-proof and need no fastening.

Be sure the name Congoleum is on the back

This is your real protection. Congoleum Rugs, Rug Borders and Congoleum-by-the-yard have made such a tremendous success that they are being widely imitated. They cannot be equalled, but in certain superficial details there is often a similarity of appearance. Therefore, insist on seeing the name CONGOLEUM on the back.

Handsome Rug Color Chart Free

Be sure to send for our Rug Chart, which shows a number of the new Art-Rug patterns, so that you may see for yourself the beauty and attractiveness of the new line. Simply send your name and address.

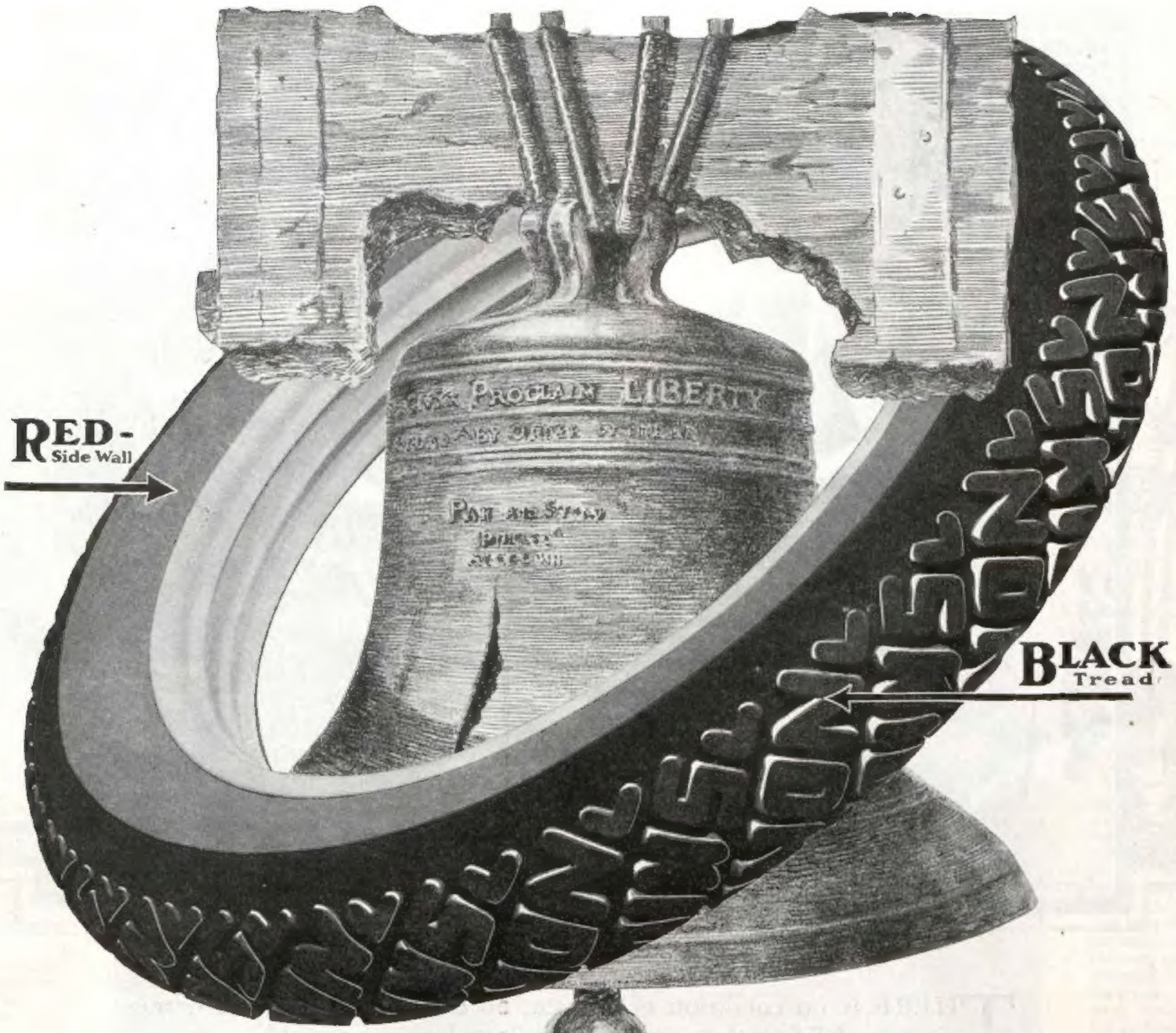
The Congoleum Company

Department of

The Barrett Company

Philadelphia, San Francisco, Vancouver, Chicago, Winnipeg, St. John, N. B., Boston, Toronto, Montreal, Halifax, N. S., Sydney, N. S.

This is Congoleum Art-Rug No. 300. The 6 x 9 foot size sells for $5.50.



Independence of Tire Trouble

"WHEN in the course of human events"—you run into a bad stretch of road, where the going is tough, it's good to remember that your car carries Firestones. It means freedom from anxiety—"no tax" on the nerves.

"No tax" worth mention for repairs because of the Firestone in-built endurance and tough, wear-resisting tread—Most Miles per Dollar.

"NO TAX", comparatively, for car up-keep because of Firestone resiliency, which protects the machine and gives maximum road grip with traction and economy of gasoline—Most Miles per Dollar.

See the nearest Firestone man

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers" Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Firestone

THERE is no condition of climate, no change of occupation, no manner of living that makes Ivory Soap less indispensable.

In the frozen North as in the sunny South its mildness and purity are needed so that tender skins may be washed without irritation.

For those who do rough work as for those whose hands show only the soil of play, its soft, thick, bubbling lather produces the thorough cleanness desired.

In the mining cabin as in the luxurious home, its safety and efficiency make its scope of work unlimited and enable it to answer every need.

The exclusive Ivory features give it a permanent and universal appeal. They are the qualitie that everybody wants, no matter how, when or where soap is used.

IVORY SOAP . . . . .

IT FLOATS . . . . . 99 44/100% PURE

Factories at Ivorydale, Ohio; Port Ivory, New York; Kansas City, Kansas; Hamilton, Canada

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1916
by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 188 *PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 24, 1916* *Number 52*

COUSIN EGBERT INTERVENES

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"IT TAKES all kinds of foreigners to make a world," said Ma Pettengill—irrelevantly, I thought, because the remark seemed to be inspired merely by the announcement of Sandy Sawtelle that the mule Jerry's hip had been laid open by a kick from the mule Alice, and that the bearer of the news had found no less than fourteen stitches needed to mend the rent.

Sandy brought his news to the owner of the Arrowhead as she relaxed in my company on the west veranda of the ranch house and scented the golden dusk with burning tobacco of an inferior but popular brand. I listened but idly to the minute details of the catastrophe, discovering more entertainment in the solemn wake of light a dulled sun was leaving as it slipped over the sagging rim of Arrowhead Pass. And yet, through my absorption in the shadows that now played far off among the folded hills, there did come sharply the impression that this Sawtelle person was dwelling too insistently upon the precise number of stitches required by the breach in Jerry's hide.

Mrs. Tracy Bangs Fought Her Way Out of the Mob, Looking as Wild as Any Person in a Crazy House

"Fourteen—yes, ma'am; fourteen stitches. That there Alice mule sure needs handling. Fourteen regular ones. I'd certainly show her where to head in at, like now she was my personal property. Me, I'd abuse her shamefully. Only eleven I took last time in poor old Jerry; and here now it's plumb fourteen—yes, ma'am; fourteen good ones. Say, you get fourteen of them stitches in your hide, and I bet—— Thought, at first, I could make twelve do, but it takes full fourteen, with old Jerry nearly tearing the chute down while I was taking these fourteen ——"

I began to see numbers black against that glowing panorama in the west. A monstrous 14 repeated itself stubbornly along the gorgeous reach of it.

"Yes, ma'am—fourteen; you can go out right now and count 'em yourself. And like mebbe I'll have to go down to town to-morrow fur some more of that King of Pain Liniment, on account of Lazarus and Bryan getting good and lamed in this same mix-up, and me letting fall the last bottle we had on the place and busting her wide open ——"

"Don't you bother to bust any more!" broke in his employer in a tone that I found crisp with warning. "There's a whole new case of King of Pain in the storeroom."

"Hunh!" exclaimed the surgeon, ably conveying disappointment thereby. "And like now if I did go down I could get the new parts for that there mower ——"

"That's something for me to worry about exclusively. I'll begin when we got something to mow." There was finished coldness in this.

"Hunh!" The primitive vocable now conveyed a lively resentment, but there was the pleading of a patient sufferer in what followed. "And like at the same time, having to make the trip anyway for these here supplies and things, I could stop just a minute at Doc Martingale's and have this old tooth of mine took out, that's been achin' like a knife stuck in me fur the last fourteen—well, fur about a week now—achin' night and day—no sleep at all now fur seven, eight nights; so painful I get regular delirious, let me tell you. And, of course, all wore out the way I am, I won't be any good on the place till my agony's relieved. Why, what with me suffering so horrible, I just wouldn't hardly know my own name sometimes if you was to come up and ask me!"

The woman's tone became more than ever repellent and cutting.

"Never you mind about not knowing your own name. I got it on the pay roll, and it'll still be there to-morrow if you're helping Buck get out the rest of them fence posts like I told you. If you happen to get stuck for your name when I ain't round, and the inquiring parties won't wait, just ask the Chinaman; he never forgets anything he's learned once. Or I'll write it out on a card, so you can show it to anybody who rides up and wants to know it in a hurry."

"Hunh!"

The powers of this brief utterance had not yet been exhausted. It now conveyed despair. With bowed head the speaker dully turned and withdrew from our presence. As he went I distinctly heard him mutter:

"Hunh! Four-teen! Four-teen! And seven! And twenty-eight!"

"Say, there!" his callous employer called after him. "Why don't you get Boogles to embroider that name of yours on the front of your shirt? He'd adore to do it. And you can still read, can't you, in the midst of your agonies?"

There was no response to this taunt. The suffering one faded slowly down the path to the bunkhouse and was lost in its blackness. A light shone out, and presently came somber chords from a guitar, followed by the voice of Sandy in gloomy song: "There's a broken heart for every light on Broadway ——"

I was not a little pained to discover this unsuspected vein of cruelty in a woman I had long admired. And the woman merely became irrelevant with her apothegm about foreigners. I ignored it.

"What about that sufferer down there in the bunkhouse?" I demanded. "Didn't you ever have toothache?"

"No; neither did Sandy Sawtelle. He ain't a sufferer; he's just a liar."

"Why?"

"So I'll let him go to town and play the number of them stitches on the wheel. Sure! He'd run a horse to death getting there, make for the back room of the Turf Club Saloon, where they run games whenever the town ain't lidded too tight, and play roulette till either him or the game had to close down. Yes, sir; he'd string his bets along on fourteen and seven and twenty-eight and thirty-five, and if he didn't make a killing he'd believe all his life that the wheel was crooked. Stitches in a mule's hide is his bug. He could stitch up any horse on the place and never have the least hunch; but let it be a mule —— Say! Down there right now he's thinking about the thousand dollars or so I'm keeping him out of. I judge from his song that he'd figured on a trip East to New York City or Denver. At that, I don't know as I blame him. Yes, sir; that's what reminded me of foreigners and bazaars and vice, and so on—and poor Egbert Floud."

My hostess drew about her impressive shoulders a blanket of Indian weave that dulled the splendors of the western sky, and rolled a slender cigarette. By the ensuing flame of a match I saw that her eyes gleamed with the light of pure narration.

"Foreigners, bazaars, vice and Egbert Floud?" I murmured, wishing these to be related more plausibly one to another.

"I'm coming to it," said the lady; and, after two sustaining inhalations from the new cigarette, forthwith she did:

It was late last winter, while I was still in Red Gap. The talk went round that we'd ought to have another something for the Belgians. We'd had a concert, the proceeds of which run up into two figures after all expenses was paid; but it was felt something more could be done—something in the nature of a bazaar, where all could get together. The Mes-dames Henrietta Templeton Price and Judge Ballard were appointed a committee to do some advance scouting.

That was where Egbert Floud come in, though after it was all over anyone could see that he was more to be pitied than censured. These well-known society leaders consulted him among others, and Cousin Egbert says right off that, sure, he'll help 'em get up something if they'll agree to spend a third of the loot for tobacco for the poor soldiers, because a Belgian or anyone else don't worry so much about going hungry if they can have a smoke from time to time, and he's been reading about where tobacco is sorely needed in the trenches. He felt strong about it, because one time out on the trail he lost all his own and had to smoke poplar bark or something for two weeks, nearly burning his flues out.

The two Mes-dames agreed to this, knowing from their menfolk that tobacco is one of the great human needs, both in war and in peace, and knowing that Cousin Egbert will be sure to donate handsomely himself, he always having been the easiest mark in town; so they said they was much obliged for his timely suggestion and would he think up some novel feature for the bazaar; and he said he would if he could, and they went on to other men of influence.

Henrietta's husband, when he heard the money wouldn't all be spent for mere food, said he'd put up a choice lot in Price's Addition to be raffled off—a lot that would at some future date be worth five thousand dollars of anybody's money, and that was all right; and some of the merchants come through liberal with articles of use and adornment to be took chances on.

Even old Proctor Knapp, the richest man in town, actually give up something after they pestered him for an hour. He owns the People's Traction Company and he turned over a dollar's worth of street-car tickets to be raffled for, though saying he regarded gambling as a very objectionable and uncertain vice, and a person shouldn't go into anything without being sure they was dead certain to make something out of it, war or no war, he knowing all about it. Why wouldn't he, having started life as a poor, ragged boy and working his way up to where parties that know him is always very careful indeed when they do any business with him?

Some of the ladies they consulted was hostile about the tobacco end of it. Mrs. Tracy Bangs said that no victim of the weed could keep up his mentality, and that she, for one, would rather see her Tracy lying in his casket than smoking vile tobacco that would destroy his intellect and make him a loathsome object in the home. She said she knew perfectly well that if the countries at war had picked their soldiers from non-smokers it would have been all over in just a few days—and didn't that show you that the tobacco demon was as bad as the rum demon?

Mrs. Leonard Wales was not only bitter about tobacco but about any help at all. She said our hard storms of that winter had been caused by the general hatred in Europe which created evil waves of malignity; so let 'em shoot each other till they got sense enough to dwell together in love and amity—and we shouldn't prolong the war by sending 'em soup and cigarettes, and so on. Her idea seemed to be that if Red Gap would just stand firm in the matter the war would die a natural death. Still, if a bazaar was really going to be held, she would consent to pose in a tableau if they insisted on it, and mebbe she could thus inject into the evil atmosphere of Europe some of the peace and good will that sets the U. S. apart from other nations.

Trust Cora Wales not to overlook a bet like that. She's a tall, sandy-haired party, with very extravagant contours, and the thing she loves best on earth is to get under a pasteboard crown, with gilt stars on it, and drape herself in the flag of her country, with one fat arm bare, while Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and the rest, is gathered about and looking up to her for protection. Mebbe she don't look so bad as the Goddess of Liberty on a float in the middle of one of our wide streets when the Chamber of Commerce is giving a Greater Red Gap pageant; but take her in a hall, where you set close up to the platform, and she looks more like our boasted liberty has degenerated into license, or something like that. Anyway, the committee promised her she could do something in her flag and crown and talcum powder, because they knew she'd knock the show if they didn't.

This reminded 'em they had to have a program of entertainment; so they got me on the committee with the other Mes-dames to think up things, me always being an easy mark. I find out right off that we're a lot of foreigners and you got to be darned careful not to hurt anybody's feelings. Little Bertha Lehman's pa would let her be a state—Colorado or Nebraska, or something—but he wouldn't let her sing unless it would be a German song in the original; and Hobbs, the English baker, said his Tillie would have to sing Britannia Rules the Waves, or nothing; and two or three others said what they would and wouldn't do, and it looked like Red Gap itself was going to be dug up into trenches. I had to get little Magnesia Waterman, daughter of the coons that work in the U. S. Grill, to do the main singing. She seemed to be about the only American child soprano we had. She sings right well for a kid, mostly these sad songs about heaven; but we picked out a good live one for her that seemed to be neutral.

When His Men Was at Their Work He'd Have Something Hung Over the Keyhole—as Insulting to Us as Only a Man Can Be

It was delicate work, let me tell you, turning down folks that wanted to sing patriotic songs or recite war poetry that would be sure to start something, with Prof Gluckstein wishing to get up and tell how the cowardly British had left the crew of a German submarine to perish after shooting it up when it was only trying to sink their cruiser by fair and lawful methods; and Henry Lehman wanting to read a piece from a German newspaper about how the U. S. was a nation of vile moneygrubbers that would sell ammunition to the enemy just because they had the ships to take it away, and wouldn't sell a dollar's worth to the Fatherland, showing we had been bought up by British gold—and so on.

But I kept neutral. I even turned down an Englishman named Ruggles, that keeps the U. S. Grill and is well thought of, though he swore that all he would do was to get off a few comical riddles, and such. He'd just got a new one that goes: "Why is an elephant like a corkscrew? Because there's a 'b' in both." I didn't see it at first, till he explained with hearty laughter—because there's a "b" in both—the word "both." See? Of course there's no sense to it. He admitted there wasn't, but said it was a jolly wheeze just the same. I might have took a chance with him, but he went on to say that he'd sent this wheeze to the brave lads in the trenches, along with a lot of cigars and tobacco, and had got about fifty postcards from 'em saying it was the funniest thing they'd heard since the war begun. And in a minute more he was explaining, with much feeling, just what low-down nation it was that started the war—it not being England, by any means—and I saw he wasn't to be trusted on his feet.

So I smoothed him down till he promised to donate all the lemonade for Aggie Tuttle, who was to be Rebekkah at the Well; and I smoothed Henry Lehman till he said he'd let his folks come and buy chances on things, even if the country was getting overrun by foreigners, with an Italian barber shop just opened in the same block with his sanitary shaving parlor; though—thank goodness—the Italian hadn't had much to do yet but play on a mandolin. And I smoothed Prof Gluckstein down till he agreed to furnish the music for us and let the war take care of itself.

The Prof's a good old scout when he ain't got his war bonnet on. He was darned near crying into his meerschaum pipe with a carved fat lady on it when I got through telling him about the poor soldiers in the wet and cold without a thing to smoke. He says: "You're right, madam; with Jake Frost in the trenches and no tobacco, all men should be brothers under their hides." And I got that printed in the Recorder for a slogan, and other foreigners come into line; and things looked pretty good.

Also, I got Doc Sulloway, who happened to be in town, to promise he'd come and tell some funny anecdotes. He ain't a regular doctor—he just took it up; a guy with long black curls and a big mustache, and a big hat and diamond pin, that goes round selling Indian Snake Oil off a wagon. Doc said he'd have his musician, Ed Bemis, come too. He said Ed was known far and wide as the world's challenge cornetist. I says all right, if he'll play something neutral; and Doc says he'll play Listen to the Mocking Bird, with variations, and play it so swell you'll think you're perched right up in the treetops listening to Nature's own feathered songsters.

That about made up my show, including, of course, the Spanish dance by Beryl Mae Macomber. Red Gap always expects that and Beryl Mae never disappoints 'em—makes no difference what the occasion is. Mebbe it's an Evening with Shakspere, or the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, or that Oratorio by Elijah somebody—but Beryl Mae is right there with her girlish young beauty and her tambourine. You see, I didn't want it a long show—just enough to make the two-bits admission seem a little short of robbery. Our real graft, of course, was to be where the young society débutantes and heiresses in charge of the booths would wheedle money out of the dazed throng for chances on the junk that would be donated.

Well, about three days before the show I went up to Masonic Hall to see about the stage decorations, and I was waiting while someone went down to the Turf Exchange to get the key off Tim Mahoney, the janitor—Tim had lately had to do janitor work for a B'nai B'rith lodge that was holding meetings there, and it had made him gloomy and dissolute—and, while I was waiting, who should come tripping along but Egbert Floud, all sunned up like a man that knows the world is his oyster and every month's got an "r" in it. Usually he's a kind of sad, meek coot, looking neglected and put upon; but now he was actually giggling to himself as he come up the stairs two at a time.

"Well, Old-Timer, what has took the droop out of your face?" I ask him.

"Why," he says, twinkling all over the place, "I'm aiming to keep it a secret, but I don't mind hinting to an old friend that my part of the evening's entertainment is going to be so good it'll make the whole show top-heavy. Them ladies said they'd rely on me to think up something novel, and I said I would if I could, and I did—that's all. I'd seen enough of these shows where you ladies pike along with pincushions and fancy lemonade and infants' wear—and mebbe a red plush chair, with gold legs, that plays Alice, Where Art Thou? when a person sets down on it—with little girls speaking a few pieces about the flowers and lambs, and so on, and cleaning up about eleven-twenty-nine on the evening's revel—or it would be that, only you find you forgot to pay the Golden Rule Cash Store for the red-and-blue bunting, and they're howling for their money

like a wildcat. Yes, sir; that's been the way of it with woman at the hellum. I wouldn't wish to be a Belgian at all under present circumstances; but if I did have to be one I'd hate to think my regular meals was depending on any crooked work you ladies has done up to date."

"You'd cheer me strangely," I says, "only I been a diligent reader of history, and somehow I can't just recall your name being connected up with any cataclysms of finance. I don't remember you ever starting one of these here panics—or stopping one, for that matter. I did hear that you'd had your pocket picked down to the San Francisco Fair."

I was prodding him along, understand, so he'd flare up and tell me what his secret enterprise was that would make women's operations look silly and feminine. I seen his eyes kind of glisten when I said this about him being touched.

"That's right," he says. "Some lad nicked me for my roll and my return ticket, and my gold watch and chain, and my horseshoe scarfpin with the diamonds in it."

"You stood a lot of pawing over," I says, "for a man that's the keen financial genius you tell about being. This lad must of been a new hand at it. Likely he'd took lessons from a correspondence school. At least, with you standing tied and blinded that way a good professional one would have tried for your gold tooth—or, anyway, your collar button. I see your secret though," I go on as sarcastically as possible: "You got the lad's address and you're going to have him here Saturday night to glide among the throng and ply his evil trade. Am I right or wrong?"

"You are not," he says. "I never thought of that. But I won't say you ain't warm in your guess. Yes, you certainly are warm, because what I'm going to do is just as dastardly, without being so darned illegal, except to an extent."

Well, it was very exasperating, but that was all I could get out of him. When I ask for details he just clams up.

"But, mark my words," says the old smarty, "I'll show you it takes brains in addition to woman's wiles and artwork to make a decent clean-up in this one-cylinder town."

"If you just had a little more self-confidence," I says, "you might of gone to the top; lack of faith in yourself is all that's kept you back. Too bad!"

"All right for you to kid me," he says; "but I'd be almost willing to give you two dollars for every dollar that goes out of this hall Saturday night."

"I Don't Mind Hinting to an Old Friend," He Says, "That My Part is So Good It'll Make the Whole Show Top-Heavy"

Well, it was kind of pathetic and disgusting the way this poor old dub was leaning on his certainty; so I let him alone and went on about my work, thinking mebbe he really had framed up something crooked that would bring at least a few dollars to the cause.

Every time I met him for the next three days after that he'd be so puffed up, like a toad, with importance and low remarks about woman that, at last, I just ignored him, pretending I hadn't the least curiosity about his evil secret. It hurt his feelings when I quit pestering him about it, but he'd been outraging mine right along; so we split even.

He'd had a good-sized room just down the hall turned over to him, and a lot of stuff of some kind carried in there in the night, and men working, with the door locked all the time; so I and the other ladies went calmly on about our own business, decorating the main hall with the flags of all nations, fixing up the platform and the booths very pretty, and giving Mr. Smarty Egbert Floud nothing but haughty glances about his hidden novelty. Even when his men was hammering away in there at their work he'd have something hung over the keyhole—as insulting to us as only a man can be.

Saturday night come and we had a good crowd. Cousin Egbert was after me the minute I got my things off to come and see his dastardly secret; but I had my revenge. I told him I had no curiosity about it and was going to be awful busy with my show, but I'd try as a personal favor to give him a lookover before I went home. Yes, sir; I just turned him down with one superior look, and got my curtains slid back on Mrs. Leonard Wales, dressed up like a superdreadnought in a naval parade and surrounded by every little girl in town that had a white dress. They wasn't states this time, but Columbia's Choicest Heritage, with a second line on the program saying, "Future Buds and Débutantes From Society's Home Galleries." It was a line we found under some babies' photos on the society page of a great newspaper printed in New York City. Prof Gluckstein and his son Rudolph played the Star-Spangled Banner on the piano and fiddle during this feature.

Then little Magnesia Waterman, dressed to represent the Queen of Sheba, come forward and sung the song we'd picked out for her, with the people joining in the chorus. It went:

We're for you, Woodrow Wilson,
One hundred million strong!
We put you in the White House
And we know you can't do wrong.

It was very successful, barring hisses from all the Germans and English present; but they was soon hushed up. Then Doc Sulloway come out and told some funny anecdotes about two Irishmen named Pat and Mike, lately landed in this country and looking for work, and imitated two cats in a back yard, and drawing a glass of soda water, and sawing a plank in two; and winding up with the announcement that he had donated a dozen bottles of the great Indian Snake Oil Remedy for man and beast that had been imparted to him in secret by old Rumpatunk, the celebrated medicine man, who was supposed to have had it from the Great Spirit; and Ed Bemis, the World's Challenge Cornetist, entertained one and all; and Beryl Mae done her Spanish dance that I'd last seen her give at the Queen Esther Cantata in the M. E. Church. And that was the end of the show; just enough to start 'em buying things at the booths.

At least, we thought it would be. But what does a lot of the crowd do, after looking round a little, but drift out into the hall and down to this room where Cousin Egbert had his foul enterprise, whatever it was. I didn't know yet, having held aloof, as you might say, owing to the old hound's offensive manner. But I had heard three or four parties kind of gasping to each other had they seen what that Egbert Floud was doing in the other room?—with looks of horror and delight on their faces. That made me feel more superior than ever to the old smarty; so I didn't go near the place yet, but herded people back to the raffles wherever I could.

The first thing was Lon Price's corner lot, for which a hundred chances had been sold. Lon had a blueprint showing the very lot; also a picture of a choice dwelling or bungalow, like the one he has painted on the drop curtain of Knapp's Opera House, under the line, "Price's Addition to Red Gap; Big Lots, Little Payments." It's a very fancy house with porches and bay windows and towers and front steps, and everything, painted blue and green and yellow; and a blond lady in a purple gown, with two golden-haired tots at her side, is waving good-by to a tall, handsome man with brown whiskers as he hurries out to the waiting street car—though the car line ain't built out there yet by any means.

However, Lon got up and said it was a Paradise on Earth, a Heaven of Homes; that in future he would sell lots there to any native Belgian at a twenty per cent discount; and he hoped the lucky winner of this lot would at once erect a handsome and commodious mansion on it, such as the artist had here depicted; and it would be only nine blocks from the swell little Carnegie Library when that, also, had been built, the plans for it now being in his office safe.

Quite a few of the crowd had stayed for this, and they cheered Lon and voted that little Magnesia Waterman

I Had Heard Three or Four Parties Gasping Had They Seen What That Egbert Floud Was Doing?

was honest enough to draw the numbers out of a hat. They was then drawn and read by Lon in an exciting silence—except for Mrs. Leonard Wales, who was breathing heavily and talking to herself after each number. She and Leonard had took a chance for a dollar, and everybody there knew it by now. She was dead sure they would get the lot. She kept telling people so, right and left. She said they was bound to get it if the drawing was honest. As near as I could make out, she'd been taking a course of lessons from a professor in Chicago about how to control your destiny by the psychic force that dwells within you. It seems all you got to do is to will things to come your way and they have to come. No way out of it. You step on this here psychic gas and get what you ask for.

"I already see our little home," says Mrs. Wales in a hoarse whisper. "I see it objectively. It is mine. I claim it out of the boundless all-good. I have put myself in the correct mental attitude of reception; I am holding to the perfect All. My own will come to me."

And so on, till parties round her begun to get nervous. Yes, sir; she kept this stuff going in low, tense tones till she had everyone in hearing buffaloed; they was ready to give her the lot right there and tear up their own tickets. She was like a crap shooter when he keeps calling to the dice: "Come, seven—come on, come on!" All right for the psychics, but that's what she reminded me of.

And in just another minute everybody there thought she'd cheated by taking these here lessons that she got from Chicago for twelve dollars; for you can believe it or not, but her number won the lot. Yes, sir; thirty-three took the deed and Lon filled in her name on it right there. Many a cold look was shot at her as she rushed over to embrace her husband, a big lump of a man that's all right as far up as his Adam's apple, and has been clerking in the Owl Cigar Store ever since he can remember. He tells her she is certainly a wonder and she calls him a silly boy; says it's just a power she has developed through concentration, and now she must claim from the all-good a dear little home of seven rooms and bath, to be built on this lot; and she knows it will come if she goes into the silence and demands it! Say! People with any valuables on 'em begun to edge off, not knowing just how this strange power of hers might work.

Then I look round and see the other booths ain't creating near the excitement they had ought to be, only a few here and there taking two-bit chances on things if Mrs. Wales ain't going in on 'em too; several of the most attractive booths was plumb deserted, with the girls in charge looking mad or chagrined, as you might say. So I remember this hidden evil of Egbert Floud's and that the crowd has gone there; and while I'm deciding to give in and gratify my

morbid curiosity, here comes Cousin Egbert himself, romping along in his dinner-jacket suit and tan shoes, like a wild mustang.

"What was I telling you?" he demands. "Didn't I tell you the rest of this show was going to die standing up? Yes, sir; she's going to pass out on her feet." And he waved a sneering arm round at the deserted booths. "What does parties want of this truck when they can come down to my joint and get real entertainment for their money? Why, they're breaking their ankles now to get in there!"

It sure looked like he was right for once in his life; so I says:

"What is it you've done?"

"Simple enough," says he, "to a thinking man. It come to me like a flash or inspiration, or something, from being down to that fair in San Francisco, California. Yes, sir; they had a deadfall there, with every kind of vice rampant that has ever been legalized any place, and several kinds that ain't ever been; they done everything, from strong-arm work to short changing, and they was getting by with it by reason of calling it Ye Olde-Tyme Mining Camp of '49, or something poetical like that. That was where I got nicked for my roll, in addition to about fifty I lost at a crooked wheel. I think the workers was mostly ex-convicts, and not so darned ex at that. Anyway, their stuff got too raw even for the managers of an exposition, so they had to close down in spite of their name. That's where I get my idee when these ladies said think up something novel and pleasing. Just come and see how I'm taking it off of 'em." And, with that, he grabs me by the arm and rushes me down to this joint of his.

At the side of the doorway he had two signs stuck up. One says, Ye Olde-Tyme Saloone; and the other says, Ye Olde-Tyme Gambling Denne. You could of pushed me over with one finger when I looked in. He'd drew the crowd, all right. I knew then that Aggie Tuttle might just as well close down her Rebekkah-at-the-Well dive, and that no one was going to take any more chances on pincushions and tidies and knitted bed slippers.

About a third of the crowd was edged up to the bar and keeping Louis Meyer and his father busy with drink orders, and the other two-thirds was huddled round a roulette layout across the room. They was wedged in so tight I couldn't see the table, but I could hear the little ball click when it slowed up, and the rattle of chips, and squeals from them that won and hoarse mutters of rage from losers.

Cousin Egbert rubbed his hands and giggled, waiting for me to bedeck him with floral tributes.

"I suppose you got a crooked wheel," I says.

"Shucks, no!" says he. "I did think of it, but I'd of had to send out of town for one and they're a lot of trouble to put in, what with the electric wiring and all; and besides, the straightest roulette wheel ever made is crooked enough for any man of decent instincts. I don't begrudge 'em a little excitement for their money. I got these old bar fixings out of the Spilmer place that was being tore down, and we're charging two bits a drink for whatever, and that'll be a help; and it looks to me like you ladies would of thought you needed a man's brain in these shows long before this. Come on in and have a shot. I'll buy."

So we squeezed in and had one. It was an old-time saloon, all right—that is, fairly old; about 1889—with a brass foot rail, and back of the bar a stuffed eagle and a cash register. A gang of ladies was taking claret lemonades and saying how delightfully Bohemian it all was; and Miss Metta Bigler, that gives lessons in oil painting and burnt wood, said it brought back very forcibly to her the Latin Quarter of Chicago, where she finished her art course. Henrietta Templeton Price, with one foot on the railing, was shaking dice with three other prominent society matrons for the next round, and saying she had always been a Bohemian at heart, only you couldn't go very far in a small town like this without causing unfavorable comment among a certain element.

It was a merry scene, with the cash register playing like the Swiss Family Bell-Ringers. Even the new Episcopalian minister come along, with old Proctor Knapp, and read the signs and said they was undeniably quaint, and took a slug of rye and said it was undeniably delightful; though old Proctor roared like a maddened bull when he found what the price was. I guess you can be an Episcopalian one without its interfering much with man's natural habits and innocent recreations. Then he went over and lost a two-bit piece on the double-o, and laughed heartily over the occurrence, saying it was undeniably piquant, with old Proctor plunging ten cents on the red and losing it quick, and saying a fool and his money was soon parted—yes, and I wish I had as much money as that old crook ain't foolish; but no matter.

Beryl Mae Macomber was aiding the Belgians by running out in the big room to drum up the stragglers. She was now being Little Nugget, the Miners' Pet; and when she wasn't chasing in easy money she'd loll at one end of the bar with a leer on her flowerlike features to entice honest workingmen in to lose their all at the gaming tables. There was chuck-a-luck and a crap game going, and going every minute, too, with Cousin Egbert trying to start three-card monte at another table—only they all seemed wise to that. Even the little innocent children give him the laugh.

I went over to the roulette table and lost a few dollars, not being able to stick long, because other women would keep goring me with their elbows. Yes, sir; that layout was ringed with women four deep. All that the men could do was stand on the outside and pass over their loose silver to the fair ones. Sure! Women are the only real natural-born gamblers in the world. Take a man that seems to be one and it's only because he's got a big streak of woman in him, even if it don't show any other way. Men, of course, will gamble for the fun of it; but it ain't ever funny to a woman, not even when she wins. It brings out the natural wolf in her like nothing else does. It was being proved this night all you'd want to see anything proved. If the men got near enough and won a bet they'd think it was a joke and stick round till they lost it. Not so my sex. Every last one of 'em saw herself growing rich on Cousin Egbert's money—and let the Belgians look out for themselves.

Mrs. Tracy Bangs, for instance, fought her way out of the mob, looking as wild as any person in a crazy house, choking twenty-eight dollars to death in her two fists that she win off two bits. She crowds this onto Tracy and makes him swear by the sacred memory of his mother that he will positively not give her back a cent of it to gamble with if the fever comes on her again—not even if she begs him to on her bended knees. And fifteen minutes later the poor little shark nearly has hysterics because Tracy won't give her back just five of it to gamble again with. Sure! A very feminine woman she is.

Tracy is a pretty good little sport himself. He says, "No, and that'll be all, please," not only on account of the sacred memory of his mother but because the poor Belgians has got to catch it going if they don't catch it coming; and he's beat it out to a booth and bought the twenty-five-dollar gold clock with chimes, with the other three dollars going for the dozen bottles of Snake Oil and the twenty street-car tickets.

"And now let there be no further words about it," but there was when she hears this horrible disclosure—lots of words, and the brute won't even give her the street-car

(Continued on Page 33)

THE ROOF OF ARMAGEDDON

By WILL IRWIN

AND now," said our lieutenant, whose English is idiomatic, even under excitement, "it is legs!" He jumped down, skipping like a boy at the touch of his native mountain soil. The automobile, which had at last struck an impasse on the snowy road, whirred and coughed as the military chauffeur backed it out to a turning place. The lieutenant's military servant loaded himself like a pack mule with our knapsacks of Arctic clothing, and we crunched on. The spring snow had been wet and heavy all that day as we climbed by train and by automobile under the panoramas of the Alps. Our feet, in spite of our five-pound, hobnailed, grease-soaked Alpine boots and our two pairs of woolen socks, were churning water with every step. Now it had begun to blow up a little colder, and a wind whipped down a lighter and more piercing quality of snow from the peaks above.

We trudged on, trying to keep pace with the loose, easy swing of that exceptional mountaineer, our lieutenant. For all that we were going into what might be battle and would surely be a good deal of hardship, we traveled on with considerable light-hearted anticipation. For this was the afternoon of Easter Day, which is to the Italian a festival as important as Christmas, and there were going to be doings of some kind in the advanced Alpine base just ahead. Already, at the headquarters of the Commander in the valley below, we had dined sumptuously at midday.

As part of his gigantic pack, Giacomo, the lieutenant's servant, carried a thing like a handbox inclosing an Easter plum cake of great size and richness, which we had bought in Brescia on Good Friday as a present for the officers. In the pockets of our overcoats we had sacks of candy, and there was a box of cigars in the knapsack. We intended, after dinner, to survey the military situation in these parts—a situation, at this season of the year, wherein the enemy is not the Austrian, but Nature—and, if all looked well, to try to reach the battlefields of the glacier from that point. The lieutenant was quite determined about that glacier. We must set foot on it, he declared with the simple resolution of a man who had been conquering mountain heights all his life; but it did not look very favorable in this quarter.

PHOTO. BY THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK CITY

The Alpini

What we had been seeing all day in the way of scenery, and what we were seeing now in the rifts of snow mist, I despair of describing. Mountains are mountains; but the Alps are more abrupt, altogether more perilous in every aspect, than any range we North Americans know. They do not rise gently, slope after slope, like our own Rockies or our Sierras. They shoot up in gigantic hogbacks and walls and pinnacles. It is all very well to say that Mount Massive, of the Rockies, is some fourteen thousand four hundred feet high, and the more famous peaks of the Alps only a thousand feet or so higher; the comparison is not fair to the Alps. The peaks shoot up from low valleys, not from wide, high plateaus. That same Mount Massive is fourteen thousand four hundred feet high, but the city of Leadville, at its base, is over ten thousand feet high.

Here, Mount Adamello, king-peak in one of the highest Alpine glaciers, had been peeping at us all day through the rifts of the valleys; and yet we had started that morning at a scant two thousand feet. As a mountain-bred child, I had been hurt in my patriotism to hear a European say that there was no real mountaineering in the Alps of America; that climbing the Rockies was merely a matter of walking. I looked about me now, and understood. On left and right shot up great ridges, bristling with straight firs, dusted now with snow. Behind these ridges rose white precipices; behind them pinnacles of gray rock so abrupt that the snow clung only to the clefts; and farther up —— But that was lost in the whirling snow mists.

It was clear, however, in one direction; and there, at the very top of the landscape, was a sheer wall of white. It seemed impossible that anything which traveled on legs could scale that wall; yet beyond its very top, as we knew, lay important positions, both Italian and Austrian. Not only had men scaled it, but they had dragged with them cannon; and somehow, every day, other men were carrying to the fighters above their food, their ammunition, all the heavy and complicated apparatus of an army in action.

The camp, when we crunched into it at last, wore what I took for a holiday air; I being unaware just then that work was going forward on this day as on every day, and that this was only the habitual gayety of the Alpini. Officers in capes and gray Robin Hood hats, looking, as Alpine troops always do, like the Merry Men of Sherwood Forest, came running down to greet their old comrade, the lieutenant; to pound him on the back; to wrestle with him in the snow.

Between the long barrack-sheds a squad of men in white were practicing on skis. As I looked, one of them took an awkward, shambling run, leaped into the air from the top of the slope before the barracks, and brought up, a tangle of arms, legs and skis, in the snowdrift at the bottom. Another started; and he, too, spilled himself before the first man could rise. They grappled; they wrestled, with their skis performing awkward evolutions in the air; and all the rest of the camp yelled loud encouragement. While we stood with the officers, getting acquainted, troops passed by in single file, lifting themselves by their

steel-tipped alpenstocks. They were not real Alpinists, as their caps showed, but infantry reservists—they who help feed and supply the fighters on the high cliffs above.

The tall, lean fellow in command packed a snowball and shot it into the midst of our group. Our officers, laughing, pelted him unmercifully. On a slope above, others who had just come into camp and delivered themselves of their packs caught the infection and opened a snow battle. Most Continental Europeans throw but awkwardly as compared with Americans and Englishmen, who have played baseball and cricket since childhood. These men threw well; and they learned it, I suppose, at snowballing, the sport universal of Northern peoples.

They had been all winter in this camp, and had made things comfortable and shipshape. The doctor's cabin, where I was quartered for the night, had a stove, less for warmth than for drying purposes. There was a tiny bunk of canvas slung from boards—a sleeping bag and a straw pillow; bookshelves; even a little shelf for a reading lamp. What gave it the home touch to me, however, was the finish of the walls. As in the miners' cabins of the Sierras and the Rockies, they were papered with newspapers and illustrated weeklies, stuck on by flour paste. The furniture here, as in the messroom and the offices, was made on the spot of pine boards, fashioned by soldiers glad of something to do during the long pauses of the winter storms.

When the orderly announced dinner and we plodded through a clearing atmosphere into the messroom, I heard the Associated Press man who preceded me utter a whoop of surprise. There stood the plain board messtable, set out for the feast. And in the center was the most original table decoration I ever saw. Someone had picked up the butt of an Austrian 305-caliber shell. In its center was a hole just large enough to accommodate the inverted nose of a 75-caliber shell. This shell-nose made a bowl. The company cook had filled it with those white, lilylike snow flowers that were springing up wherever winter was off the hills. The Italians call it "flower o' the snow." And in the middle of the flowers there roosted a kewpie. She had a tiny Alpine cap fitted on her bald baby head, and she smiled out upon us with foolish benevolence, recalling, in the midst of war, old studios in Washington Square.

Ragtime in Camp

WE WERE a dozen at table—all except the Commander, the doctor, our volunteer lieutenant and us correspondents, in the merry, rebounding twenties. All spoke French more or less well. The hero of the party, who sat next to me, had lived in Manchester, and his English was excellent, if a little he was out of practice. Also, the pleasant, boyish chaplain had at least studied our native tongue. In three languages, therefore, we made very merry over an extra-special dinner, sparkling red wine, a cake with decorative frosting, and our candy. We were far enough from the enemy so that noise did not matter, and after dinner everyone burst spontaneously into song. They sang us the song of the Alpini, that Death to Austria chant which has grown popular in Italy since the war; and the rousing old Garabaldi Hymn, which yields only to the Marseillaise for spirit and fighting quality.

Then there were gay Neapolitan love songs; and one merry young lieutenant, with a rich Italian tenor, sang a Verdi by way of variety. After which, in compliment to the guests, they tried their voices at American ragtime. On the Mississippi they seemed to know from start to finish. It was eleven o'clock when we broke up—a late hour for men who must get up before dawn to fight the elements. But, as the Commander remarked before we separated, there is only one Easter in one year.

All that afternoon—in fact, all the way from headquarters—we had been hearing details concerning the life and organization of these Alpini, whom circumstances have made a *Corps d'Elite* of the Italian Army; and the lieutenant told us still more as we strolled off to bed. The men of the Alpine regions, when the time comes to do their military service, are drafted into the Alpine Corps. Already most of them have had practice since childhood in mountaineering. They have been goatherds, following their flocks up and up, with the rise of the spring grass, to the very edge of the glaciers. They have been guides, making mountaineering records for hardy tourists who think they made the records themselves. They have tracked and killed the chamois along the higher peaks.

By the time he comes to the army the average Alpine infantryman is learned in the craft of the mountains, which requires special senses acquired only in childhood. During his two years of army service the Alpine infantryman finishes off his education in mountaineering. He roughs it in all weathers, "hardening his meat" as the Indians say, and learning, under expert guidance, all that he did not know already concerning the conquest of Nature in her more cruel aspects. Though the Alpini now include many men of the lowlands, such are the backbone of the corps.

In the theory of Italian Army organization each regiment defends or extends that border lying nearest the district from which it is recruited. The men know that district, with its peculiarities and tricks of weather, and they fight for their homes. In the practice of this war the army has been obliged to relax this rule a little; but it still holds measurably true. Once I stood on a shoulder of the mountains talking to an Alpine infantryman.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"Down there," he said, and pointed.

Far below, in a cleft valley, lay a little village—his home.

The officers of the Alpini, if not all mountain-born, are usually at least from Northern Italy—Milan, Turin, Brescia, Verona, Vicenza. From the time they enter service they follow with enthusiasm what, I dare say, is the noblest sport in the world—mountain scaling. As your cavalryman plays polo for practice in horsemanship, so do they, for practice in mountain fighting, try impossible peaks or new ways of getting at peaks already conquered.

During one evening in a valley base we waited a few minutes for a colonel who had been "up" that day, and whose return to camp had been announced by telephone. He came in, a compact, round-headed little fighting man of forty-five or so, with a fresh sunburn over his tan, and began to talk with animation in Italian.

"It has been a quiet day up there," the lieutenant translated; "and so he has performed a feat. He has climbed, for sport, to a point that no one else has been able to reach this winter!"

All their active lives these Alpine officers practice the sport as a part of business. So they learn the tricks of the treacherous mountains, such as avalanches, crevasses and hidden streams, against the time when such knowledge may mean life or death for a whole company.

COPYRIGHT BY THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

Italian Troops Moving Up the Slopes of a Snow-Clad Mountain

They love the mountains and they hate Austria. It is a border hatred for one thing; and the memory of old days of Austrian misrule remains a long memory to Lombardy and Veneto. In Brescia they still show you, with hate in their eyes, the wall where the martyrs were shot during the abortive uprising, the false dawn of freedom, in 1849. All through the valleys they will point out this or that village where Garibaldi drove back the Austrians in 1866; and will describe to you, with much fire and many gestures, how Germany made her own peace and tricked them out of victory just when the Lion of Italy had Trent in his teeth.

Advancing by Peaks

THE Italian Army stands perhaps next to the French for democracy, and in no corps is the relation between men and officers more fine and democratic than among the Alpini. When, even in maneuvers, an Alpine officer goes on a piece of far and hard mountain service with his men, he must live as one of them for days at a time—wrapped in the same blankets, sheltered by the same sliver of rock. Officers save the lives of men and men of officers with equal recklessness and gratitude on both sides. It is hard to hold yourself superior to men with whom you have shared such primitive hardship and valor; and the distinction among the mountain fighters, I think, is less between men and officers than between Alpini and other people.

Now Italy holds a line of six hundred and fifty kilometers, as long as the present French line since the British extended their sector. Perhaps a bare third of it is merely high-hill fighting. All the rest is Alpine work. The front of that Alpine line belongs to these born mountain fighters. The infantry of the plains supports or reënforces them; the reservists feed them; the territorials dig and delve for them. The diagram of the human material in the Italian Army is a pyramid, and its point is the Alpini, who have been wriggling for a year into Austrian territory peak by peak.

When we went to bed in our sleeping bags that Easter night the stars were out. On the way to quarters we asked the Commander if we might go forward in the morning. He reserved his decision. When, next morning, I woke and looked out it had begun to thaw a little; and at breakfast the Commander put his foot down on our project. "It is dangerous; it is most dangerous," he said. For a sudden thaw, following a heavy snow, brings the avalanches; and that, in the winter fighting, is the real enemy, taking toll from both sides. In these avalanche days the army transport service performs only the most necessary labor, leaving the heavy work for a less dangerous time. Just now we could not in ordinary prudence attack the glacier from this point. However, a party of officers and men was going forward that morning to a place where the most dangerous avalanches began. We might accompany them if we wished.

It was a long, wind-trying climb. Four soldiers went with us, to carry our coats and to be at hand in emergency. Over their shoulders they had long skis, in case there should be work in loose snow. Although little fighting was afoot that morning, and although we heard no gun just then, the trail was lively all the way with soldiers, who trafficked back and forth, singing or calling out boyish jokes.

We mounted beyond the timberline; mounted until those gray crags, so sharp that the snow could not cling,

fenced us on both sides, and until that white wall which was the edge of the glacier rose up in our very faces. It was a great place to study the ways and causes of avalanches. The rock walls were cleft to their top with gigantic runways. A little way below the summit of these creases the snow began; it had found a slope just low enough so that it might cling. Thence it spread down toward us in great funnels and half cones. You realized how, at any time, it might begin to start and slide, as it slides from a mansard roof in town.

At a certain point the officers stopped.

"We had better go no farther," said the chaplain. "There are brave men buried under there," he added, pointing to a great domed drift in the distance, "and we shan't get the bodies until spring."

We turned back—I with relief. This trail had been carefully laid to avoid avalanches as much as possible. But no trail is entirely safe here in such weather. Alpini from farther up passed us as we stood waiting to gather and go. When they entered the sector of the path which ran below these funnels, they would glance cautiously over their shoulders at the runways above and then scurry past the dangerous point. And we scurried after them.

Just before we turned back one of the officers pointed upward to three of the funnels.

"When one of them starts they all go," he said.

And now, having learned the signs, we saw that there had been two or three avalanches that morning. None, however, had been great enough to cross our path. You could mark their course perfectly by the break in the even, white surface; by gigantic, irregular snowballs; and even by rocks brought down from the crags.

Once more in the safe district, we took another climb. This brought us to a natural platform in the mountain, and to the foot of a curious piece of military work, devised since the war and of immense use to these mountain fighters. The author of this enterprise, I believe, is a young engineer of Milan.

Transporting Men and Supplies by Cable

THE Italians call it a *teliferica;* and as we have no name for the device I had better follow their tongue. A *teliferica* is nothing less than a gigantic cash carrier which we use in department stores. A carriage, perhaps four feet long by two feet and a half wide, depends from two wheels on a wire cable. Another cable draws it up, the power being furnished by gangs of men or by motor engines. We stood on this platform and looked up to a perilous crag above. From platform to crag, perhaps a third of a mile, ran the double thread of the *teliferica*—one for the upward journey, the other for the descent.

That crag, however, was only the first landing place. From it another double wire stretched upward and lost itself in a cleft of the mountain. There were still other stages farther up, they told us; and when the supplies had shot the last stage they were within comfortable reach, by man-back or sled, of the snow-covered advanced trenches.

How useful the Italians make this device only their army engineers know. Later, and in another place, I saw a *teliferica* that makes the trip in seven or eight minutes. From its first stage to its second there is also a mule trail,

COPYRIGHT BY THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

Putting a Heavy Gun to Position 8000 Feet Above Sea Level

hewed out of the mountainside. The mules take two hours and a half for the climb. In still another place I heard a commander boast that his series of *telifericas* did the work of thousands of men and, what was more important, did it more quickly in emergency.

This, however, was a small hand *teliferica*, the motive power being the sturdy backs of three stout reservists. Piled in one of the semicylindrical black sheds were supplies such as an army never employed before this war, devices whose uses I did not understand until the chaplain explained.

For example, there were "trench boots" for the snow huts of the glacier. Their soles were of thick wood, studded with sharp spikes. Their uppers rose above the knee, and they were lined with the thickest of rough wool. That tin bucket, as big as a ten-gallon oil can, was not a fireless cooker, as I supposed, but a gigantic vacuum bottle which would keep dinner for a squad warm all day. They cannot cook by ordinary means up there in the glacial trenches, where the snow drifts high over the sandbags, and where one lives like an Eskimo. That would betray the position.

Not only supplies go up that perilous cash carrier, but men. By this means the high officers save time; by it the surgeons ascend in case of emergency; and by it they bring down the wounded. An army surgeon who but a year ago was a prosperous specialist in Milan remarked to me one day that he did not bargain, when he enlisted, on being an acrobat.

As we walked down, he whom I have called the hero consented to give me a modest account of his exploit, for which, to the pride of his battalion, he was going to be decorated. He was just a slim, lean, agreeable boy in his early twenties—this hero. He told his story like a true soldier, without much detail. The wonderful thing about it was the way in which he and his party had refused to accept ill luck. They had started on skis to capture by surprise an advanced Austrian position on the glacier. The attack was timed for a certain hour when light and weather would be favorable. But the ski party lost its way in a tempest of snow. When they discovered their mistake they decided not to turn back. In spite of an unfavorable hour and unfavorable weather, they stalked the Austrian position, rushed it, and made every man who survived their attack a prisoner.

The day had now come off bright and even warm—a bad time for avalanches. And that afternoon I saw what the Italian officer meant when he told me that the avalanches went off all together. I was walking with the chaplain. There had been some artillery fire; and one cannon shot among the peaks reverberates like a salvo from echo to echo. Suddenly came a duller roaring, which I took for new guns.

"Avalanche!" said the chaplain. "Look!"

I could see nothing until I used the glasses. From three clefts at once rocks, great snowballs, the snow surface itself, were racing down like an express train.

However, the worst of that danger would be over by night, the lieutenant told us. The Alpini, weather sharps all of them, squinted at the heavens and prophesied another fair day; which gave our lieutenant an idea. He had learned by telephone that from a position far down the valley a certain high officer was going up to a certain very high mountain base within easy touch of the glacier. Why not join him and go along? We could make the trip easily in a day because of the *teliferica*.

When he mentioned the *teliferica* I lost a good deal of my enthusiasm. I am one of those persons born with the unreasoning dread of a sheer height; and I wanted to back out. The spirit and tact of the lieutenant pulled me through, however. His motto was Forward! and he had made up his mind that these journalistic charges of his were going higher and farther than journalist had gone before. Just as when he used to scale Alpine peaks before the war, he was out for a record.

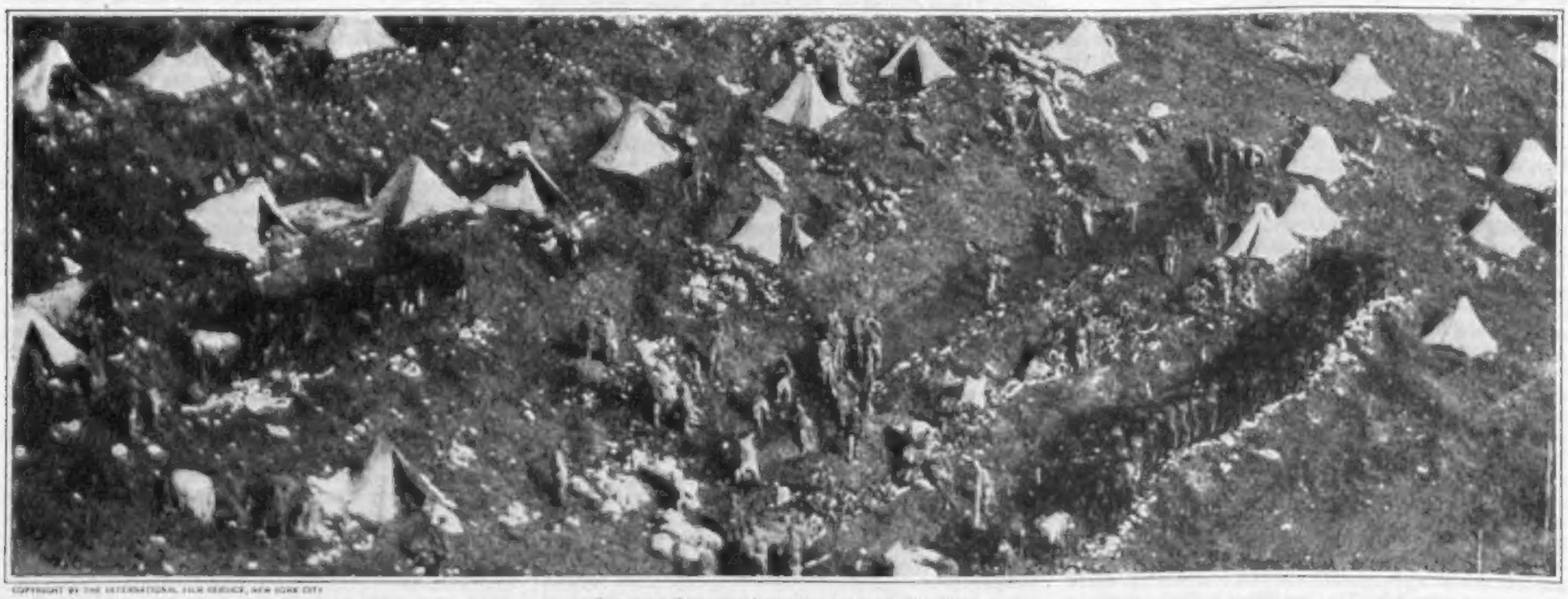
Up in the Air in a Teliferica

STILL, though I had made up my mind to go through with it, I nearly caved in that evening at dinner when the officers dropped the pleasant information that the *teliferica*, at one point, ran one hundred and fifty meters above-ground. That, I calculated, was about as high as an average skyscraper in New York; and I had never looked with any pleasure out of a skyscraper window.

Now I had better stop here and describe, in the general and hazy way permitted to war correspondents, what we were about to do. The advanced base, our first destination, was a small plateau high up on the mountain; from there, as luck served, we were going to try for the glacier. To achieve the advanced base alone would have been a big feat of Alpine mountaineering in time of peace; for Alpinists distinguish between summer ascents and winter ascents; and to them April and May count as winter months. In old times this base plateau was seldom climbed in winter. Then one must have guides; he must edge his way perilously round corners of rocks; he must cut paths with an ice ax. At certain stages of the journey the party must travel linked together with ropes, after the immemorial device of Alpine work.

War changed all that. Men by thousands, and even mule trains, are going up to that base plateau every day. It needs nothing but strong legs, wind and endurance of altitudes, together with a willingness to brave avalanches.

(Continued on Page 61)



COPYRIGHT BY THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

Reserves Encamped on the Slopes of the Alps

THE BLUE-WATER FEVER

Matt Peasley Gets it and Cappy Ricks Prescribes

The Retriever Crept Slowly Up the China Sea on the First of the Southwest Monsoon

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

EARLY in December, 1914, Captain Matt Peasley, president of the Blue Star Navigation Company; Mr. Skinner, president and general manager of the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company; and old Cappy Ricks, president emeritus and controlling owner of both companies, were individually and collectively convinced that, for them, Christmas, 1914, would always be remembered as the most unhappy Christmas of the many they had seen come and go. The big freighter Narcissus, pride of the Blue Star fleet, as related elsewhere in these chronicles, chartered by Cappy Ricks at a most favorable figure to carry a cargo of coal from Norfolk to Manila or Batavia, via Pernambuco for orders, had unfortunately cleared with an overwhelming majority of Germans, hyphenated and otherwise, in her crew, and for two awful weeks Cappy and his right and left bowers, knowing that the Narcissus had been taken over by her German crew and was hurrying south to coal the German fleet off the Falkland Islands, in defiance of certain statutes made and provided, had been sizzling on the grill of uncertainty and despair.

Those readers who have followed the fortunes of Cappy Ricks and his associates in the past will recall the bloody but victorious battle of Captain Michael J. Murphy and Chief Engineer Terence P. Reardon when stealing the Narcissus back from her piratical crew, and the joy unconfined when Cappy, Matt and Skinner received the news that the ship was theirs once more, and that Mike Murphy and Terry Reardon, though somewhat damaged, were still in the ring.

"This is the happiest Christmas of my life!" Cappy declared on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth of December.

He had cited Mr. Skinner to appear with the pay rolls of all of the Ricks enterprises and show what cause, if any, existed why there should not be a general whooping up of salaries to the deserving all along the line. The Ricks Lumber and Logging Company had already held its annual meeting and declared a dividend; the accounts of every ship in the Blue Star fleet had been made up to date and a special Christmas dividend declared; and in accordance with custom Cappy Ricks had devoted his one day in the year to actual work. He had been busy all morning signing these dividend checks and also checks covering the Christmas presents to his employees—which was Cappy's way of letting all hands know that he was still on deck and attending to business, even if he had retired ten years before. He had writer's cramp by the time he finished, but while the spending frenzy was on him he would take no rest; so he seized a pencil and, while Mr. Skinner called off the names of the deserving and the length of time each had spent in the Ricks service, Cappy scrawled a five, a ten or a twenty beside each name. Thus, in time they came to the first name on the Blue Star pay roll.

"Matthew Peasley, president; salary, ten thousand dollars a year; length of service, four months," Mr. Skinner intoned. "How about a raise for Captain Matt?"

Cappy laid down his pencil and looked at Skinner over the rims of his spectacles.

"Skinner," he said gravely, "you're only drawing twelve thousand a year, and you've been with me twenty-five years! And here I'm giving this boy Matt ten thousand a year and he's been on the pay roll only four months. Why, it isn't fair!"

"Remember he was three years in Blue Star ships that ——"

"Can't consider that at all when raising salaries. The salaries of ship's officers are fixed and immutable anyhow, and when considering raises for my employees I can take into consideration only the length of time they've been directly under my eye. Cut Matt's salary to five thousand a year and let him grow up with the business. His dividends from his Ricks L. & L. and Blue Star stock will keep him going, and he hasn't any household bills to keep up. He and Florry live with me, and I'm the goat."

"I fear Matt will not take kindly to that program, Mr. Ricks—particularly at this time, when every ship in the offshore fleet is paying for herself every voyage."

"Why?" Cappy demanded.

"Well," Mr. Skinner replied hesitatingly, "perhaps I have no business to tell you this, because the knowledge came to me quite by accident; but the fact of the matter is, Matt is going to build himself an auxiliary schooner ——"

"Good news!" Cappy piped. "That's the ticket for soup! An auxiliary schooner with semi-Diesel engines, four masts and about a million-foot lumber capacity would be a mighty good investment right now. Every yard in the country that builds steel vessels is filled up with orders, but our coast shipyards can turn out wooden vessels in a hurry; and, with auxiliary power, they'll pay five hundred per cent on their cost before this flurry in shipping, due to the war, is over. I don't care, Skinner—provided he builds a ship that's big enough to go foreign ——"

"But this isn't that kind," Mr. Skinner interrupted.

"No other kind will do, Skinner."

"This is to be a schooner yacht ——"

"A what!" Cappy shrilled.

"A yacht—eighty-five feet over all ——"

"Eighty-five grandmothers! Why, what the devil does that boy want of a yacht? How much money does he intend to put into her?"

"I do not know, Mr. Ricks; but we can be reasonably certain of one thing: Matt Peasley will not build a cheap boat. She'll have a lot of gewgaws and gadgets, teak rail, mahogany joiner-work—at the very least, she'll cost him thirty thousand dollars."

"Skinner," Cappy declared solemnly, "he might as well put the money in a sack, go down to Clay Street Wharf and throw it overboard! The other night I saw a couple of soldiers having a pleasant time in a shooting gallery, but what the president of the Blue Star Navigation Company wants of a thirty-thousand-dollar yacht beats my time. Why, he has more than thirty good vessels to play with all week, and yet he wants a yacht for Sunday! Skinner, my dear boy, that is wild, wanton extravagance."

"Well, I dare say Matt thinks he can afford the extravagance."

"Skinner, no man can afford it. Extravagance may reach a point where it becomes sinful. And I say it's a crime to put thirty thousand dollars into a yacht when the same thirty thousand, invested in a good vessel, will yield such tremendous returns. Skinner, my boy, how did you find out about this yacht nonsense?"

"I was looking through Matt's desk for a letter I had given him to read, and I ran across the plans. Thinking they were Blue Star plans I looked them over; there was a letter from the naval architect attached ——"

Cappy threw down his pencil.

"By the Holy Pink-toed Prophet," he cried in deep disgust, "I thought I was going to have a Merry Christmas—and now it's spoiled! Good Lord, Skinner! To think of a man throwing away thirty thousand dollars, not to mention the upkeep and interest after he's thrown it away ——"

"You've just this very day thrown away about thirty thousand dollars you didn't have to," Mr. Skinner reminded him.

"I do have to. I've got to keep all my boys happy and satisfied and up on their toes, or what the devil would happen to us? They're my partners when all is said and done, and how am I going to face my Maker if I don't give my partners a square deal? There's a vast difference between justice and extravagance. Skinner, you don't suppose Matt's like every other shellback of a skipper? Why, he's only twenty-five years old; and if he's got the blue-water fever again, after a year ashore, there'll be no standing him at thirty."

"Well, he's got it, sir," Mr. Skinner opined firmly. "Did you ever see an old sailing skipper that didn't get it? You remember Kendall, who had the Sweet Alferetta? His father died and left him a million dollars, and five years later he came sneaking in here one day, told you he was tired clipping coupons and that if you wanted to save his life you'd give him back the Sweet Alferetta and a hundred dollars a month to skipper her! He sold his interest to his successor for two thousand dollars when he fell into the fortune—and five years later he bought it back for three thousand, just so he could have a job again."

"Yes," Cappy admitted; "they all get the blue-water fever—after they've left blue water. I never knew a sailor yet who wouldn't tell you sailoring was a dog's life; but I never knew one who quit and quite recovered from the hankering to go back. I think you're right, Skinner. This yacht is just a symptom of Matt's disease. He realizes his business interests tie him to the beach; but if he has a sailing yacht that he can fuss round with on week-ends in the bay, and once in a while make a little cruise to Puget Sound or the Gulf of Lower California, he figures he'll manage to survive."

Mr. Skinner nodded

"Speaking of yachts," Cappy continued, "the case of old Cap'n Cliff Ashley suggests a cure for this boy Matt. Cap'n Cliff was a Gloucester fisherman, with the smartest little schooner that ever came home from the Grand Banks with halibut up to her hatches. He couldn't read or write and he'd never learned navigation; but he'd been born with the instincts of a homing pigeon, and somehow whenever

he pointed his schooner toward Gloucester he managed to arrive on schedule; and any time he got a good fair breeze from the west, like as not he'd run over to England and sell his catch there.

"Like most of his breed, Cap'n Cliff had to have a fast boat; he had to keep her as immaculate as a yacht in order to be happy, and he was never so happy as when he'd meet a squadron of the New York Yacht Club out on a cruise and sail circles round the flagship with his little old knockabout fish schooner. On such occasions old Cap'n Cliff would break out a long red burgee with M. O. B. Y. C. in white letters on it. On one of his trips to England he hooked up with a big schooner yacht wearing the ensign of the Royal Yacht Club and dassed 'em to race with him.

"Well, sir, it happened that the late King Edward was aboard his yacht that day, and you know what a sport he was in his palmy days. Cap'n Cliff cracked on everything he had; and, after holding the King even for a couple of hours under plain sail, he put his packet under gaff topsails and fisherman's staysail and broke out the spinnaker, bade Edward good-by in the International Code—and flew! About six hours after Cap'n Cliff came to anchor, the King loafed up in his yacht, dropped anchor, cleared away his launch, and came over to visit Cap'n Cliff and shake hands with him.

"'My dear sir,' says Edward, pointing aloft to the red burgee with M. O. B. Y. C. on it, 'pray to what yacht club do you belong?'

"'My own bloody yacht club, your majesty,' says Cap'n Cliff; and if he hadn't been a Yankee fisherman the King would have knighted him on the spot!

"And that remark, Skinner, my dear boy, clears the atmosphere in the case of our own dear Matthew. He shall have his own bloody yacht club, only his yacht shall carry cargo and pay her way."

"You mean ——"

"I mean I'm going to send him to sea for one voyage, once a year, which will break up that blue-water fever and save Matt thirty thousand dollars as an initial investment, and about ten thousand a year upkeep and interest. All that boy needs to cure him, Skinner, is the old Retriever, totally surrounded by horizon and smelling of a combination of tarred rope, turpentine, wet canvas, fresh paint, green lumber and the stink of the bilge water. Lordy me, Skinner, it puts them to sleep and they wake up feeling perfectly bully! Where's the Retriever now, Skinner, and who is in charge of her destinies?"

"She's due on Puget Sound from the West Coast. Captain Leb Curtis has her."

"Good news! Well now, Skinner, you listen to me: The minute he reports his arrival you wire Leb to put the old harridan on dry dock and slick her up until she looks like four aces and a king, with everybody in the game standing pat. Can't have any whiskers on her bottom when Matt takes her out, Skinner, because if the boy's to enjoy himself she's got to be able to show a clean pair of heels. Then wire Leb to wire his resignation and give any old reason for it. Have him resign just before the vessel is loaded and ready for sea, and tell him to insist on being relieved immediately. Of course, Skinner, Matt will get busy right away, looking for the right skipper to relieve Captain Curtis—and about that time the president emeritus will shove in his oar and bail things up. Every dog-goned skipper Matt recommends for the job is going to have his application vetoed by Alden P. Ricks, and—er—ahem! Harumph-h-h!"

"Yes, Mr. Ricks."

"And you stick by me, Skinner. Follow all my leads and don't trump any of my aces; and just about the time Matt begins to get good and mad at my dog-goned interference—you know, Skinner, my boy, I'm only a figurehead—you cut in and say: 'Well, for heaven's sake! You two still squabbling over a skipper for the Retriever? Matt, why don't you save demurrage and take her out yourself—eh?'" And Cappy winked knowingly and prodded his general manager in the ribs.

"I guess that plan's kind of poor—eh, Skinner? I guess it won't work—eh? Particularly when I come right back and say: 'Well, he might as well, for all the use he is round this office. Here I go to work and appoint him president of the Blue Star and he won't stay in the office and tend to the president's business. Yes, sir! Leaves all that to you and me, Skinner, while he degrades himself doing the work of a port captain.'"

"All of which is quite true, Mr. Ricks," Mr. Skinner affirmed. "He will not stay in the office—and he's getting worse. Two-thirds of his time is spent round the docks."

"Matt Was the Only Man Immune, and He's Sailing the Retriever Home Alone!"

"Well, two-thirds of his time in 1915 will not be spent round the docks, Skinner. Play that bet to win! We're going to have a busy old year in the shipping game in 1915, and a busier one in 1916 if that war in Europe isn't over by then. A voyage in the Retriever will fix the boy up, Skinner, and he'll stick round the office and put over some real business. Yachts! Hah! What does a business man want of a yacht?"

"You overlook one very important detail, Mr. Ricks," Skinner ventured.

"I overlook nothing, Skinner—nothing! His wife shall accompany him on this voyage. I shall implant the idea in her head, beginning this very night as soon as I get home. I'll just tell her she isn't and never will be a true sailor's true love until she takes a voyage with her husband. Romantic girl, Florry! She'll about eat that suggestion, feathers and all, Skinner. She'll do the real work for us. Always remember, my boy, that an ounce of promotion is worth enough perspiration to float the Narcissus."

"But what shall we do for a port captain?"

"I've ordered Mike Murphy—via Matt, of course—back from the Atlantic seaboard, to take a vacation under full salary and recover from the wounds he received walloping that German crew on the Narcissus. About the time Matt leaves in the Retriever, Mike will be ready to go to work again or commit murder if we don't give it to him; so we'll slip him a temporary appointment as port captain. I'm going to make it permanent some day, anyhow. I suppose you've noticed that Mike Murphy has a crush on your stenographer; and I don't see how he's going to put anything over if he never gets a chance to see the girl!"

"I really hadn't noticed it, Mr. Ricks."

"If it was a ten-cent piece you'd notice it," Cappy retorted. "And, now that matter is settled, how about this port steward? Is he a grafter? If not, raise him five dollars a month. He's been with us only a year."

Late that afternoon, after Cappy had made the rounds of his office, distributing his checks and wishing all hands the merriest of Christmases, he paused last at Mr. Skinner's desk and laid a thousand-dollar check thereon.

"Not a peep out of you, Skinner—not a peep!" he cautioned his general manager. "No thanks due me. You've earned it a thousand times over—and thensome. Hum-m! Ahem! Harumph-h-h! By the way, Skinner, my dear boy, I forgot to mention to you another little idea that's in the back of my head."

"You mean about sending Matt to sea for a voyage?"

"Exactly. The sea is a wonderful institution, Skinner—wonderful! It promotes health and strength; and—er—damn it, Skinner, my dear boy, have you ever observed that there isn't a married skipper in our employ that hasn't been lucky? Many well-known authorities prescribe a sea voyage ——"

"What for, Mr. Ricks?"

Cappy thrust his thumb into Skinner's ribs, winked, bent low, and whispered:

"Too slow, Skinner; too slow. I'm getting old, you know—I can't wait forever. And if the experiment succeeds—Skinner, my dear boy, you're next! You've been married more than a year now ——"

"I fail to comprehend "

"Grandson!" Cappy whispered. "Grandson!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Skinner.

II

ONE of the remarks most frequently heard on California Street was to the effect that whenever Cappy Ricks girded up his loins and went after something he generally got it. His scheme to get Matt Peasley to sea for one voyage, accompanied by Florry, worked as smoothly as a piston; and on the fifteenth of January the Peasleys went aboard the Retriever at Bellingham and towed out, bound for Manila with a cargo of fir lumber. Matt made the run down in sixty-six days, a smart passage, waited a week in Manila Bay before he could secure a berth and commence discharging, discharged in a week, loaded a cargo of hemp, with a deckload of hardwood logs, and was ready for the return trip to San Francisco on April twenty-fourth, on which day he towed out past Corregidor.

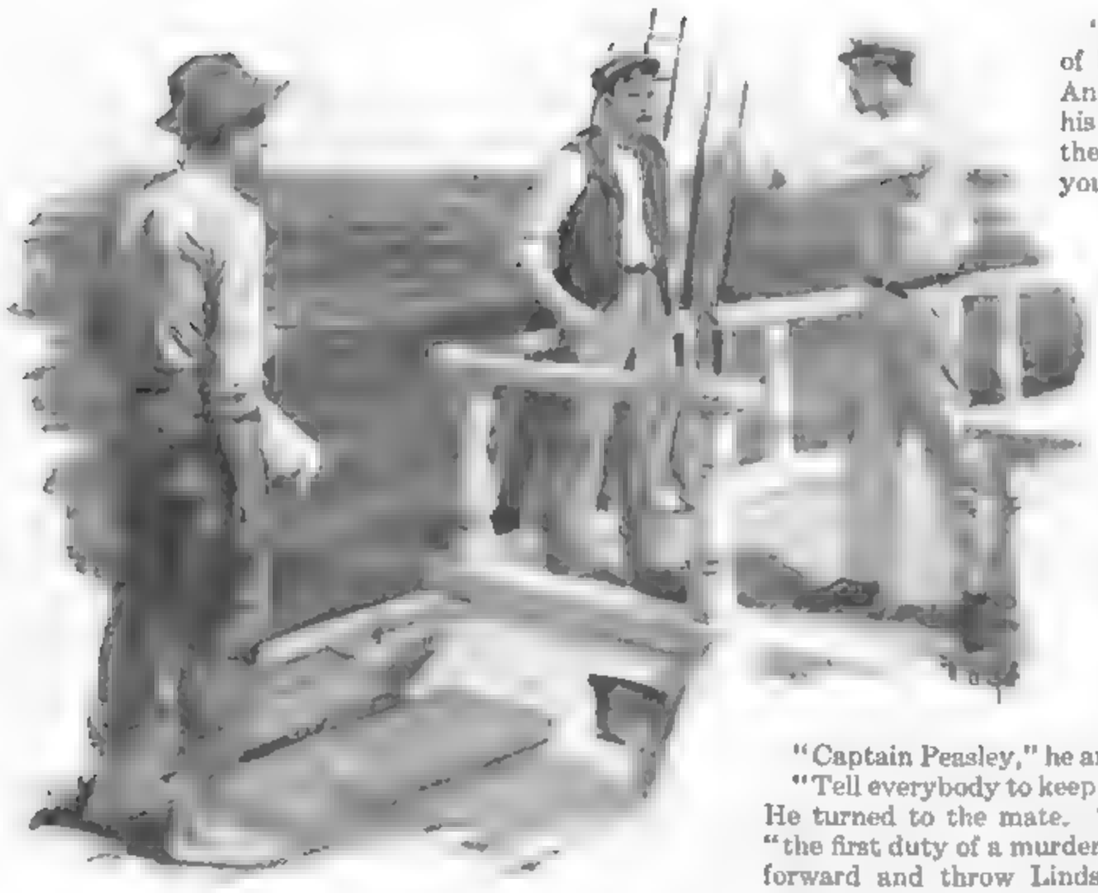
His wife, however, was not with him on the return voyage. Following a family conference, it was decided that Florry should return home on the mail steamer—which action Cappy Ricks considered most significant when Matt apprised him of it by cable, but failed to state a reason. The president emeritus, immediately upon receipt of this information, trotted into Mr. Skinner's office and laid Matt Peasley's cable on the latter's desk.

"Well, Skinner, my dear boy," he piped, rubbing his hands together the while, "what do you know about that?"

"Do you—er—suspect—er—something, Mr. Ricks?"

"Suspect? Not a bit of it. I know! Neither Florry nor Matt would dream of permitting the other to come home alone if there wasn't a third party to be considered. Paste that in your hat, Skinner. It isn't done."

Cappy was right, for the same steamer that bore his daughter home carried also a brief letter from his son-in-law conveying the tidings of great joy. The old man was so happy he went into Mr. Skinner's office and struck his general manager a terrible blow between the shoulders,



"If You Come Aft Until I Send for You I'll Blow Your Brains Out!"

after which he declared it was a shame that his years and reputation for respectability denied him the privilege of chartering a seagoing hack and painting the town red!

The Retriever crept slowly up the China Sea on the first of the southwest monsoon. At that period of the year, however, the monsoon is weak and unsteady; and after clearing the northern end of Luzon the Retriever kicked round in a belt of light and baffling airs for a week. Then the monsoon freshened somewhat and the Retriever once more rolled lazily away on her course, with young Matt Peasley humming chanteys on her quarter-deck and pondering the mystery that confronts all mankind in their first adventure in fatherhood. Would it be a boy or a girl? He was expressing to himself for perhaps the thousandth time the hope that it would be a boy, when from the poop he saw something he did not relish.

It was the ship's cat coming across the deckload toward him, in his yellow eyes a singularly pleased expression and in his mouth a singularly large rat.

Matt Peasley stepped below, found an old glove and drew it over his right hand, after which he returned to the quarter-deck.

"Come, Tommy!" he called; and pussy came, to be seized by the tail and, still holding fast to his prey, cast overboard.

"It's bad luck to do that to a black cat, sir," the mate informed him.

Matt Peasley's eyes were blazing.

"And it's worse luck still for any mate aboard my ship who neglects to put the rat-guards on the lines when the vessel is lying at the dock," he growled. "You lubberly idiot!"

"But I did put the rat-guards on the lines," the mate protested.

"Yes, I know you did; but I had to remind you of it," Matt replied. "You didn't get them on in time—and now the Lord only knows how many rats we have aboard. Ordinarily I don't mind rats, but an Oriental rat is something to be afraid of."

"Why, sir?"

"Because they carry the germs of bubonic plague, you farmer!" And Matt very carefully removed his glove and cast it overboard after the cat. "And it's a cold day when you can't find an occasional case of plague in the Orient. The cat caught the rat and mauled it round; hence the cat had to go, because I never permit in my cabin a cat that has been on intimate terms with an Oriental rat.

"And now I bet I know what's wrong with that fo'castle hand that went into the sick bay the day before yesterday. He complained of swelling in the glands of his neck and groins."

The cook left the forward deckhouse and came aft over the deckload. At the break of the poop he paused.

"Captain Peasley," he announced, "Lindstrom is dead."

"Tell everybody to keep away from him," Matt ordered. He turned to the mate. "Mr. Matson," he announced, "the first duty of a murderer is to get rid of the body. Go forward and throw Lindstrom's body overboard; then stay forward. If you come aft until I send for you I'll blow your brains out!"

When the Retriever was out from Manila seventy days Cappy Ricks remarked to Mr. Skinner that Matt would be breezing in any day now. On the eightieth day he remarked to Mr. Skinner that Matt was coming home a deal slower than he had gone out. The efficient Skinner, however, cited so many instances of longer passages from Manila to San Francisco that Cappy was comforted, although he was not convinced. "You make me a typewritten list of all those vessels and their passages, Skinner," he cautioned; "and when you can't think of any more authentic cases fake up a few. Florry's beginning to worry. She knows now what it means to be a sailor's wife, and if that dog-goned Matt doesn't report soon I'll know what it means to be a sailor's father-in-law. I wish to Jimminy I hadn't sent Matt out with the Retriever."

Ninety days passed. Cappy commenced to fidget. A hundred days passed, and Cappy visited the hydrographic office and spent a long time poring over charts of the air currents in the China Sea, the coast of Asia and the North Pacific.

"Skinner, my dear boy," he quavered when he returned to the office, "I'm a most unhappy old man."

Mr. Skinner forgot for an instant that he was a business man and, with a sudden, impulsive movement, he put his long, thin arm round the old man and squeezed him.

"If you didn't think so much of him, sir," he comforted Cappy, "you'd worry less. She really will not be overdue until she's out a hundred and twenty days."

"Skinner," Cappy piped wearily, "don't try to deceive me. I've been in the shipping game for forty-odd years, boy. I know it's about six thousand miles from San Francisco to Manila, and if a vessel averages ninety miles a day she's making a smart passage. Matt made it down in sixty-six days, and he ought to come back in sixty, because he has fair winds all the way. Skinner, the boy's a month overdue; and if he never shows up—if he stays out much longer—Florry'll break her heart; and my grandson—think of it, Skinner!—think of the prenatal effect on the child! Oh, Skinner, my dear, dear boy, I want him big and light-hearted and sunny-souled like Matt—and to think this is all my doing—my own daughter! Oh! Oh, Skinner, my heart is breaking!"

Mr. Skinner fled to his own office and did something most un-Skinnerlike. He blinked away several large bright tears; and while he was blinking them the telephone bell rang. Mechanically Mr. Skinner answered. It was Jerry Dooley, in charge of the Merchants' Exchange.

"Mr. Skinner," said Jerry, "I've got some bad news for you."

"The—the—Retriever ——" Skinner almost whispered.

"Yes, sir. I thought I'd tell you first, so you could break it to the old man gently. The Grace liner Ecudorian arrived at Victoria this morning and reports speaking the Retriever eight hundred miles off the coast of Formosa. The vessel was under jib, lower topsail, foretopmast staysail, mainsail and spanker. She was flying two flags—an inverted ensign and the yellow quarantine flag. The Ecudorian steamed close alongside of her, to windward. Captain Peasley was at the wheel ——"

"Thank God!" Mr. Skinner almost sobbed. "What was wrong with her, Jerry? Hurry up, man! Hurry up! Tell me!"

"He was alone on the ship, Mr. Skinner. Bubonic plague! Killed the entire crew! Matt was the only man immune, and he's sailing the Retriever home alone!"

Mr. Skinner groaned.

"Good gracious Providence! Why didn't the Ecudorian take him off?"

"Credit them with offering it," Jerry replied. "He wouldn't come. He declined to jeopardize the people aboard the steamer and he wouldn't abandon the Retriever with her full cargo; so what could they do? They had to sail away without him."

Gently Mr. Skinner broke the news to Cappy Ricks; for, of course, the United Press dispatches had carried it to the late afternoon editions and it would be useless for Mr. Skinner to attempt to lie kindly. Cappy, with bowed head, heard him through; when finally he looked up at Skinner his eyes were dead.

"Quite what I expected of him, Skinner," he said dully. "And I'd rather have him die than dog it! This report from the Ecudorian helps some, Skinner. It will do to keep hope alive in my Florry—and every two weeks until the boy is born we'll—we'll —— Oh, Skinner ——."

"Yes, sir; I'll attend to it. Leave everything to me, Mr. Ricks. I'll have wireless reports and telegrams and cablegrams from every port on earth telling of ships' having spoken the Retriever, with the skipper well and hearty, and sending messages of good cheer to his wife."

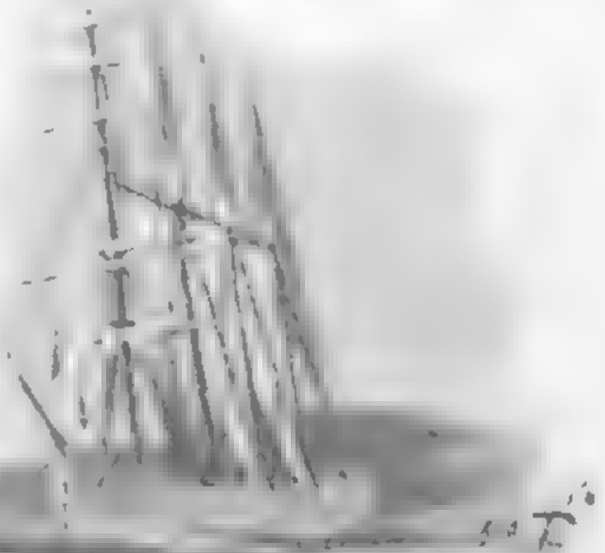
"You—you won't be—er—stingy, Skinner? You'll send out the Tillicum to find him and tow him in, won't you? And you'll have real telegrams—spend money, Skinner! I'll have to bring those messages home to Florry ——"

"Everything, Mr. Ricks. And I'll start right in by slipping fifty dollars to each of the waterfront reporters on all the papers. They're good boys, Mr. Ricks. I'll tell them why I have to have the service. Mrs. Peasley must have our fake reports confirmed in the papers ——"

"For work like that the marine reporters should have more money," Cappy suggested wearily. His old hand reached out gropingly, closed over Mr. Skinner's and held it a moment childishly. "You're a very great comfort to me, Skinner—very great indeed! And you'll come home with me to-night, won't you, Skinner? I'm a little afraid—I want you near me, Skinner—in case I can't get away with it to Florry."

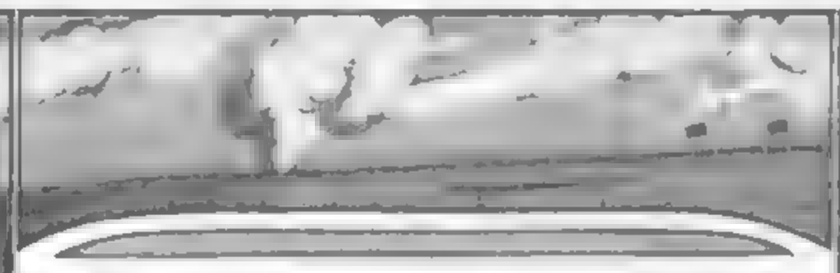
His dry, dead eyes studied the pattern in the office carpet.

(Continued on Page 40)



Cappy Ricks and Mr. Skinner Came Flying Up the Bay

MILLION-DOLLAR INCOMES



By
Albert W. Atwood

THE American people are shortly to learn how many of their number enjoyed incomes of a million dollars or over last year. It would be far more enlightening to know how many million-dollar incomes the present year of war prosperity is producing; but the slow-moving machinery of the Federal Income Tax will not grind out that grudging piece of information until the summer of 1917. Prophecy is a dangerous business; but it is safe to assume, from all the known facts, that about eighty persons in this country had incomes of at least one million dollars each last year, and that more than a hundred of our fellow citizens are skimping along this year with not less than one million dollars—and perhaps a great deal more.

The war has created uncounted new fortunes. Only the long processes of time will make known the identity of these new multimillionaires. Only the almost equally deliberate progress of governmental bureaus will make known their number.

Million-dollar incomes are almost as numerous now as were million-dollar fortunes not more than two generations ago. We have millionaires in a new sense: those whose annual returns—not whose whole fortunes—equal or exceed a million dollars. In the early years of this republic there was only one man, Stephen Girard, who by any possibility could be included among the numerous gilded tribe of to-day. When he died in 1831 his fortune amounted to the then astounding sum of nine million dollars. Only seventeen years later John Jacob Astor left twenty million dollars, thereby creating an international sensation.

"There were not five men in the United States worth as much as five million dollars each twenty years before the Civil War," says a historical writer; "and there were not more than twenty millionaires, all told. When the war was over they had increased by hundreds and there were several men with twenty million dollars apiece. A. T. Stewart, Vanderbilt and Astor were paying a tax on a yearly income of a million and a half."

Except for the brief abnormal Civil War income tax, we can compare the fortunes of earlier days with those that now exist only by means of the estates that rich men have bequeathed. To-day an estate is appraised at fifteen or twenty million dollars without causing a ripple in the papers. A rougher but, in the main, accurate indication of the growth of fortunes is found by studying the curious old lists of rich men that were published in New York and Philadelphia more than half a century ago. Those deemed rich in that earlier time would not be considered more than "comfortably fixed" by present-day standards.

Following the Fortunes of War

THE owners of the great modern fortunes do not know the extent or, without an accountant, even the complete sources of their incomes. John D. Rockefeller once testified that he could not tell within ten million dollars the amount of his fortune. E. H. Harriman is said to have known within only five million dollars the sum total of his possessions. Whether such fortunes are a benefit or a detriment to the country it is not the purpose of this article to attempt to decide. On one hand, it can be shown that the richest two per cent of the people own sixty per cent of the wealth; that the poorest sixty-five per cent of the people own but five per cent of the wealth; and that one or two men are as rich as several million of their fellow countrymen. On the other hand, few great fortunes are hoarded or, except rarely, wasted in riotous living. They are invested in railroads, factories, mines, and all the other material machinery of civilization.

It is commonly assumed that a man with a million-dollar income must be worth twenty million dollars, because five per cent is taken as the average rate of interest. But in these days of enormous salaries and bonuses it is likely that a goodly number of those who do pay taxes on a million dollars a year or over have no great fortunes at all.

But who are these aristocrats of colossal wealth? Whether the income consists of interest on bonds and stocks, or of a salary and a bonus, matters little to the public when the amount is so out of proportion to all normal standards. Their names are the deep, dark secret of the Division of Internal Revenue of the United States Treasury Department. We can only guess; but in some cases we can guess very close indeed. It is possible to keep well within the bounds of conservatism and common sense and yet point with a very considerable degree of certainty to a substantial number of them.

When a man dies, not only must he leave his wealth behind but in most states of the Union every item is made public. So we have the records of the notable fortunes of the past, and from them surely flow many of the extraordinary incomes of the present. Most curious fact of all is the frequency with which very rich men leave estates ranging between sixty million and eighty million dollars. It has become quite the common thing to read of estates averaging seventy-five million dollars; and yet the late Lord Rothschild, of London, left only sixty-two million and a half. In a world in which it is difficult to place any fact beyond dispute there may be some mental satisfaction in knowing, with entire certainty, that we can beat the English on large fortunes.

Then, too, there are other ways of learning who are the owners of million-dollar incomes. Government suits and investigations have disclosed many lists of stockholders; the Interstate Commerce Commission has brought numerous interesting facts to light as regards the ownership of railroads; the holders of valuable real estate in the large cities are always known; and the promotion of great organizations, such as the United States Steel Corporation and the more recent mergers of this new era of promotion all these bring to light facts which, though less complete than those in the archives of the collectors of internal revenue, yet will serve to make up a pretty fair substitute.

Since the war began in Europe, more than one thousand new millionaires are said to have been made in Japan. Surely we cannot be far behind. We have every variety of new millionaire and multimillionaire. They range all the way from the new sugar princes of Cuba and oil kings of Oklahoma to a couple of quiet old Pennsylvania steel makers who sold out their private steel mill for eighteen million five hundred thousand dollars cash. This new crop of the prodigiously rich is not yet subject to rigid analysis.

But some idea of what the future may disclose is indicated by a recently published stockholders' list of the New Jersey Zinc Company, a concern long profitable, but driven into an abnormal condition of dividend emission by the war. The largest stockholders fairly wallow in dividends. In the first five months of 1916 the largest stockholder, August Hechsher, received $1,063,062 on his shares; Edgar Palmer, the young president, received $994,092; and a dozen others took in all the way from two hundred and forty thousand to six hundred thousand dollars. In the list only one name would be familiar to the general public—that of Hetty Green. But to make up our list of million-dollar incomes we must go, for the most part, to those that were known to exist before the war.

One solid, central fact that we can cling to is the Standard Oil Company. The stockholders of that corporation were made known when it was dissolved by United States Supreme Court decree, and the dividends have long been a matter of record. Upon these two sets of facts may be constructed some highly suggestive and, for the most part, reliable conclusions, the chief of which is that no other single industry in this country has created so many stupendous incomes as the Standard Oil.

John D. Rockefeller still heads the list. One of the favorite amusements of the American people for more than a generation has been to guess at the extent of Mr. Rockefeller's fortune. It has become a commonplace to say that he is worth a billion dollars and has an income of fifty million dollars a year. These figures have been repeated even on the floor of the United States Senate, and the president of a great trust company in the city of New York once declared that he knew for a certainty that such was Mr. Rockefeller's income.

The one clear fact to go on is that, when the Standard Oil Company was being sued as a trust some few years ago, Mr. Rockefeller was shown to have 247,690 shares of stock in the company. As the dividends at that time were forty per cent, his income from that source alone was just short of ten million dollars a year. These figures were taken from the stockholders' list of 1906; and a year later Mr. Frederick T. Gates, through whom many of Mr. Rockefeller's gifts are made, was authorized by his employer to state that Rockefeller's fortune "cannot exceed two hundred and fifty million or three hundred million dollars"; and that his income, instead of being any of the fabulous sums previously suggested, "could not, in the most prosperous year, have exceeded fifteen million or twenty million dollars."

How Rich is Mr. Rockefeller?

THIS is the only authoritative statement that has ever been issued regarding the wealth of the Oil King. He has given away perhaps two hundred million dollars; much of it since 1907. On the other hand, his holdings of Standard Oil stock have become immensely more valuable since 1907. How much of his Standard Oil stock has been given away is not known; but the Rockefeller Foundation, which has the greatest bulk of the family benefactions, owns to-day about fifteen per cent of Mr. Rockefeller's Standard Oil stockholdings of 1906. If he had kept his Standard Oil stock intact up to 1913 he would have had nearly twenty-seven million dollars' income from that source alone.

One collector of internal revenue was quoted not long ago as saying that he had heard that Mr. Rockefeller receives more than forty million dollars a year income, and an attempt was made to tax the old gentleman on three hundred and eleven million in Cleveland, Ohio, alone. Besides Standard Oil stocks, Mr. Rockefeller has, or has had, vast quantities of railroad securities, real-estate holdings and bank stocks. Although many of his investments outside of Standard Oil have proved unprofitable, many others have turned out well. If Mr. Rockefeller had never made a gift it is safe to say that his total income to-day would be at least fifty million dollars. If it is in reality much nearer ten million the Rockefeller income may be a disappointment to those who love big figures; but it is still large enough to eliminate nearly all rivals.

John D. Rockefeller has a brother, William, who not only has amassed a vast fortune himself but has a son who seems to be in a fair way of keeping the family money together. William Rockefeller's income from Standard Oil stocks has varied in the last few years between seven hundred thousand and eight hundred thousand dollars a year, provided he has kept his holdings intact. But the records show that he has had bank stock in New York bringing in dividends of more than one hundred thousand dollars a year, and he is supposed to be a large owner in at least a dozen or more prosperous railroad, mining and gas companies. He is safely in the million-dollar class. A recent list of stockholders in the Midvale Steel and Ordnance Company showed that his son, Percy, was the owner of nearly forty thousand shares of that stock.

The Rockefellers have so intermarried with other enormously rich families that it is hard to discover just how many streams of money converge and intermingle here. John D. Rockefeller, Junior, married a daughter of the late United States Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, who left a fortune of five million dollars. One of John D. Rockefeller's

daughters married a member of the McCormick family, of Chicago, chief owners of the International Harvester Company; and a daughter of William Rockefeller married Marcellus Hartley Dodge, who is practically the sole owner of the fabulously profitable Remington Arms and Union Metallic Cartridge companies.

If the big owners of Standard Oil stock in 1906 have retained their shares—and, according to the best opinion and belief, these holdings are still substantially intact there were twenty-nine of them who in the year of 1915 had incomes from their oil stock ranging from one hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars up to just short of fifteen million dollars for John D. Rockefeller. The Charles Pratt Estate had an income from this source of more than three million dollars. There are many members in this family; and, though it has other valuable investments, there is no way of telling whether any one individual interest has an income in excess of a million dollars.

But perhaps the greatest collection of million-dollar incomes in a single clan is that to be found in the almost unknown Harkness family. Two brothers have recently died, and certain state officials, seeking to impose as high an inheritance tax as possible, have been quoted as saying that the estates of Lamon V. Harkness, who died a year and half ago in California, and Charles W., who died a few months ago in New York, will figure up to between one hundred and forty million and one hundred and seventy million dollars apiece. Certain it is that if C. W. Harkness had not sold out in the last few years he had an income last year of two million and a half dollars from his Standard Oil stock alone; and at various times he has been disclosed as the owner of railroad stocks the average income on which cannot be far short of five hundred thousand dollars. The late L. V. Harkness received about eight hundred thousand dollars a year from his Standard Oil stock alone; and another member of the family appears to have been equally fortunate. Charles W. married into the Warden family, of Philadelphia, this family also being one of the great owners of Standard Oil. Apparently the fortune of Charles W. Harkness is to pass to his younger brother, Edward S., who married into the enormously rich Stillman family.

Whether any such large incomes are derived from the estate of Henry M. Flagler, it is difficult to say. Mr. Flagler, one of Rockefeller's early associates, owned more than thirty thousand shares of Standard Oil stock in 1906; and if that holding had been kept together the income to-day would be close to two million dollars. But Flagler invested a huge fortune in railroads, hotels, steamships and real estate on the eastern coast of Florida. He built entirely from his own funds the Florida East Coast Railroad. The bulk of his estate was left in trust, but the income went to several different persons; and so, in spite of his vast fortune, we cannot declare certainly that any of his heirs are among the supermillionaires.

Millionaires Made With Steel

ONE of the richest and, to the public, least known men in America is Oliver H. Payne. His holdings of Standard Oil stock in 1906 are now yielding an income of two million five hundred thousand dollars a year, and he is one of the ten men who owned sixty per cent of the stock of the American Tobacco Company before that profitable concern went under a still more profitable process of Government dissolution. Payne's nephews and niece are Harry Payne Whitney, Payne Whitney and Mrs. Willard D. Straight, the children of the late William C. Whitney, one of the richest and most powerful financiers of his day. The publication of various stockholders' lists has indicated an income of far in excess of a million dollars for the Whitneys, who are connected by marriage with the Vanderbilts.

Next to the Standard Oil Company, the foremost source of extreme affluence in this country was the Carnegie Steel Company—or, rather, the merger of the Carnegie Steel into the United States Steel Corporation. Although Andrew Carnegie had given away $324,699,000, according to the last authentic figures, it is unlikely that his present income is much less than a million dollars. But Carnegie has not only in his own life exemplified the possibilities of accumulating untold wealth; he has been the chief figure in a single company responsible for an output of some forty-odd millionaires, of whom several are to-day unquestionably in possession of prodigious incomes.

Although there are many court and Government records to indicate the extent of Carnegie's wealth, his name has never come to light at any time in the last fifteen years as the owner of railroad or other stock. Herein he differs radically from his fellow captains, or ex-captains, of industry. And the reason probably lies in the fact that, since he sold out the Carnegie Steel Company for a little more than two hundred million dollars, in five per cent bonds, Andrew Carnegie has made no effort to increase his fortune. His subsequent investments are said to have been confined to bonds and real estate. If he had accepted all the offers made to him to buy stocks in promising ventures he might have doubled his fortune; but he prefers to "die poor."

How much Carnegie is worth to-day is largely guesswork. In Wall Street his fortune is estimated at from twenty million dollars to sixty million dollars. Mr. Carnegie owned just half the Carnegie Steel Company. In 1899 its profits were twenty-two million dollars; in 1900, the year the company was sold to the United States Steel Corporation, its profits were forty million dollars; and Carnegie has said, on the witness stand, "it was on the road to making fifty million dollars the next year." But the problem of estimating Carnegie's total wealth is complicated by two unknown or, at least, puzzling elements. Although his steel business earned huge profits prior to 1901, these profits were sometimes left in the business to accumulate rather than drawn down as dividends. Then, too, one must know at exactly what dates the various Carnegie gifts were made, and exactly how large they were, in order to know how much to subtract from the ten-million-dollar income he would have received each year for the fifteen years from his United States Steel bonds alone. Certainly Carnegie himself is vague enough regarding the amount of his possessions:

"All this talk about my holding for a high price, and everything of that sort, gentlemen, has no more foundation than that you held for it," he told a committee of Congress a few years ago. "I considered what was fair. Schwab went down and arranged it. Never a word passed between him"—J. P. Morgan—"and me. I never saw Morgan on the subject. I gave my memorandum and Morgan saw it was eminently fair. I have been told many times since by insiders that I should have asked one hundred million dollars more, and I could have gotten it easily. Once for all, I want to put a stop to all this talk about Mr. Carnegie forcing high prices for anything. That is the truth, gentlemen."

The Chairman: "Was your per cent of the dividends for the year before the consolidation paid to you at the time in cash?"

Mr. Carnegie: "I would have to look at that. I have a financial secretary, and I would have to ask him about that. He keeps the books, and so on, for me."

Among Carnegie's partners there can be little doubt that Henry C. Frick and Henry Phipps are among the four or five score of this country's richest inhabitants. Frick reinvested at least part of his Carnegie Steel profits in railroad stocks. And, unless he has sold most of them since 1908 and lost the proceeds, or sunk it all in art, it can be proved from the records of the Interstate Commerce Commission alone that his income is at least a million dollars. In 1908 he owned 86,401 shares of Pennsylvania Railroad stock; and when asked, in October, 1913, to comment on a rumor that he had been selling Pennsylvania he said:

"I have not been selling Pennsylvania stock. As a matter of fact, I have added to my holdings. I do not remember ever having sold a share of Pennsylvania."

Although Carnegie had several partners besides Frick and Phipps whose wealth became very great, the best known of them all is Charles M. Schwab. His fortunes have risen and fallen several times, but are now at their apex. Whatever income-tax group he fell into for 1915, there can be little doubt that since the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, of which he is the guiding spirit, began to pay dividends on its common stock a few months ago, he will have a hard time persuading the tax officials to keep him out of the topmost class in 1916. Persistent rumor has it that several of Schwab's officials are in receipt of bonuses that bring their incomes to the dizzy sum that forms the title of this article.

Where the Big Profits Come From

BUT the stockholders of the Carnegie Steel Company were not the only ones to profit by the formation of the United States Steel Corporation. Other companies entered the "Billion-Dollar Trust," and other owners were showered with unexpected opulence. There were Edmund C. Converse, president of the National Tube Company, and later president of several of New York's richest banks and trust companies; the late Norman B. Ream, of Chicago; the Pittsburgh Olivers, owners of rich ore lands; Daniel G. Reid; and William H. Moore. When it first became known that forty-four Americans had paid taxes on million-dollar incomes, or over, in 1913, competent statisticians placed Converse, Reid and Ream among the number. There are a few immensely rich "independent" steel and iron-ore princes, of whom the most affluent are probably Samuel Mather and the Hannas, of Cleveland, and the Joneses and Laughlins, of Pittsburgh.

Banking and railroad finance, together, account for more great fortunes in this country than any single manufacturing or mining industry. In conjunction they seem especially favorable to the creation of monumental wealth. The elder J. P. Morgan was, first of all, a banker, but hardly less a railroad financier. That the profits of his firm have often exceeded a million dollars a year would be accepted as a fact in Wall Street. But for years there have been a dozen partners to divide the profits among, and the elder Morgan bought about fifty million dollars' worth of art objects, an investment that may excel in "psychical income," but is weak on cash dividends.

As to the right of one of Morgan's closest associates, George F. Baker, to rank in practically the same income class as Rockefeller, Harkness and Frick, there can be no doubt. A figure unknown to the public, Baker has quietly built up a family fortune that has few equals. Only a fraction of Baker's stockholdings has become public knowledge; but that fraction shows an income of between two and three million dollars. The Interstate Commerce figures of 1908 disclosed his holdings of forty-two thousand shares of Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, which pays twenty per cent a year and extras; and about thirty thousand shares each of Great Northern and Northern Pacific stock, each of which pays seven per cent. In his own bank he has been known to possess twenty thousand shares of that choice forty per cent dividend payer; and at various times

(Continued on Page 66)

THE FEMINIST—By Mary Brecht Pulver

OUTSIDE, the palms clapped their hands together with a dry, crackling sound in the lusterless night. It was very black, with a hot, breathy little wind that blew in off sea. But neither the ghostly crackling nor the impenetrable dark offered novelty or terror to Miss Doris van Jheen, sitting in her bungalow parlor, high up on Colony Hill above the main town of Jairoba.

Doris van Jheen, daughter to Hedrick of the same name, who owned the famous string of ostrich farms, had been born and reared in Africa. She had long ago been schooled to the sudden, genie-like African night that springs from day's bottle and spreads over the landscape like a pall; to the far-off bark of a zebra in the south plains; to the whine of a near-by poaching jackal; or to the thrum-thrum of native beaters on their skin drums, down in the black quarter of the town.

Besides, the bungalow of Hedrick van Jheen stood high and dry in the impeccable white colony of town, on a hill screened with palms and mimosas, threaded by neat little shell paths that ran here and there to the bungalows of the government set, in which dwelt the half dozen quinine-eating, tea-drinking, elderly, rather fussy English couples who controlled Jairoba. All of which, added to a Dutch duenna and a half dozen leal black retainers, made it a perfectly secure environment in which to leave the daughter of Hedrick while his long interior trips were being made.

So that certainly not fear but some other emotion must have produced the pendent crystals that shimmered on Miss van Jheen's long eyelashes as she sat now, leafing over a six-months-old magazine from America.

She was a lovely little creature—put together with gracious lines and soft coloring, with big, pansy-blue eyes and brown hair that fell in a soft abandon of curls about her shoulders. They were curls that would have been strangely reminiscent, if not instantly recognizable, to a cosmopolitan observer, and he would have been correct. Two or three times a year showmen brought films to Jairoba, and Doris van Jheen had long ago yielded to the seduction of the "movie" ingénue's curls. She looked, indeed, very much like a pretty movie ingénue herself—your pick of the bunch—"registering" grief, above her book.

And if you had pressed her for the reason for this grief she would have stated that it was caused by loneliness—sheer, desperate, heart-eating loneliness 'way off here in Africa, where life flowed like a sluggish river, where people never came, where there was no young life nor chance to make youthful friends—the quinine-eating bridge players not counting, being past the interesting age. All of which was true, though only partly. For the real and secret reason, hidden in her heart of hearts, was that she had come to nineteen years, and only her looking-glass had ever told her she was lovely. In short, Doris van Jheen wanted a lover—never more than on one of these whispering, sultry nights when one's heart turned over with unutterable wistful longings.

Orphaned of her little American mother at birth and guarded ever since by a possessive, somewhat tyrannical father, Doris had grown up hedged by a thousand restrictions, ignorant to a large extent of what lay beyond her horizon, of what the people of the world really did, save as she learned by reading books and magazines and from her rather casual contacts with the slight social life round her. This last was almost negligible, for Jairoba, an outlying, undesirable post, brought in no new blood. The consuming passions of the inhabitants were bridge, gossip and tea—three things Doris abhorred.

Of what use—and as she thought of it a great, pearly tear dropped on her magazine—was a plump purse with *carte blanche* to spend all she liked, when the spoils were confined to Jairoba? Twice annually, smart outfitting houses in New York and London sent out boxes of finery to her—ordered from catalogues a little stale, like everything else—so that she could revel in feminine fixings, lavish, expensive, becoming, even if already out of style on Broadway.

But of what use were parures, little satin dancing shoes, rosebud negligees, fox scarfs, flimsy chiffons, velvet cloaks, with nobody—nobody but a commandant's wife in a five-year-old foulard silk to observe, or a white-mustached, red-nosed major who might pinch one's cheek paternally:

"Gad, you look ripping to-night! You ought to go outside. . . . Be a perfect hit in London."

She Clasped a La Vallière About Her Neck

London, indeed! The moon as well! Old Hedrick gave her no chance to travel. Enough for a girl, he thought, to live a contented, feminine home life. Presently—presently, in due time, there would be a husband chosen in a suitable, Continental fashion ——

But of this husband, at present a mere shadow on the horizon, Doris van Jheen vowed passionately she would have none—she would have her own kind of husband or nothing. Two tears fell now, as she reflected that she would probably never find him in this spot where husbands potential never came, where her charm and prettiness—she was not unaware of these—were utterly wasted. It seemed a pity, this waste, to Doris, and anyone observing must have agreed.

She had been reading earlier until she had chanced on something that swept her away on a sea of revery. It was a picture of a pretty girl in a summer frock and hat, her arms about a young man's neck. The legend ran:

"'Dear,' breathed Cécile, 'I love you. I am yours forever.'" It was the sort of thing that always seemed unbearable on a night like this—and especially after yesterday!

Yesterday, just as on any ordinary afternoon, after siesta Miss van Jheen had gone into the native bazaar; as she turned the first corner her heart had flown into her mouth at what she saw. A man—a new, young, utterly strange man in service khaki, puttees and pith helmet—was approaching her! He had half halted, as the narrow turn drew them together, had lifted his hat in best military style and had passed on. The blood had burned warm in Miss van Jheen's cheek; she carried away a rather blurred impression of a godlike figure about seven feet tall—to her flurried young vision—with a tanned, high-bred face, a high-bridged nose, a firm young mouth, and keen gray eyes that for half a second had softened—or seemed to—as they met hers.

She had heard that evening who he was—the new head of the local survey department and in camp at the railroad cut on the hill across from Jairoba for a week, they told her, on a tour of supervision. You could see the lights now, from the Van Jheen bungalow high on the opposite crest; and in the daytime you could with a good glass—and Doris possessed one—get an excellent microscopic view of the camp details and of the pygmy figures directing its fortunes, selecting, if you pleased, the tallest among them for your special observation.

Doris, up on Colony Hill, had done some constructing of her own to-day. It had been vague, nebulous for some time, but as she pondered the picture before her it took a definite shape. She had revised the illustration, substituting her own face for the girl's in the picture. Doris had planted mimosas instead of American foliage behind the couple. She had even altered the young man's face radically. He had grown very tall, martial, khaki-clad and browned by African sunlight. Only the legend remained practically intact:

"'Dear,' breathed Doris, 'I love you. I am yours forever.'"

The worst of it was, she told herself, that it was true; she had fallen in love with a complete stranger—a man whose name she didn't even know, who probably hadn't even noticed her. It was a silly thing to do. It was silly, also, to have put on one's prettiest lace frock and to sit about here—just as if one were waiting—just as if something might happen here in Jairoba. Doris dabbed her eyes fiercely and turned the page.

On the next a handsome American woman, white clad, flag in hand, was shown at the head of a line of marching women. "The Feminist Situation in New York" ran the caption, and Doris began languidly and half-heartedly to read the story that followed.

It was not especially interesting, but would serve as a sedative to subdue her inner emotions. Feminism—the onward sweep of the woman interest—got little impulse here, in hot, sleepy Jairoba, to one reared as Doris had been. The scraps and echoes of its progress in the outer world carried only the vaguest meaning—none at all applicable in a personal sense. She read on patiently through sweeping, brilliant paragraphs that drew the modern world woman as a sort of superbeing of fine, high spirit, conquesting for her rights. Some of it sounded very reasonable to Doris, some of it was outrageously silly, she thought. But the last paragraph caught her up, held her enthralled, awoke in her for the first time a sense of comparison between herself and these brilliant and progressive creatures in remote lands:

Woman awakened! What a splendid visioning! We have here woman embattled not only for suffrage, for a place in affairs, but for a status equal to man's in the moral, spiritual sense. Marriage and courtship, for instance. At no far distant day the ideal that their initial steps belong to man will have utterly died. The progressive woman of to-day chooses her own mate—she will shortly do so universally. She will freely and nobly indicate her feelings and select the man she cares for. Indeed, many of our finest women make no secret of the fact that in their marriage the avowal of love came first from them. As an example, we cite the clever lawyer so recently married, who openly confesses that she inaugurated the courtship. She encourages all modern women to do likewise. Only the medieval ——

The magazine slid unheeded to the floor. Doris sat very still. So that's what was going on out there in the world—what this feminist business was leading to. Ignorant home-staying girls in the outlands might cling to old-time, foolish convention, might sit round waiting for someone to court them. But the real women, the clever, superior kind, went out and got—and were respected for getting—what they wanted. It seemed quite a horrible thing to do—then Doris remembered the future. She saw the dull stretch of years ahead with some plump, Colonial-Dutch or staid English consort waiting at the end, and she paled and sat with clenched hands. Opportunity knocks but once, and a week is not long. Suddenly she clapped her hands. M'Benga, the big house boy, loomed in her open door.

"Saddle my mule, M'Benga, and the gray for you. We will ride to-night," she ordered in native dialect.

"To-night? Kosoni tells that lions cried on the south plains last evening."

"I fear no lions. We will ride to-night."

She was all aflame. In her little chintz-hung room she tore the lace gown off impetuously. She felt it was a chrysalis. The person who emerged was something newborn, quite different, a twin sister to those splendid women overseas who dared all for love. Five minutes and she was done. A curious little figure! A Bond-Street shop had sent out the exquisite Park-Row riding breeches and lacquered boots; a Fifth-Avenue dealer had furnished the open-throat sports shirt of white silk. About its collar the movie-queen curls still rippled. She had put on a mannish Norfolk coat of tweeds, had put on her helmet and fastened on her cartridge belt. Not wise to ride out of bounds without a gun at night! But when she was done she powdered herself, dissatisfied. She was too pale—that was it! Why was she so dreadfully white all at once? Why not at least look natural when on a mission so beautiful and high-hearted?

She punished her cheeks, pommeling, pinching to bring back her roses, but with indifferent success. After a moment's thought she added a touch to her costume. She clasped a La Vallière about her neck—a thread of platinum chain with a pendant of diamonds and sapphires. It looked a little foolish, all things considered, above the cartridge belt and the Norfolk jacket, but it was a feminine touch she could not resist.

Then she heard M'Benga outside and hastened out to clamber on her fat Andalusian mule and ride down the mountain side.

It was something like an hour later that M'Benga, engaging the sentry at the outer line of the railroad cutting, secured permission for his mistress to pass and dropped behind to await her return. The little white mule, with its boyish-looking rider, clipped its way briskly up the main route along the cut, past great, up-tossed piles of earth and stone, and came—quite suddenly—straight upon a little ready-made bungalow perched in the middle of the track. There was a light inside and a door standing open. Doris van Jheen had an excellent view as she slid off her mule. Indeed, so madly was her heart beating that, but for that view, she might not have persevered.

But a single glance at the trim, close-cropped, dark head bent above the portable writing desk, the easy grace of the writer, the whole masculine aspect held her; and, her glance taken, she ran lightly to the door, stood her gun in the corner and tapped with her riding crop.

The big young man was outside all in a minute.

"What is it?" he asked. "Someone to see me?"

Doris did not speak immediately—could not—and the young man peered down, very close to her slim little figure.

"Why—upon my word—why, it's a woman!"

Doris resented the elderly epithet. She looked up now, the light falling on her white face and her curls.

"Yes," she faltered. "I—yes—that is—I'm just a girl ——"

The man drew a deep breath of surprise—perhaps of something else—as he saw her face.

"Well, so you are, and you're 'way off here in the Longani cut—up from the town, I suppose?" He frowned, slightly puzzled, then smiled a little at the shrinking youthfulness of her. "There's someone you want to see? This is the chief engineer's bungalow. I'm in charge here for a few days"

"Yes, I know," the girl breathed; "that's why I came. It was you I wanted to see. I'm not alone," she added breathlessly. "I've a boy, M'Benga, waiting for me with the camp guard ——"

"Oh, then since you wish to see me, perhaps you will enter and let me offer you a chair?"

There was still bewilderment in his voice, but much courtesy besides, all of which did not help the situation. 'Way off in the south the rocky plains showed, where lions had been heard last night; but roaring lions by the dozen could not have disconcerted Doris as much as the thought of facing this man in the light.

"No, no," she cried, "I'd rather not—please. I'd so much rather—I'd like to say it in the dark—here outside ——"

"As you please," the other offered courteously; and Doris, her cheeks ice-cold, her hands tight on her crop, suddenly plunged with a little nervous gasp:

"I'll tell you my name first. I'm Doris van Jheen—my father's Hedrick van Jheen ——"

"Indeed! I've heard of him."

"Yes? I was born in Jairoba—and I've always lived here. But even so"—she looked up at the tall, inscrutable young man, in the dark beside her, a little defiantly—"even so, I'm not—not a bit like Jairoba. My mother was an American, and I suppose that's why I'm different. What I mean is—that I'm a new woman, you know. I—I believe in doing everything in the m-most modern way—perhaps you—you understand—perhaps you know about the feminist things people believe in—out there."

Doris gestured seaward and caught the shadowy flash of a smile.

"Well rather. I ought to—you know I've a sister who goes in strong for that sort of thing. Hit a window with the hammer a year or two ago, put acid in the mail box—that sort of thing. Didn't know it had struck out here."

Doris shrunk.

"Oh, no—not that kind at all. I'd—I'd loathe all that. What I meant was that a woman should—well—just—just—have freedom—like—like a man has, you know. So that's why I came up here." She gulped a little, thankful the night hid the outrageous tears in her eyes. If only she could breathe more comfortably! If only he understood, if only he'd help her a little!

"I don't think I quite understand," he said kindly.

"I was—afraid you wouldn't," she faltered humbly. "Well—I've got to make you—now, and I've got to ask you two questions that are dreadfully personal."

"I'm quite at your service," he said gently.

"Are—are you married?" she faltered.

"I am not," he answered gravely.

"Are—are you en-engaged? I know this is perfectly dreadful ——"

"I have not that happiness," he answered.

"N-nor interested—in a girl? I mean—any girl?"

The young man seemed to hesitate for a really horrible second.

"I shouldn't care to deny that too definitely, but I'm not irreparably lost." A note in his voice made Doris cry out:

"Oh, don't laugh, please! It's fearfully serious—to me. You see that's what I came about—and I had no way to find out except to ask you. They didn't know here. Why, I don't even know your name ——"

"I'm Lieutenant Guy Arthur Richard Husband, native of Devonshire, now of the African Survey ——"

"Husband!" Doris gave a little cry, half scream, half giggle. What a curious name—was it irony or an omen?

"The name amuses you? By Jove, I suppose it is amusing, but it's tiresome too. One gets a little weary of the play on it."

"But it's a beautiful name"—Doris turned suddenly to the light, quite unaware of the tears that lay wet and shining on her cheeks—"only don't you see it would st-strike me that w-way, coming up here to d-do what I'm doing. You see, I—I saw you yesterday morning in the bazaar—you've probably forgotten that ——"

"The deuce I have!" he cut in; "why, I was thinking of you just now ——"

But the girl rushed on: "And—and ever since I—I just kept on seeing you and thinking about you—and to-night, well—they said you're only to—to b-be here one week! Oh, I—I'd rather you would have come up there—at f-f-first. I hoped you might—but you c-can't tell in Ja—Jairoba. Nothing ever happens. It's a tomb really and it's no use expecting—and so—being a—a—n-new woman and all that—and modern, I—I j-just thought I'd do it——"

There was a moment's pause while the big young man bent suddenly toward her, a queer, excited, half-tender note in his voice.

"Do what, dear child?" he asked gently.

Doris sobbed once, twice.

"C-come up here to—to see you and"—heavens, why didn't these splendid militant women publish a code, a formula? The girl searched wildly through her meager store of booklore—"and ask y-you to let m-me p-pay my ad-addresses," she finished. She did not look up nor could she cease her tears. She leaned against the door jamb, a crumpled, weeping figure.

It was very still for a heart's beat, then the man spoke, and his voice closed over the girl's spirit like a cooling, delicious wave. His voice was moved, troubled, yet vibrant with beautiful, unutterable things.

"I—I think that's very beautiful of you, Miss van Jheen—and very brave. You don't know what it means to a bird of passage like myself to know that there's a possibility of one's finding friendship and perhaps affection in a place like this. I couldn't ask anything lovelier to happen than to have you want to know me—I feel very unworthy of anything so wonderful, I assure you—and you are quite mistaken in thinking I had forgotten you. One could not, you know. One would keep on thinking of you, as I did to-day, and wondering who you were and be resolving to have an introduction at the very first chance—even if time is limited. And then to have you come like a fairy godmother, knocking at one's door and offering a chap the chance to know you, just as a gift! That's the miraculous thing, you know, like having a dream come true—but it's all in keeping with our wonderful modern age," he added hastily, "and the things you women do ——"

Doris raised her head and flashed a teary, pink-nosed smile at him.

"It is fearfully modern, isn't it? A few years ago one couldn't have done it at all. Even now—I I feel—oh, perfectly horrible."

"Don't," he said; "don't feel sorry or regretful for having given a lonely chap a lift like this. It won't do you any good, you know. I'm—I'm going to claim all that this implied, even if you are sorry."

"Oh, but I'm not," Doris breathed fervently, "not if you understand. You don't think I'm horrid, and bold, and unwomanly ——"

"I think you're fine and brave," he answered, "and full of the modern spirit"; he hesitated and added: "There's no reason why the modern woman should not use the initiative. She—she ought to have a freedom equal to man's ——"

"That's what it said in my book—in the magazine—where—where I found out we were doing—this. 'The progressive woman of to-day,'" quoted Doris, "'chooses her own mate. . . . She will freely and nobly indicate her feelings and select the man she cares for.' It said that sort of thing and lots more. My bungalow is 'way up on Colony Hill. That farthest light over there. I'm almost always alone, except for old Deuven. So if you come ——"

"I'll come," he promised.

"I must fly now. M'Benga's waiting." She took up her little gun and let her new acquaintance put her on the white mule. He walked with her to the guard fire.

"To-morrow," he said as M'Benga clambered his nag and trotted out.

"And you don't think you don't think ——" she leaned back to ask.

"I'm thinking only of to-morrow," he smiled.

Doris trotted away, the road dipped and swallowed her figure and the guide's. The young Englishman looked after her with a little smile.

"Her eyes were like English violets in an April rain!" Then he laughed suddenly. "The poor little dear; the poor little modern dear!"

And Doris rode on content. She was no longer pale. Her eyes were like diamonds, her cheeks burned, and she reflected that if a lion didn't swallow her before she reached the town she would be the happiest girl in Africa.

It was after siesta the day following that a tall young man in immaculate ducks, pipe-clayed shoes and helmet, presented himself at the Van Jheen

(Concluded on Page 50)

As the Narrow Turn Drew Them Together, He Had Lifted His Hat in Best Military Style and Had Passed On

HANDLING THE PARKS

By HERBERT QUICK

AS THIS is written there comes to mind a certain man in the Missouri Valley who possesses some seven thousand acres of corn-land. He spends all his time—and he is a very busy man—in superintending this patch of land. In addition to his own endeavors he keeps very busy indeed several foremen and one superintendent. He has a secretary, whose position is anything but a sinecure. And if you were to ask him what there is which he needs more than anything else, he would assure you that to be twins would be what Artemus Ward called a sweet boon.

In contrast with him and his job let us consider another man, also the manager of lands; but this person handles more square miles than the Iowa man has acres. Now a square mile is a good deal of land. A square mile is more than many pretty competent farmers have the business prowess to manage; but this second character in our sketch manages seven thousand three hundred square miles, or nearly five million acres. It is very sparsely peopled; but, for all that, it handled a population last season of more than three hundred thousand, most of them away from home and needing a good deal of attention.

The governors of Nevada, Arizona and Wyoming are big men, and the senators and representatives from those states are great personages—to say nothing of the legislators, state officers, county officers, Federal officers and other functionaries who are elected and paid by the people thereof; but this man, whose name I am concealing from you after the fashion of an old-fashioned nomination orator, actually handles nearly as many people as live in all three of the states mentioned.

Elizabeth Lake From Pass Above Ptarmigan Lake

Why We Need a Park Service

THE mayors of Seattle, Milwaukee, Kansas City, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Minneapolis are statesmen, and have numerous official households to help them in their arduous duties; but this man—no, I haven't looked it up, but I'm not far out of the way—governs more people than any of them. His realm in just plain acreage is larger than Rhode Island, larger than Delaware plus Rhode Island, larger than Rhode Island added to Connecticut, and almost as large as these three states combined. It nearly equals the state of New Jersey in area. All this domain is within the states of this Union.

Now if the Missouri Valley man is obliged to have all that force of people to aid him in running his farm of 7000 acres, and if the governments of the cities and states are smaller in area or population, or both, than the principality of my Man of Mystery, you have ere this arrived at the conclusion that he must require a great force of aides and assistants. Still more will you think this when I confide to you the fact that last year 256 business concerns in his kingdom did a business of $3,262,606 in three months; that he spent on his property $359,426 during the season of 1915; and that there has been spent on roads alone on one tract of the fourteen of which his realm is composed the sum of $20,000,000.

The land is scattered about in fourteen tracts, composed of mountains, valleys, moors and forests, and its management presents problems in the special fields of such men as General Goethals, Frederick Law Olmsted, Paul Warburg, Theodore Roosevelt, Oscar Boldt, Gifford Pinchot, Frederick H. Newell and Liberty H. Bailey. The man who handles this great aggregation of properties and problems maintains his office a thousand miles from the nearest of them. And yet his entire force in office and field consists of only ninety-nine people, and he has no office assistance except what he can borrow from other business men for an hour or so at a time.

Can he do it well? Is it possible for these great properties to be competently managed after this fashion? Certainly not. The difference between him and the Missouri Valley farmer lies in this: the one is working for himself, and the other for you. For the Man of Mystery is the Superintendent of the fourteen National Parks of the United States.

If, during your visits to the parks, you find things to praise in the management, give the fellows at Washington credit for having done well in the trade of making bricks without straw; for Congress is now and always has been too busy to give the parks much consideration, or anything like intelligent organization.

Give them credit, and give credit to men like Chittenden and Brett, of the Yellowstone; Reaburn, of Mount Rainier; and others who are or have been short-handedly engaged in coping, on the ground, with the congressional brain; but do not give Congress credit. Wherever and whenever you find anything wrong, blame Congress. If the roads are bad, if the trail runs to a blind end and you have to back out, blame Congress. For of all the failures to be laid to the lack of vision and lack of time and blindness of Congress, the failure to see the value to us all of the National Parks is one of the worst.

Congress even balls itself up in trying to do what it attempts to perform for the parks. A member of Congress—he might have been yours—recently found himself in need of some information with reference to the National Parks. Almost all of them are in need of such information; but this gentleman was in a peculiar situation—he had found himself in such need. When more of them find themselves in this condition we shall have a Park Service. This legislator looked through the books of ready reference which every man keeps who is concerned in Washington with governmental matters—and that is almost everybody—searching for some clew to guide him to the office of the management of the parks. No results. He found plenty of references to other services, and even to the fine Canadian Commission of Parks which has made the Dominion parks better known to us than are our own—and even found advertising matter relating to the Canadian parks bearing the imprint of the Canadian Government's park service; but clouds and thick darkness still brooded over our own park management.

Found—Five Million Acres

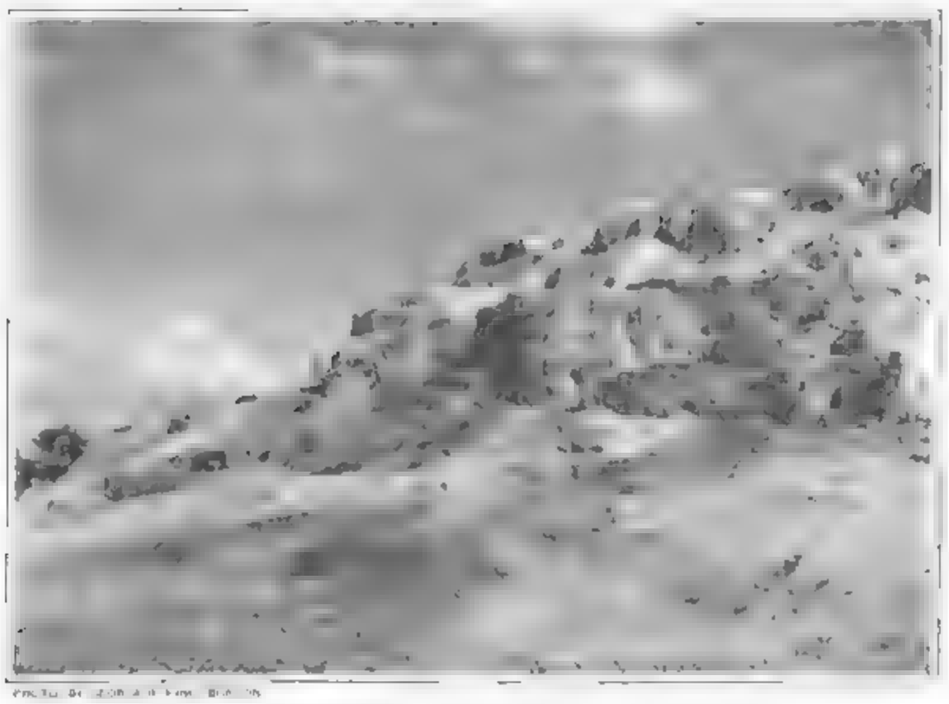
HE WAS in the same fix, dear reader, that you or I should be in if we required the same information. We might think to address the passenger department of some railroad interested in tours; but we should probably get the Canadian literature, be fascinated by it, and spend our time over the line.

Finally, however, our Hawkshaw statesman wrote to the Department of Commerce, saying: "I am in doubt to whom I should apply; but I find no name of Park Service in the Congressional Directory. Will you not help me?" The efficiency of the Government is shown by the fact that somebody was found in the Department of Commerce who solved the enigma. Our nearly five million acres of wonders were actually "detected" over in the Interior Department, in charge of a superintendent who has been hired by the Secretary without statutory authority from Congress.

To revert to the value of the National Parks: The money there is in scenery, when it is properly exploited and sold, is astounding. It may not be true to say that everybody travels, but it is true that almost everybody has the desire to do so; and the numbers who are able to gratify that desire are increasing year by year at a startling rate. In 1914, the first year in which our National Parks were opened to automobiles, the fees collected from those vehicles amounted to $13,000. In 1915 this source of revenue increased to $42,282. This year it will be—nobody knows how much, with the increase of cars, high gasoline, and one thing and another. The number of tourists to visit the parks increased in 1915 from 239,693

King's Cañon, California

South Dome, Yosemite



Mammoth Spring Terrace

to 334,799. Please be indulgent of the statistics; we are speaking of the National Parks in the endearing terms of money.

We have here nearly a hundred million people, more of whom have the desire to travel and the money to pay their expenses withal than can be found in any other land. Our tourists have been taking out of the country yearly sums of money that are beyond comprehension. The Canadian Government has published in an official document the estimate that Americans spend each year five hundred million dollars in travel abroad. Abroad, mind! That does not include the sums spent in our ordinary American tours to the lakes, mountains and forests; our little fishing trips; our more or less aimless motoring, sailing, walking, riding and driving trips. It does not include a small fraction, even, of the trips to the Alps, Apennines, the fiords, the glaciers and the peaks we dream of taking but which for many of us never actually eventuate.

The unsatisfied longing for travel among the wonders of the world is of greater potential money value to us as owners of the National Parks than the travel that has expressed itself in veritable journeyings. Our National Parks contain more strictly Alpine scenery of the first class, to say nothing of their own unique wonders and beauties, than do the European Alps. They are readily accessible by railroad. And yet Switzerland makes one hundred and fifty million dollars a year out of her scenery; France in peace times garners six hundred millions a year from travelers; Italy, one hundred millions.

It may be urged that we cannot make money from tourists in this country on any such scale; but, says California, "Ask me! Ask me!"

Selling Scenery Made in America

ALL the figures I have quoted are derived from the official publication of the Canadian Government of which I have spoken; and in the same document I find that the pine woods of Maine are credited with bringing into that state forty million dollars a year; that the orange blossoms of Florida yield more in profits from tourists than all the oranges into which they develop, plus all the other products of Florida's soil. And from an address delivered by Canada's Commissioner of Parks I learn that New England's annual harvest from tourists is worth one hundred million dollars.

This is no account of petty cash. Such sums are of great national importance. The National Parks of the United States constitute one of her best and solidest business propositions—or will when Congress has placed itself in position to find them without writing to the wrong department of the Government when trying to get in touch with their management.

The money spent abroad by our tourists would be paid out here if our people did their traveling in this country; and much would be added to this enormous sum if all our moderately well-to-do folk could be "sold" on our own tours. A great many economists see in the drain of money through foreign travel the cause of a good deal of what they are pleased to call that unfavorable balance of trade, about which a good deal of mourning has been done.

Personally I have no doubt that it would be far better for the United States if that five hundred millions was mainly spent in seeing America first. We should have half a dozen Switzerlands in America instead of one in Europe. I would rather see the Rocky Mountain National Park, which one can reach in forty-eight hours from Chicago, full of well-paid guides, waiters, rangers, foresters, horses, motorcars, chalets, hospices and hostelries, than to see the sustenance for them lugged over to Europe—and left there. I should prefer to see similar developments in the Yellowstone National Park, Glacier National Park, Mount Rainier National Park, the Yosemite, Crater Lake, Sequoia and the Grand Cañon of Arizona.

I am not much concerned at an "unfavorable balance of trade" if it really comes from trade; but this matter of touring Europe to see things that are not in any way superior to things of the same class in this country is not trade at all. Nothing comes back to us for it that would not originate to just as high a degree in travel done in America. The national prosperity of Switzerland, Italy, France, and the rest of them, is certainly stimulated; and I fail to see how it is possible for ours not to be retarded by this drain.

Grand Cañon From Desert View

Did you happen to travel through any of the National Parks last year? If so you may have noted the fact that in some of them the roads were very dusty. There is a dust story that illustrates the unbelievable lack of organization from which Congress forces the parks to suffer. In one of the parks there was a superintendent whose life was made a burden by the dust in the roads. The wheels of cars and carriages and the hoofs of horses ground the earth to powder, and the winds sifted it over the most wonderful scenery in the world. It gathered in heaps on hats, penetrated into noses and lungs, coated tongues, gritted between teeth, irritated eyes, and made every traveler ready in make-up for a military part in Augustus Thomas' Arizona. Tourists said that, though they had no doubt the waterfalls and cliffs and glaciers were magnificent, they would have enjoyed their beauties with more perfect pleasure if they had been visible. On the whole, the caution "Stay away!" was what went back home with the members of every party.

This clearly is no way to sell scenery. And all the while there ran, a few feet below the levels of the dustiest roads, rivers of mountain water that would have sufficed to sprinkle all the streets of the nation if it could have been raised to the level of the highways. The superintendent could think of no way to lift the water save by pumping, and the park had no money for that. It was a hopeless case, he thought; and he was rather glad when he was relieved of his labors and sent somewhere else.

On the way he visited another of the National Parks and took a ramble through the forest. Suddenly he heard a curious bumping sound, the like of which he had never observed in the wilds. Was it some hitherto unknown bird or beast? He approached it stealthily as it continued its odd little thud, thud, thud; and found—a hydraulic ram, which was working twenty-four hours a day pumping water from one of those low-level streams. Running up the hill from it was a water pipe, which he followed to a tank, at which a water wagon was loading—and thence the trail ran broad and plain to the roads through the park, all of which were kept sprinkled and free from dust. He strode to the hotel and wrote to his successor.

Where Independence Means Inefficiency

"I HAVE found here," he wrote, "the secret of keeping down the dust in your park. Put in hydraulic rams and make the water pump itself. They are installed all over this park; and though they seem to lose all the water that goes into them they don't lose it by a good deal. On the contrary, they keep the tanks full, and the tanks keep the dust laid. Wire for a hydraulic-ram salesman to visit you by the next train!"

How did it happen, you ask, that the news of this victory over the dust had not passed from superintendent to superintendent, to be repeated wherever dust and running water were found in the same park? My dear sir, you don't know Congress. Congress has left the laws in such a state that it is illegal for the superintendents to leave their parks. It has left each park independent of every other park and forbidden the employees of one to venture into any other. So long as that man was a park superintendent, he was ordered to stay in his park winter and summer and, as he valued his job, not to go where he could learn anything, especially about parks.

There are fourteen parks, scattered from Arizona to the Canadian line and from Arkansas to Mount Rainier, from the summit of which the Pacific Ocean is visible. Each park is an air-tight compartment as to services and employees. It would violate the law for a man who had whipped the dust in Yosemite to be transferred to Mount Rainier to do the same thing, or for a ranger who had done notable work in his line in the Yellowstone to be sent to the Rocky Mountain to give that park the benefit of his experience. If Glacier has a lot of laborers who have nothing to do in winter it would seem wise to send them to the Grand Cañon, in the bottom of which chasm the wild flowers bloom all winter, even though blizzards are raging at its rim, six thousand feet above; but Congress says nay.

(Continued on Page 45)

Mirror Lake, Yosemite National Park, California

THE CROOK

By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

TO-MORROW mornin' you'll see a statement in the papers, signed by Ban, sayin' that it's been learned that they was some excuse for Bull doin' what he done, and that the charge of him bein' pickled on the field wasn't true, and that he's been took back on the staff. But they won't be nothin' printed about who was the dandy little fixer; my part in it is a secret between you and I and one or two others.

I don't suppose they's a ball player in the League that Bull's chased as often as me. I don't suppose they's anybody he's pulled as much of his stuff on. I can't count the times I've got cute with him, but the times I got the best o' the repartee I can count 'em on the fingers of a catcher's mitt. Just the same, it was me that went to Ban with the real dope and was the cause of him gettin' rehired, and it was me that got him his girl back, though he don't know about that yet.

I wouldn't of took no trouble in the case if it was any other umps but Bull. But I come as near likin' him as a man could like a guy that never give a close one any way but against you. And he's a good umps, too; he guesses about a third of 'em right, where the rest o' Ban's School for the Blind don't see one in ten. And another thing: I felt sorry for him when he told me the deal he got. And besides that, he's gave me too many good laughs for me to stand by and see him canned out o' the League. Many's the time I've made a holler just to hear what he'd say, and he always said somethin' worth hearin', even if it stung; that is, up to day before yesterday, when the blow-off come.

Right Across the Middle It Come, as Perfect a Strike as Was Ever Pitched

I noticed he wasn't himself when I was throwed out at the plate in the second innin'. I wanted to stop at third, but Jack made me keep goin', and Duff Lewis all ready to shoot with that six-inch howitzer he wears in his right sleeve. Cady and the ball strolled out to meet me and I couldn't get past 'em.

"You're out!" says Bull.

"He didn't tag me," I says.

And Bull didn't say a word.

In the fourth innin' Hooper was on third base and somebody hit a fly ball to Shano. Hooper scored after the catch and big Cahill run out from the bench and made a holler that he'd left the bag too quick. The ball was throwed over to third base, but Tommy wouldn't allow the play. Then Cahill went to Bull and ast him hadn't he saw it. O' course Bull says he hadn't.

"No, I guess not!" says Cahill. "Us burglars stick together." And then, on the way back to the bench, he turned to Bull and says: "You're so crooked you could sleep in a French horn."

Bull was just puttin' on his mask, but he throwed it on the ground and tore after Cahill. He nailed him right on the edge o' the dugout, and what a beatin' he give him! It took eight or nine of us to drag him off, and he managed to wallop everybody at least once durin' the action. Some o' the boys picked Cahill up and carried him to the clubhouse. He was a wreck. Bull stood there a minute, starin' at nothin'; then he turned and faced the grand stand.

"Anybody else," he yelled—"anybody else that thinks I'm a crook can come down and get a little o' the same."

Well, they wasn't no need of extra police to keep the crowd back. But Ban was settin' in the stand and o' course he wasn't goin' to just set there and not do nothin'. It was too raw. So he give orders for the cops to grab Bull and get him out o' the way before he committed murder. They led him to his dressin' room and stuck with him w'ile he changed clo'es. Then they called the wagon and give him a ride. Tommy handled the rest o' the game alone and we was beat just as bad as if nothin' had happened.

Right after the game the witnesses was examined. Cahill's lips was so swelled he couldn't hardly talk. But several of us had heard the whole thing and could testify they hadn't been no profanity. Cahill hadn't no license to call Bull crooked, but if an umps was goin' to fight for a little thing like that, every ball game'd wind up in a holycaust. Besides, "a crook" was one o' the mildest things Bull'd ever been called, and till this time nobody'd ever knew him to lose his temper.

As I say, his specialty was conversation. When they was a kick made, he'd generally always pull some remark that got a laugh from everybody but the fella that was crabbin', and sometimes from he himself. He'd canned plenty o' guys out o' the ball game for tryin' too hard to show him up, but he'd did it as part o' the day's work and without displayin' any venoms. I'd heard 'em tell him he was yellow, and blind, and a jellyfish, and a "homer," and a thief, and a liar; and that he'd steal the cream off'n his mother's coffee; and that his backbone was all above the neck. I'd heard 'em call him fightin' names and saw him take it smilin'. And now, because a fella made an innocent remark about him bein' crooked, and no naughty words along with it, he'd went off his bean and all but destroyed a good Irish citizen, besides intimidatin' five or six thousand o' the unemployed.

It wasn't no wonder everybody thought what they thought, though Bull hadn't never been known to touch a drop between April and October.

"I'll uphold my umpires when they're right," Ban says to the reporters; "but when they're wrong, they got to suffer for it. They's only just the one explanation for Bull's actions. So he's discharged from the staff."

"What about Cahill?" ast somebody. "Goin' to suspend him?"

"No," says Ban. "Bull saved me the trouble."

Well, Tommy fixed it up to have Bull let out o' jail and took him back to the hotel where the two o' them was stoppin'. When Tommy told him he was canned he didn't make no comments only to say that they was one good thing about the umpirin' job—you didn't feel bad if you lost it.

On my way home from the game I got to thinkin' about Bull and what a shame it was to have him let out for just the one slip, and wonderin' what he'd do with himself, and so on. So when I'd had supper I rode down to the umps' beanery to try and find him, and maybe cheer him up.

He'd went out. Tommy told me he'd disappeared after askin' for his mail and not gettin' none.

"He'll come back with a fine package," says Tommy.

"Do you know what made him fall off?" I says.

"He didn't fall off," says Tommy. "That's the funny part of it. I and him was right up in my room readin' the papers all mornin'; then we had lunch and went out to the park together and got dressed and went on the field. I noticed he was grouchin', but I was with him every minute o' the day up to game time and I know for a fact that he didn't have nothin' to drink only his coffee at breakfast. Somethin's happened to him, but I don't like to get inquisitive because we haven't only been teamin' together a couple o' weeks."

I and Tommy didn't have nothin' else to do, so we set down in the writin' room and chinned. Bull, o' course, was the subject o' the conversation. You could talk about him all week and not tell half o' the stuff.

The first game he umpired in our League was openin' day in Chi, four or five years ago. It was our club and St. Louis. I guess he was about twenty-six years old then, but he didn't look more'n twenty. So the boys was inclined to ride him. Arnold, the St. Louis catcher, started on him in the first innin'.

"Did you ever see a ball game, kid?" he ast him.

"No," says Bull, "but if I make good these four days, I'm goin' to stay here for the Detroit series."

Arnold come up with the bases full and two out in the fourth or fifth. He took three healthy lunges and fanned. I led off in our half and Bull called the first one a ball. It was pretty close and Arnold, peeved about strikin' out in the pinch, slammed the pill on the ground.

"You're a fine umpire!" he says.

"I can't be right all the time," says Bull. "Even the best of us misses 'em sometimes. But I'll have to miss the next two in succession to tie your score."

We was one run ahead when the ninth begin. We got two o' them out and then Hank Douglas made a base hit and stole second. The next fella made another base hit, but Shano fielded it clean and Hank was called out at the plate.

"That's right," he says to Bull. "Favor the home team. You wouldn't be umpirin' in this league if you wasn't yellow."

"No," says Bull, walkin' away, "and you wouldn't be in the League at all if you wasn't a Brown."

In one o' the Detroit games Cobb was on second base with a man out and Crawford hit a slow ground ball between short and third. The ball was fielded to first base and Cobb kept right on for home. Parker was catchin' for us and he was a little spike-shy, especially with Cobb. So when the ball was relayed to him from first base he backed off in an alley somewheres and give Tyrus the right o' way. Somebody hollered from the bench that Cobb hadn't touched third.

"Yes, I seen it," says Parker to Bull, lookin' for an alibi. "He cut third base."

"I don't know about that," Bull says, "but it's a safe bet that he'll never cut you."

Bull went with us for our first series in Cleveland that year. They was a fly-ball hit to Lawton in the third and he muffed it square, lettin' in a couple o' runs. As soon as he'd dropped the ball he looked up in the sky and then stopped the game till he'd ran in and got his glasses, though it was so cloudy that we was hurryin' to beat the rain. Right afterward, when Lawton come to bat, Bull called a strike on him.

"Too high! Too high!" says Lawton.

"Maybe it was," says Bull. "I lost it in the sun."

A little w'ile later the Cleveland club had a chance to tie us up. It was some left-hand batter's turn to hit, but they was a cockeye pitchin' for us, so they sent up a kid named Brodie, a right-hander, to pinch hit. He swung at the first one and missed it. The next one was called a strike, and w'ile he was turned round, arguin' with Bull about it, another one come whizzin' over and Bull says:

"You're out!"

"It wasn't a legal delivery," says Brodie.

"Why not?" says Bull. "His feet was on the slab and you wasn't out o' your box."

"You got a lot to learn about baseball," says Brodie.

"I'm learnin' fast," says Bull. "I just found out why they call your club the Naps."

He didn't put nobody out of a game till along in the middle o' that season. We was playin' Washin'ton and Kennedy was in a battin' slump. He was sore at the world and tryin' to take it out on the umps. He'd throwed his glove all over the field and tossed his cap in the air and beefed on every decision, if it was close or not. He struck out twice, and when Bull called a strike on him his third time up, he stooped over and grabbed a handful o' dirt.

"A yard outside!" he says, and tossed the dirt to'rds Bull.

"Well, Mr. Kennedy," Bull says, "if there is a yard outside, that's where you better spend the rest o' the afternoon."

"Am I out o' the game?" says Kennedy.

"Hasn't nobody told you?" says Bull. "You been out of it pretty near two weeks."

"You're about as funny as choppin' down trees," says Kennedy.

"Go in and dress," Bull told him. "Maybe you'll find your battin' eye in your street clo'es."

The next day Bull was umpirin' the bases. Kennedy didn't get suspended, and when he come to bat in the first

innin' and seen that Bull had switched, he yelled to him: "Congratulations! You ought to do better out there. It's a cinch you couldn't do worse."

"Walter," says Bull to Johnson, who was pitchin', "give Kennedy a base on balls. I want to talk to him."

In the last game o' the series Kennedy finally did get a hold o' one and hit it for two bases.

"Now it's my turn to congratulate you," Bull says to him.

"Oh," says Kennedy, "I can hit 'em all right when they's a good umps behind that plate."

W'ile he was still talkin', whoever was pitchin' wheeled round and catched him a mile off'n the bag. Bull waved him out and he started to crab.

"Go on in to the bench, Kennedy," says Bull. "The game must look funny to you from here anyway."

Big Johnson worked against us in Chi one day and he had more stuff than I ever seen him have. Poor little Weber, facin' him for the first time, was scared stiff. He just stood there and took three. Next time, he struck at one and let the next two come right over. Bull, who was back o' the plate, couldn't help from laughin' and the kid got sore.

"Why don't you call 'em all strikes!" he says.

"I would," Bull says, "only they's just a few o' them I can see."

Well, Weber's third trip up there was just like his first one. He didn't even swing. And after Bull had called him out for the third time, he says:

"Fine work, umps! You ought to go to an oculist and get the dust took out o' your eyes."

"Yes," says Bull, "and you ought to go to a surgeon and have the bat removed from your shoulder."

One afternoon Jennin's started a kid named Sawyer against us. He was hog wild and he throwed ten balls without gettin' a strike.

"It looks like a tough day for us, Bull," says Stanage.

"Well, anyway," Bull says, "my right arm needs a good rest."

When two fellas had walked and they was two balls on the next one, Sawyer pitched a ball that you could of called either way. Bull called it a ball.

"What was the matter with that one?" says Sawyer.

"You pitched it," says Bull.

He was base umpire once when Walsh caught Carney flat-footed off o' third base. It was in the ninth innin' and they was only the one run behind us, so Carney begin to whine.

"Kind o' drowsy, eh?" says Bull. "I'll bet your mother was up all night with you."

Before the end of his first season he had the boys pretty well scared o' that tongue of his'n and they weren't none o' them sayin' much to him. But o' course, durin' the winter, they forgot how he could lash 'em, and when spring come again he was as good as ever. It's been that way every season since. Along about this time, and up to July, they're layin' themself wide open and takin' all he can give. Then, from July on, they're tired o' bein' laughed at and they see they can't get the best of him, so they lay off.

As I Say, His Specialty Was Conversation

Not me, though. I beef on every decision he makes against me all season long. I can get as good a laugh when it's me that's the goat as when it's somebody else.

He's pulled some pippins on me. I wisht I'd wrote down even half o' them, but anyway they don't sound as good when I tell 'em as when he sprung 'em on me.

I remember we was playin' our last series with the Boston club in 1912. They'd cinched the pennant already and nobody cared a whole lot how our games come out. I've got plenty o' friends in Boston, and the first night we was there I neglected to go to bed. So the next afternoon I was kind o' logy.

I dropped a couple o' thrown balls at first base and was off the bag once when I had all the time in the world to find it. Well, Bull had three or four close ones to guess and he guessed 'em all against us.

"Are you goin' to work in the World's Series?" I ast him.

"I haven't heard," he says.

"If you do," I says, "I'm goin' to bet my season's pay on the Red Sox."

"If you're lookin' for easy money," says Bull, "why don't you go ahead and bet your season's pay on the Red Sox, and then sign with the Giants to play first base?"

In 1914 I'd been havin' a long spell o' bad luck with my hittin' and they was just gettin' ready to bench me when one day, in St. Louis, I got one safe. I tried to make two bases on it, but overslid the bag and Bull called me out.

"Oh, Bull!" I says. "Have a heart."

"They won't bawl you for this," says Bull. "You ain't been here in so long it's no wonder you forgot where the station was. I think you done pretty well to remember my name. I been umpirin' the bases for two weeks."

Then they was once in Boston, just last year. We still had a chance yet and we was crazy to take a fall out o' that bunch. I was overanxious, I guess. Anyway, it was a tight game and in the sixth or seventh innin' I got caught off o' first. "Bull," I says, "if you're with the home club, why don't you wear a white suit?"

"Larry," says he, "you ought to play ball in your pyjamas."

And in New York one day I give somebody the hit and run, and the ball fooled me and I didn't swing. The fella was throwed out at second base, and Bull called it a strike on me.

"Why, Bull!" I says. "He was wastin' that ball."

"Sure he was," says Bull. "All the good balls is wasted on you."

And once in Washin'ton, we was two runs to the good in the ninth and had two men out and it looked all over. The next man—Milan, I think it was—hit a fly ball straight up and I hollered I was goin' to take it. Well, it just missed beanin' me and Milan pulled up at second base. The next fella hit a ground ball between I and the bag. I missed it clean. Milan scored and the other fella stopped at second. Then somebody made a three-base hit. The score was tied and the winnin' run was on third base.

A slow ground ball was hit down to'rds me. I seen that Doran, who was pitchin', was goin' for the ball instead o' the bag and I seen that the ball was mine and I'd have to get it and chase back with it myself. I done it as fast as I could and the play was mighty close. Bull called the man safe. It meant the game and we was all sore, but me especially, on account o' them two flivvers.

"You blind owl!" I says to Bull. "Who told you you could umpire?"

"Who recommended you to Griffith?" says Bull.

That's the way he was. You could set up all night and figure out what you was goin' to say to him next day, and then when you said it, he'd come back with somethin' that made you wish you hadn't. That is, unless you was like me and kept after him just for the laughs he give you.

I and Tommy set there talkin' till pretty close to midnight. Then we decided they wasn't no more use waitin' for Bull. So Tommy went up to his room and I moseyed out the front door and onto the walk. I hadn't took more'n a couple o' steps when I seen the guy we'd been fannin' about. He was just goin' in to the hotel bar. I followed him.

"Hello, Bull!" I says, when we was both inside.

"What's the idear?" he says. "Did you come clear down here to tell me that Cady didn't tag you?"

"No," I says. "He tagged me all right. But I'm taggin' you to find out what's got into you."

"I guess I got plenty into me now," says he. "When a man that's cold sober gets fired from his job for bein' lit, they's only the one thing to do. I've been tryin' my best all evenin' to deserve the reputation they've wished on me."

I give him the double O. He could walk straight and he could talk straight. But he was kind of owl-eyed and his face looked like a royal flush o' diamonds.

"Let's have somethin'," he says.

"You've had enough," says I.

"That's no sign I ain't goin' to have more," he says.

"You better go to bed," I says.

"What for?" says he. "I got nothin' to do to-morrow or any other to-morrow. I'm through."

"They's other leagues," says I. "You won't have no trouble gettin' a job."

"I don't want no job," says Bull. "I haven't no use for a job."

"What are you goin' to live on?" I ast him.

"I don't want to live," he says.

"Aw, piffle!" says I. "You'll feel better for a good night's sleep."

"Well," says Bull, "they's just as much chance o' me gettin' a good night's sleep as they is o' them playin' part o' the World's Series in Peoria."

"Anybody Else That Thinks I'm a Crook Can Come Down and Get a Little o' the Same"

"Bull," I says, "I believe they's somethin' botherin' you outside o' losin' your job."

"You're too smart to be playin' ball," he says.

O' course I knowed then that Tommy'd been right—that the old boy had had a blow o' some kind. And I was mighty curious to learn what'd came off. But I realized it wouldn't get me nothin' to ask.

We h'isted three or four together without exchangin' a word. Then, all of a sudden, I seen a big tear streakin' down Bull's cheek and in another minute I was listenin' to his story.

Bull's parents is both dead—been dead five or six years. He never had no brothers or sisters or aunts or uncles or nothin'. He was born down South somewheres and didn't have no use for cold weather, but his old man moved to Buffalo when Bull was about sixteen, so from that time till his mother and father died he spent his winters, and the summers before he went to umpirin', up North. They wasn't no reason why he shouldn't suit himself after the old people passed out, so back South he went for his winters. He stayed in New Orleans the first couple o' years, but it cost him a pile o' money. Then he tried Montgomery, and that's where he met the lady.

Her name's Maggie, Maggie Gregory. Bull described her as the prettiest thing he ever seen, and so on. The Gregorys didn't have so much dough that they didn't know how to spend it. In fact, they was kind o' hard up. The head o' the house worked in a hardware store for somethin' like fifteen a week. He had a son named Martin; yes, sir, the same Martin Gregory that Connie Mack let go last week and we got signed up now.

Martin and Maggie was twins. Maggie was learnin' the milliner trade, but at the time Bull met 'em Martin wasn't workin' at all, except durin' meals. He was one o' the kind o' guys that'd rather go to the electric chair, where he could be sure o' settin' down, than attend the theater and take a chance o' havin' to stand up w'ile they played the Star-Spangled Banner. If he'd lived in a town where they wasn't no letter carriers he wouldn't never got no mail. He'd of starved to death in a cafeteria with a pocket full o' money.

He treated the whole of his family like they was waiters, and they treated him like he was the Kaiser. His mother was crazy over him, and Maggie used to split fifty-fifty with him on her princely salary. The old man never called him, and seemed to just take it for granted that Martin was born to have the best of it.

Bull landed in Montgomery the same time that the Gregorys made up their mind to take a boarder. They put an ad. in the paper and Bull answered it. He answered it in the evenin', when Maggie was home. After gettin' a look at her, he'd of stayed there if they made him sleep in the sink and give him nothin' to eat but catnip.

Maggie and Martin was eighteen then. They ain't no use o' me tryin' to give you Bull's description of her. Martin, accordin' to Bull, was a handsome kid and had the best clo'es his sister's money could buy. He was built like an ath-a-lete and his features was enough like the girl's to make him good-lookin'. Bull fell for him this first night; he didn't know nothin' then about the feud between Martin and Work.

Well, they all treated Bull like he was an old friend and made him feel more like it was his own house than just a place to board. Maggie smiled at him every time she seen him, though it wasn't no case o' love at first sight on her part; she was just tryin' to be friendly. The old lady worried if he didn't take nine or ten helpin's o' whatever was on the table, and kept his room as neat and clean as Martin's. The old man played rummy with him three or four times a week and give Bull good laughs on all his quick stuff. And Martin took kindly to him, too, figurin' probably that the dough Bull paid for board would mean more dude clo'es in the wardrobe. Bull says he never knowed what this here Southern hospitality was till he went to live with the Gregorys.

It wasn't till Bull had been there about three weeks that he told 'em what he done for a livin'. Well, the old people and Maggie didn't know nothin' about baseball except that Martin, when he was a kid, had been the best player in the school where he attended at. He'd told 'em so. But Martin himself, it turned out, was a nut on the national pastime. He knowed who Cobb was and who Matty was and their records, right down to little bits o' fractions. Not only that, but he went to see the Montgomery bunch perform whenever they had the courage to face the home crowd. So Bull was a hero to him, in spite of his profession.

At meals, Martin wouldn't talk nothin' but baseball, and Bull had to talk it with him. I suppose the proud parents and Maggie felt kind o' sorry for Bull, figurin' that the kid, bein' perfect, was gettin' all the best of him in the arguments. The old boy was foxy enough to see that the easiest way to win Maggie was by helpin' to make Martin look good. So when they'd got about so far in a fannin' bee, Bull'd stop dead and say, "By George! You're right," even if Martin was arguin' that Walter Johnson ought to learn to throw left-handed and play third base.

Bull thought he was just a fresh kid. He thought the reason he wasn't workin' was probably because he'd lost a job and hadn't found another. He liked Martin O. K. till he begin to suspect that he was too proud to toil. It was the old lady that give him the hunch, when she says somethin' about the kid's delicate health.

"Yes," Bull says to himself, "he's awful delicate lookin', like Frank Gotch."

Before the winter was half over, Bull was givin' 'em the time o' their lives, takin' 'em somewheres every other night. It was a pipe that Maggie liked him, and it was a bigger pipe that she had him on her reserve list, with no chance to get away. But he was too shy to talk to her about anything but the climate; he says she was the first girl he was ever scared of.

Along in March, some o' the Montgomery ball players showed up for their trainin'. Bull always took some work in the spring to get himself hard and fix up his windpipes, so that year he joined the local bunch and done stunts with them. Martin ast to go along with him the third or fourth day. So out they went together to the Montgomery orchard and Bull got the biggest su'prise of his life.

Instead o' settin' up in the stand and lookin' on, Martin peeled down to his shirtsleeves and busted right into the practice. He tackled the high-low game first, and Bull says to see him at it you wouldn't of never believed it was the same boy that wouldn't drink coffee unless you held the cup to his mush. Baseball wasn't work to him—it was fun. And that made the whole difference.

Well, Martin showed so much life the first day that Bull borrowed a suit for him and fixed it with the Montgomery gang to leave him frolic round their park as much as he liked. And he wasn't no joke with the ath-a-letes. He didn't know nothin', but he had as much mechanical ability as you ever see in a kid. He could whip the ball round like a shot, and he was good on ground balls and he swung the old stick like it was a lath. Bull give him a lot o' pointers and so did the rest o' the boys, and by the time Bull was ready to go North, Martin was good enough to hold down an infield job somewhere in the brush.

Maggie and old Gregory was as proud as peacocks. The old woman was proud too, but she was scared to death that the pet would get beaned or stepped on and killed. Bull finally convinced her that baseball was as safe as ridin' in a rockin'-chair, and Martin was allowed to keep on with the only exercise he'd took in years, outside o' puttin' on his pyjamas at night and pullin' 'em off in the mornin'.

Bull left Montgomery with the understandin' that he could have his room when he come back in the fall. Maggie squeezed his hand when she told him good-by, and that, Bull says, along with the post cards she sent him, was all that kept him alive that summer.

In June the Gregorys sent him a clippin' from a Montgomery paper. Martin had been signed by the Montgomery club to play second base, and he looked like the best thing that had broke into the Southern League in years.

The second off-season that Bull spent with the Gregorys he was still too shy yet to make any play for the lady, outside o' blowin' all his loose change in showin' she and her folks a time. But last fall, after they'd gave him his bit for workin' in the big series, and he felt like he had enough financial backin' to justify the plunge, he wired her to meet his train and he pulled his speech on her w'ile his nerve was still with him.

She didn't say yes or she didn't say no. She told him she liked him a whole lot bettern'n anybody except Brother Martin, and she appreciated his kindness to all o' them, and so on. But it would take a lot o' thinkin' to decide the question, and could he wait? So he says he could do anything for her and they left it go at that.

As soon as they was off'n the subject, she begin to talk about Martin and what he'd been doin' in baseball. She admitted that he was the greatest ball player south of Alaska, but o' course the Montgomery club didn't give him a fair show on account o' bein' jealous, and the manager kept him on the bench half the time for the fear some big league scout'd see him and steal him away from Montgomery. What she wanted Bull to do was tell some manager in our league about him, and have him bought. Martin would do the rest; he'd show 'em if he ever got the chance.

Well, Bull told her it was against the rules for an umps to recommend a ball player to a club in his own league. It wouldn't be fair to the Boston club, for instance, if Bull give Detroit first whack at a second Cobb. O' course Bull knowed that plenty o' scouts must of saw Martin and passed him up, and that the Montgomery club wasn't tryin' to conceal a man for who they could get a big price.

She ast him if he couldn't get some friend to do the recommendin' if he couldn't do it himself. He told her he was scared his part in it would be found out. Then she says that he must care a lot about her if he was afraid to take a little risk like that. He told her he'd try and think of a way to swing it, but she must give him time.

He found Martin more of a dude than ever and as modest as a wrestler. He couldn't talk about nothin' but how much better he was than the Southern League, and it was easy to see from his clo'es that he wasn't contributin' nothin' to the family except conversation and his personal attendance at meals.

Hatin' yourself, though, ain't nothin' against a ball player. Take most any real star and when the dialogue ain't about him he's bored to death, and if he has a bad day, pitchin' or hittin' or whatever it is he does, it's plain tough luck or rotten umpirin'.

So Bull didn't think none the less o' Martin's ability on account o' the size of his chest, even if he did get good an' sick o' hearin' nothin' but Martin, Martin, Martin, all day and half the night.

Bull would of gave anything if Maggie and the rest o' them had forgot their scheme to land the pet in the big menagerie. But they wasn't a chance. When he'd rather of been hearin' that she cared somethin' about him, she was eggin' him on to hurry up and think of a way to bring Brother to the attention o' the real people.

Bull Throwed His Mask on the Ground and Tore After Cahill

In December Bull read in the paper that Ted Pierce, the manager o' the Montgomery club, was in town. He made a date to meet him and find out just how good Martin was.

"He's just good enough to of pretty near drove me wild," Ted told him. "If we're ten runs ahead and he comes up with the bases full, he'll hit one from here to Nashville. Or if we're fifteen runs behind in the last half o' the ninth, with two out, it's fifty to one that he'll get to first base. But put him up to that plate when everything depends on him and you'd think he had paralysis o' the arms. He'll take three in the groove and then holler murder at the umps."

"Plain yellow, eh?" says Bull.

"I don't like to say that about nobody," Ted says. "But if the old U. S. called for volunteers, I'd bet on Benedict Arnold to beat him to the front."

"Ain't they no chance of him gettin' over it?" ast Bull.

"I've tried everything," says Ted. "I've called him all the names I could think of. I've tried to jolly him too; I've told him the pitchers was all scared of him and all he'd have to do was swing that club. But he's just as bad as when he broke in."

"He's a kid yet," says Bull. "It may be just stage fright."

"It may be," says Ted. "He certainly is cocky enough most o' the time; it's only in a pinch that he loses it."

"I'm a friend of his family," says Bull. "I'd like awful well to see him move up."

"You wouldn't like it no better'n me," says Ted. "I'd like to see him move anywheres. I'm sick o' lookin' at him. If you can sell him for any kind of a price, I'll give you half of it."

"You know I couldn't sell him," says Bull. "But if somebody else recommended him to somebody and I was ast about him, I'd do my best."

"Well," says Ted, "I ain't goin' to recommend him nowheres, unless it's to a fella I got no use for. I'm goin' to try him again in the spring, and if he don't quit chokin' to death every time he's got a chance to be a hero, I'll tie a can on him whether he's a friend o' yours or Woodrow Wilson's."

"Outside o' that, he's a good ball player, is he?" says Bull.

"They ain't no man I ever seen with more natural advantages," Ted told him. "His record shows that he hit .329 and stole thirty-two bases and fielded as good as any second baseman in the league. But he didn't make none o' those base hits when we'd of gave a thousand dollars apiece for 'em, and when he could of pulled a pitcher out of a hole with a swell piece o' fieldin' he simply booted the ball all over the infield."

"They's just the one hope for him, then," says Bull, "and that's to go out and get some o' the old nervine."

"If you can make him do that," says Ted, "I'll guarantee to sell him to any club you name."

So Bull, that night, told Maggie that Martin was still shy of experience and needed at least another year in minor league ball before he could hope to stick up with the E-light. He figured that he could work on the kid all the rest o' the winter and maybe succeed in stingin' him enough with hot conversation to get that streak out of him.

But Maggie right away wanted to know where Bull'd got his information and Bull had to tell her.

"No wonder!" says Maggie. "Pierce never did have a good word for him. Him and all the rest o' them's jealous."

"You're mistaken," says Bull. "Pierce wouldn't like nothin' better than to sell him for a good price."

"All right," says Maggie, "if you think I'm mistaken, that shows you don't care nothin' about me."

So Bull didn't have no answer to that swell argument only to beg her pardon and say she was probably right.

Well, it finally come to a kind of a showdown: Bull was either to see that Martin got his chance this spring or he'd have to worry along without Maggie. She didn't come right out and say that the way I've put it, but she made it plain enough so's they wasn't much chance to misunderstand.

Bull kicked the sheets round for a few nights and then got his idear. O' course the first thing was to pick a club that was tryin' to build up, and if possible to pick one that had a manager who'd pay the right kind of attention to a kid. Bull chose

(Continued on Page 52)

SUDDEN JIM

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

"He's One of Them Things the Papers Call a Political Boss; But if I Do Say It, Zaanan Frame Does a Good Job of It"

V

FOR the next fortnight Jim Ashe was too busy to give thought to his new environment, to study the new world to which he had been translated. He was studying the clothespin business. It is true he did not come to his work wholly unprepared; being Clothespin Jimmy's son, that was impossible. His father had talked it, thought it, dreamed it. Jim had assimilated it with his meals. Also, as a boy, before his college days, in vacation times when college days arrived, he had worked in the mills and acquired for the business that distaste which he once vainly fancied was to lead him down widely different vocational paths.

As a lad he had counted and packed pins; later he had dogged in the sawmill; one vacation he had calloused and slivered his hands feeding the drum. He had scaled timber; he had been choreboy for old Pazzy Miller, the pinmaker. These various jobs were given him out of his father's wisdom to show him the how and the why of all steps in the manufacture. Nor was he ignorant of other branches of the business, for clothespins were not the sole product though they were its backbone. He was not unacquainted with the mysteries of the veneer lathe nor with the making of wood ashes. He understood somewhat the technic of the turner, and the processes which went to the making of wooden spoons, rolling pins, drumsticks, and the like—all turned from seasoned lumber.

Those things he knew as a workman. Something of the marketing problems his father had been able to drop unsuspected into his mind, but this was all incoherent, not card-indexed and pigeonholed and ready for instant use. Jim spent his time—not occupied by immediately pressing concerns and events—in preparing the knowledge he had, in adding to it; in short, in preparing himself as best he could to handle and husband the property that was his. It was surprisingly like trying to swim after a course of twenty lessons from a correspondence school.

A week before the machinery was ready to turn over, the office force with its paraphernalia arrived from the old office and was installed in the new. It consisted of one stenographer, picked by Clothespin Jimmy wholly for efficiency and not at all for adornment; of a middle-aged bookkeeper, who seemed to have been born with something more than the normal quantity of organs, for there grew from his forehead a green eyeshade, without which he was never seen, and there sprouted in his right hand a pen. There was also an assistant bookkeeper, whose business in life was to act and look as much like the bookkeeper, Mr. Grierson, as possible; and a shipping clerk, whose familiarity with freight rates and with the occult business of routing freight cars so they would arrive where they were intended to go, instead of at the other side of the continent, was such as to arouse Jim's admiration.

The clothespin war was as yet a minor trouble. He had one letter from the secretary of the Club, informing him that the price he had quoted was cut by another five per cent. This cut he met immediately. A flood of orders came in from brokers, traveling men, wholesalers—all rushing to take advantage of the low market to stock up. These Jim culled over carefully, accepting only enough to keep his plant running to capacity, not overloading himself with orders which he would have to fill in case of a cessation of hostilities and consequent soaring of price.

He called into conference his superintendent, millwright, master mechanic and the foremen of his departments, but it was not a conference, as the event proved. It consisted merely of a brief statement by Jim.

"The job you fellows are up against," he said, "is to manufacture better and cheaper than anybody else. Prices are down. I believe we can still show a profit. Any man who has an idea that will save a tenth of a cent on a box of pins will find it profitable to bring it to me. What's the best day's average you made in the old plant, Pete?"

"Seventy-five boxes a machine," said the old pinmaker.

"I'm expecting eighty here," Jim told him. "It costs as much to operate a machine making sixty boxes as it does eighty. If you can make eighty, the extra five will come close to being profit. Don't let a machine, a lathe, a saw waste machine hours. Everything has got to run; it has got to run constantly, and it has got to produce the greatest quantity that is physically possible. I'm depending on you men. We have a new crew in large part. I want them to feel I'm depending on them. Tell every girl, every man of the crew, that the Ashe Clothespin Company is depending on her or on him, and that each may depend on me. If I expect them to give me a square deal, I expect myself to give them a square deal. Tell them that. There'll be no dissatisfaction or labor trouble here if I can help it—and I can. I guess that's all. Now get at it."

The men looked at each other; old Pete scratched his head and grinned, and they filed out. Their feeling, if one was to judge from their faces, was one of satisfaction and confidence. They believed in the new boss, and that is the first step toward a feeling of affection.

It was that afternoon that Zaanan Frame drove his old horse Tiffany—named, as Jim found out, after the greatest of legal books, Tiffany's Justices' Guide—up to the mill and rheumatically climbed to the office.

"Afternoon," said he. "Name's Jim, hain't it?"

Jim nodded curtly. He suspected the justice of being no friend of his but an ally of the other camp.

"All right, Jim. Last names was made for fellers that git to be postmasters. Couldn't sort the mail without 'em. Hain't for everyday use no more'n plug hats."

"What can I do for you, judge?" Jim asked offishly.

The old fellow regarded him a moment in silence. "Wa-al, you might put more sugar into your coffee. Need sweetnin' up. Still livin' to the hotel, eh? All the comforts of home? Suits you to a tee?"

"The meals are all right," said Jim, unbending a trifle, "but that's all you can say."

"Um. What's home without a motto over the door? Hain't met Mis' Stickney? Course not. Widder woman twice repeated. Machinery runnin'? Um. Got her goin' quicker'n folks expected."

"We hurried things up a bit."

"To be sure. Never seen sich a woman as the Widder Stickney for house cleanin'. Best housekeeper in the county. Mill makes a heap of difference in Diversity. Kind of irritatin' to Lafe Meggs up to the store. Says somebody's always comin' in and disturbin' him to buy somethin' or other. Calc'lates he'll have to hire a clerk. Lafe's ambitions mostly requires a sittin' posture."

"How big is this town, judge?"

"About a dozen people and five hundred folks. Take in the newspaper, Jim?"

"I take a Grand Rapids paper."

"Take in the Diversity paper, Jim?"

"No."

"Um. Comes out Thursdays. Int'restin' readin' into it sometimes. The Widder Stickney got her second husband on the strength of her cookin'. Calc'late she could git a third with it, but she allows husbands is so fleetin' and funeral expenses is so high 'twouldn't hardly pay. Name of the paper is the Diversity Eagle. Business perty good, eh? Keepin' up brisk?"

"We manage to keep from loafing."

"To be sure. Loafin's the leadin' sport here. Calc'late Dolf Springer's our champion jest now. Interestin' piece in the paper this week. Several interestin' pieces. Don't take it in, eh? Uh. Early riser, hain't you? See you walkin' 'fore breakfast."

Jim wondered if the old justice had any ulterior meaning in this observation. He had arisen early each morning and tramped out into the country. Sometimes he had been close to admitting to himself that this was not wholly for the air and exercise. Indeed, he had wondered if something much more material and human had not been at the root of the matter. There, for instance, was that young woman whom he had encountered on top of the knoll. She walked of mornings, too—and she was an interesting if not attractive individual. She puzzled him. He even went so far as to be vaguely anxious about her, for her state of mind had not appealed to him as one conducive to normal and conventional behavior. He wondered if Zaanan Frame knew of that encounter, or knew of that subsequent meeting—and passing—a week later when Miss Ducharme had come face to face with him at a turn of the road and had gone by with nothing to indicate she was aware of his existence except a scornful flash of her black eyes.

"Somebody was sayin'," he heard Zaanan observe, "that the Widder Stickney had a spare room she was thinkin' of rentin'. Yes, sir, if I was goin' to read the Diversity Eagle I figger this week's issue'd be the one I'd look for. Um. Calc'late Tiffany's tired of standin'. Have to humor him. Powerful high-spirited hoss. Second floor room on the front, it was. G'by, Jim. Eagle office is next to Lafe Meggs' store."

The old man went out, and it seemed as if he creaked in every joint. Jim heard him pass slowly along the hall and out of the door—and wondered what his visit meant. He reviewed the rambling conversation as best he could; found that in spite of himself he was attracted by Zaanan's personality. But why had the old fellow come? What had he talked about? Why, about the Widow Stickney and her room, and about the Diversity Eagle. Jim was not yet familiar with Zaanan Frame's methods, but it did seem clear to him that the old justice wanted him to go to board with Mrs. Stickney; wanted him also to read the current issue of the Eagle.

That evening Jim procured a copy of the Eagle. Its leading article gave the news that Michael Moran had purchased a controlling interest in the Diversity Hardwood Company, and had been elected its president in the place of Henry W. Green, resigned. This was worth while. It was important, for the prosperity of the Ashe Clothespin Company depended on the Diversity Hardwood Company. It was the latter that furnished the birch, beech and maple from which the clothespins were manufactured. It was with that company that Clothespin Jimmy had negotiated a twenty-year timber contract calling for the delivery in his mill yard of not less than five millions nor more than ten millions of feet of timber a year. Pursuant to this contract the new mills had been erected. Here was news indeed. What did it signify? What would be its results that touched Jim Ashe? And why had Zaanan Frame wanted him to be apprised—warned—of the event?

If Zaanan's hint to read the paper was of such undoubted value, would not his other suggestion be worth looking into? Jim thought so, and inquired his way to the Widow Stickney's. She occupied a pleasant, maple-shaded house surrounded by riotous flower beds and more practical kitchen gardens. It was attractive with the flavor of home. Jim rang the bell.

The result of his call and inspection was that he rented from the widow her second-floor front, and arranged to be fed at her table. As he was leaving she hesitated, hemmed and hawed, as Clothespin Jimmy would have put it, and finally said:

"I got one other boarder. Jest one. Hain't no objections to that, have you?"

"None whatever, Mrs. Stickney," said Jim, which was perfectly true. He had neither objections nor curiosity regarding the fact. However, as he walked between the flower beds to the gate someone turned in and approached him. He looked up, felt himself draw a little sudden breath

of surprise, for the individual was Marie Ducharme. Jim knew instantly that she was the other boarder. She passed him, cheeks slightly flushed, eyes straight ahead, without deigning to look at him. He felt a warmth about his ears

That evening he sat late on the hotel piazza working on a puzzle.

He could not piece it together. Why had Zaanan Frame wanted him to know of Michael Moran's new business venture? But, even more difficult of solution, why had Zaanan wanted him to board with the Widow Stickney?

Marie Ducharme insisted on obtruding herself into his puzzlings. It was absurd, he knew, but had she anything to do with the matter?

Here Was News Indeed. And Why Had Zaanan Frame Wanted Him to be Warned?

VI

ON THE day the mills commenced operating Jim Ashe called for a statement of the company's condition from Mr. Grierson. As Jim expected, it proved to be disquieting. The facts were that the mills had cost upward of two hundred thousand dollars; there was still owing for machinery and materials some thirty thousand dollars; there was seven thousand dollars cash in the bank. The weekly pay roll was over two thousand dollars. Other operating expenses, with the cost of supplies and timber, brought this sum up to five thousand dollars a week—and as yet not a penny's worth of manufactured product had been turned out or shipped.

"According to this," Jim said to Mr. Grierson, "we can run a week. Then what?"

"Then," said Mr. Grierson, his voice dry and rattling like one of the leaves of his ledger, "we'll have to have some more money."

"Oh," said Jim grimly, "that's all there is to it, eh? Well, where'll we get it? Supposing we are able to begin shipments by the end of next week how soon can we expect returns?"

"Thirty days at the best."

"And in that thirty days we'll be spending nearly thirty thousand dollars—which we haven't got. I have heard of working capital before, but I never comprehended what a pleasant thing it was to have. Where does one get money, Grierson?"

"From the bank."

"To be sure. I guess I'm beginning to understand what father was talking about when he said he milked the business. That fifty thousand of his would make a fine plug to put in this hole. But that's gone. If I know father, he took it to make me hustle. His sense of humor works that way. Well, I'll see what I can puzzle out, Grierson."

Jim was in a measure prepared to be helmsman of his commercial ship, so far as the manufacturing and selling of his wares were concerned; but when the vessel entered financial waters, with a storm blowing and a tortuous channel to thread, he felt he ought to toot the whistle frantically and signal for a pilot. But there was no pilot to be had. There was nothing for it but to slow down and dodge through the reefs, taking frequent soundings with the lead of good judgment, striving with his eyes to pierce the vexed waters for hidden rocks. In short, the time had arrived to spread the bread of uncertainty with the butter of optimism.

"I Wouldn't Give Shucks for a Man That Let a Woman Run Him"

He must have money. Two methods of procuring it presented themselves, but he liked the features of neither of them. The first was to borrow—if possible; the second, to sell stock. Without hesitation he eliminated the latter. He put on his hat, stopped long enough in the outer office to tell Grierson he was going to the bank, and went out.

He handed his card to Mr. Wills, cashier of the institution, and Mr. Wills shook hands with him in the manner that cashiers shake hands with individuals who are to deposit some hundreds of thousands of dollars a year with them.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Ashe. I was wondering when you'd find time to drop in to see us."

"I hope you've got lots of money, now that I am here," said Jim with specious confidence.

"Enough to warrant us in locking the vault," said Mr. Wills. "Anything special we can do for you to-day?"

"Well," said Jim, "you could lend me a few dollars."

"Your father said you might be wanting to borrow," said Mr. Wills. "He had, as you know of course, a conference with our board this spring, and we stand ready to do what we can for you. We're a small bank, you know. Some of our directors were against making a loan of any size to a corporation, but Zaanan Frame and Mr. Moran were in favor—which wound up that ball of string. How much will you be wanting?"

"Thirty thousand dollars," said Jim, half expecting the cashier to jump to his feet and call a strong assistant to escort him to the street.

"That's just inside the limit. Need it right away?"

"Yes."

Mr. Wills fumbled in a pigeonhole and passed Jim a note.

"Make this out, sign it as an officer of your company, and put your personal indorsement on the back. It's a demand note, you observe. We prefer that kind."

Jim wasn't clear just what the difference was between that kind and the other. It didn't matter. He was going to get the money he needed—without an effort. It was a shock to him. Were money matters arranged thus easily? Was money in considerable sums so easy to come by? He signed the note, and was told the amount would be credited to his account as of that day.

After he had chatted a moment, and thanked Mr. Wills as profusely as he believed it wise, he turned away. But a sudden recollection stopped him. Mr. Wills had said Zaanan Frame and Mr. Moran had favored the loan. Did you ever eat cherry pie, delicious cherry pie, and suddenly encounter a pit which the cook had overlooked? Jim felt much the same way.

"What Mr. Moran is on your board?" he asked.

Wills looked his astonishment. "Why, Michael Moran, of course," he said.

As Jim turned off the road onto the mill lot, a man two inches shorter than he and four inches broader accosted him.

"You're Mr. Ashe, ain't you?" the man asked.

Jim nodded and stopped. The man, who wore a calico shirt that, stout as it was, threatened to rip out at the seams when the big muscles played beneath, was an individual whose life had not fallen in places of ease. Work, hard work, had made him. He had triumphed over it. His will and a splendid body had triumphed, until Jim paid the tribute of his admiration to the result of it.

"Got any place for a cant-hook man?"

"I think we can use one in the log yard. Out of a job?"

"Walked out of it. When I heard Mike Moran was goin' to run the Diversity Hardwood outfit I quit—sudden."

Jim waited.

"I worked for him three year back on the South Branch." The man spat savagely in the dust. "Self-respectin' lumberjack wouldn't 'a' stayed twenty-four hours gittin' what some of them fellers got. Me, it wasn't so bad. 'What was the matter?' says you. 'Plenty,' says I. First, he starts in gittin' rid of as good a crew as ever stuck their legs under a cook-shanty table, and filled up the woods with Polacks and Italians and Hunkies. Just critters with arms and laigs like folks. Grub was rotten—rotten! Them poor foreigners got it comin' and goin'. Knocked round, fed spoiled meat—and then cheated out of their pay. Oh, foreigners hain't the only ones that's been cheated out of their pay in Michigan camps. I wisht I had what was comin' to me fair, Mr. Ashe. Why, I knowed two Polacks that come out of Moran's Camp Three, after workin' from November till April—and they come out owin' him eighteen dollars!"

"Now, now," said Jim.

"I'm tellin' the truth. Wanigan. Jest robbed off'n 'em. Get a plug of tobacco at the wanigan—charged for six. Like that. And fines. No wonder he's gettin' richer'n hell. Gittin' out his timber don't cost him nothin' to speak of. Men like him is drivin' real woodsmen out of Michigan. You can go so far with robbin' an Irishman or a Norwegian or a Nova Scotian—and then somethin' busts. But with them lingo-talkin' foreigners, why there hain't no fight to 'em. And he'll do the same here. 'Fore another spring the camps'll be full of 'em—and him robbin' 'em. I've heard ugly things of Mike Moran. Not dealin's with men, I mean. I've had stories whispered to me by men I believed. And one I know is so. Ask somebody that knows what become of Susie Gilders. I calc'late some girl's dad or brother'll be splittin' Mike Moran with an ax one of these days. But I'm talkin' too much, Mr. Ashe. Didn't figger to git off on this rig. How about that job?"

"Report to the superintendent. Tell him I sent you. What's your name?"

"Tim Bennett."

"Well, Tim, I don't know you and you don't know me, but I'd hate to have you think about me as you do about Moran. I'll try to see you don't. These are my mills, Tim, and the crew are working for me—but that doesn't mean any man or girl is to be afraid of me. If anything goes wrong, tell me. Once I wanted to do something besides run a clothespin mill. I wanted to see if I couldn't turn in and do something for these Polacks and Hunkies and Italians—something that would change them from being foreigners into Americans. But I couldn't have my way. But this much I can do—I can see that the folks who work for me get a square deal. You'll find the superintendent back by the log slide."

Tim hesitated a moment, seemed to have something more to say, but to find difficulty saying it. Finally he blurted out: "Say, Mr. Ashe, I b'lieve you and me is goin' to get on."

Jim recognized the compliment; it was no small one.

"I hope so, Tim," he said.

Jim sat down in his chair before his desk and scowled at the wall. Michael Moran—everywhere that name obtruded itself—Michael Moran and Zaanan Frame. The pair of them seemed to impend over the Ashe Clothespin Company like twin thunder clouds, threatening, possessed of destructive potentialities. They had met, conferred with Morton Welliver after that gentleman had delivered his ultimatum. Had that conference concerned him? Jim believed it had. Just what harm Zaanan Frame was potent to cause, Jim did not know; but Moran—Moran owned the little railroad, the sole outlet for Jim's wares; he controlled the lumber company from which came Jim's logs; his voice was preponderating in the bank to which Jim owed thirty thousand dollars.

A thought came to Jim: If he could buy Moran's logs and pay Moran a profit on them—and then himself manufacture them into clothespins and realize another profit—how great would be Moran's profit if in his own mills he manufactured clothespins from his own logs! Jim believed that in Moran's place he would covet the Ashe Clothespin Company. And Moran's various activities showed him to be an acquisitive individual. But nowhere had Moran manifested an unfriendly spirit; indeed, he had been distinctly friendly in the matter of the loan. What then? In any event, Jim told himself, it would not be time wasted to keep a clear eye on the man and, if possible, to rear in advance defenses against his possible attack.

Presently he got up and went into the outer office, where Grierson and his assistant were making occult entries in black and red ink on the pages of huge books. These tomes in which were recorded the daily history of business transactions always affected Jim with a feeling of awe, and secretly he had for Grierson and his young man a profound admiration. Anybody who could make all those entries and add all those figures, and then, a month afterward, have the slightest idea what all the agglomeration was about, was possessed of some divine spark akin to genius!

"Grierson," said Jim, "have you ever made the acquaintance of the creature known as a demand note?"

"Not personally, I thank heaven," Grierson said piously.

"But you know its habits?"

"You're joking, Mr. Ashe." Anything akin to humor was not to be tolerated when it touched a thing so sacred as one of the bits of business impedimenta.

"I'm exceedingly serious. What can you tell me of the habits and personal peculiarities of the thing?"

"A demand note," said Grierson with musty gravity, "is a negotiable instrument running for an indefinite period. It differs from a time note in that it may be presented and

payment demanded"—he accented the word "demanded" in a manner that Jim thought vindictive—"at any time the holder chooses. Am I clear?"

"Perfectly—and disquietingly. I am to understand that if you give a man a demand note he may drop in on you casually whenever the notion seizes him and make you—er—in the undignified language of the soap salesman, come across? Is that it?"

Mr. Grierson nodded, frowned, peered anxiously at his ledger as if he feared a figure or two might sneak away from him while his attention was distracted.

"Can you say anything cheerful about one of them?" Jim persisted.

"The only cheerful thing about a demand note, Mr. Ashe, is to know you are able to pay it whenever it turns up—which most people are not."

"That," said Jim, "is an observation made from great depths of wisdom."

"I hope, Mr. Ashe, you have not been making any demand paper."

"Your hope is vain, Grierson. The thing is done. The sword is suspended over my head. I am now speculating on the possibility of certain gentlemen's cutting the hair that holds it."

He went back to his desk again with the intention of boring into the inwardness of the situation, but strangely his mind showed a disposition to wander. It skipped offishly away from demand notes and speculations regarding Michael Moran; was drawn again and again where Jim did not want it to go—and where it would not be welcome. Of the latter he was sure. For it was Marie Ducharme who obtruded and elbowed aside more serious matters.

Jim moved to the Widow Stickney's that night. He wondered how Miss Ducharme would regard his coming. Doubtless it would not decrease the ill will she felt toward him. Doubtless she would regard it as an impertinent intrusion. What did it matter how she regarded it? He said that to himself, but somehow he could not quite convince himself that he said it with all sincerity.

VII

THE rural individual, riding for the first time on a descending elevator, experiences a sensation that leads to a fixed preference for stairs. It is a peculiar sensation. It may be reproduced in less degree psychologically. For instance, the boy on his way to the woodshed with his father and a razor strop knows it; the young man about to announce to *her* father his ambition to become a son-in-law is acquainted with it. It comes to many people as they approach the unknown, the dreaded, the long sought after. It is a mingling of excitement, apprehension, anticipation, and the three of them do not mingle in peace. They seem, indeed, to have a most lively and troublesome time of it in the region known as the pit of the stomach.

As Jim left his room to go down to his first breakfast at the Widow Stickney's table he experienced an unmistakable attack of it. Marie Ducharme was the cause. Doubtless they would breakfast together. He was a bit apprehensive as to how it would go off. There was a certain amount of curiosity-incited anticipation of a second meeting with her, a second opportunity to glimpse her queer, disturbed, turbulent personality. Let there be no error here—Jim Ashe was not drawn toward Marie Ducharme. Quite the contrary. She was not at all the sort of person who would attract him; and her present frame of mind was not such as to magnetize any healthy young man. But she was a girl; she was a step beyond the ordinary; she had a personality that one could not encounter and escape unaffected. That was all.

He hesitated for a moment in the hall, and then entered the dining room where the widow and Marie Ducharme were already at the table.

"Right here, Mr. Ashe," said the widow, "take this here chair with the arms and the cushion into it. It'll seem sort of queer to see a man settin' into it agin. My first used it and my second used it."

"And you keep it in case it might be needed again," said Jim gravely.

The widow shook her head. "'Tain't nothin' but a memento no more. Husbands is all right, but enough's enough. What a body can want of more'n two is more'n I can see. Let me make you acquainted with Miss Ducharme, Mr. Ashe."

Miss Ducharme nodded coldly.

"Cream 'n sugar?" asked the widow.

"Some cream, a good deal of sugar and a little coffee," said Jim, stealing a look at the young woman. She was stirring her coffee, a process which appeared to require concentration. Jim didn't blame her for stirring it or for doing anything else which would bring to public attention a hand as graceful and shapely as hers. Her face, beneath a stack of blackest hair, was expressionless.

"Mr. Ashe hain't goin' to bite you, Marie," said the widow with a note of exasperation in her voice. Jim was glad he had not taken a swallow of coffee, for he could not have been responsible for consequences.

Miss Ducharme raised her eyes slowly, looked for an instant into Jim's eyes. "Nobody's going to bite me if I can help it," she said.

"Mrs. Stickney is right," said Jim. "I'm not vicious. I almost never bite strangers. Still I might wear a muzzle if it would help matters."

"I'm Waving a Flag of Truce, Miss Ducharme. Can't We Declare an Armistice for Ten Minutes?"

Miss Ducharme made no reply save a faint movement of her shoulders—inherited from an ancestor who had served Frontenac. She finished her coffee and toast and egg slowly, arose silently and left the room. The widow looked after her a moment with compressed lips.

"Sometumes," she said, "she's that cantankerous my hand fairly itches to come aginst her ear. Seems she might 'a' acted a leetle prettier, bein's you're a stranger and this is your first meal."

"Don't let it worry you, Mrs. Stickney."

"Worry me! Huh! 'Tain't worry that ails me, it's bein' that provoked with her. She's lived with me since her folks died. She was fifteen then. I couldn't make her out as a child and a Philadelphy lawyer couldn't make her out as a woman. She's been gittin' worse. Marie's a good girl, Mr. Ashe—better'n a lot of these mealy-mouthed, bowin'-and-scrapin' ones—and Lord knows she's smarter. Too dum smart, I call her, for her own good. But she's queer. Kind of knurly. She don't appear to like folks somehow."

"Possibly, Mrs. Stickney, the trouble is that she doesn't like herself."

"She gits on my mind. Sometimes I'm afeard she's goin' to mess up what chances of happiness she's got. She sets and thinks too much, and some of the things she says would fair shock you out of your shoes. If I thought she meant 'em, old as she is I'd take her acrost my knee and see if a slipper wouldn't change her point of view some."

"Anyhow, I'll promise not to quarrel with her, Mrs. Stickney," said Jim, rising. He felt it was not altogether ethical to discuss Miss Ducharme thus freely. The widow seemed to have no such scruples. Indeed she was willing at all times and seasons to discuss anybody, absent or present, and to put into frank and expressive terms her thoughts concerning them. The widow was no gossip, no backbiter, but a woman of opinions and a nimble tongue undeterred by fear or favor.

"A husband's what she needs," said she. "One with enough disposition to go so far's to lay his hand on her if she went past his patience. I mind my first husband shakin' me once. I was young, then, with notions. Dunno's anythin' ever done me so much good. 'Tain't considered proper no more—but if there was more shakin's there'd be fewer divorcin's."

"Perhaps our men are deteriorating under the influences of modern life," Jim suggested with a twinkle in his eye. "The headship of the family is passing to the other sex."

"Then men ought to be up and doin' somethin' about it," said the widow. "I wouldn't give shucks for a man that let a woman run him. All this here talk about emancipatin' wimmin makes me sick to my stummick. Wimmin don't need emancipatin'. What they need is bossin'. I've been a woman consid'able of a spell and I calc'late I ought to know."

"I think my grandmother would agree with you if she were living."

"Of course. I'm grandmother to six. My idee is that wimmin don't git settled and sensible till they turn sixty."

"I'm in favor of giving the vote to all grandmothers."

"It would fetch consid'able sense into elections," said the widow. "Don't hurry off. I like to talk maybe you've noticed it."

"And enjoyed it," said Jim, passing through the door.

Miss Ducharme was putting on her hat in the hall. Jim's first thought was to pass on without pause; his second and better thought was to parley.

"I'm waving a flag of truce, Miss Ducharme," he said. "Can't we declare an armistice for ten minutes—to bury our dead?"

"I have no war with you," she replied with no interest. "I simply don't like you. Why should we talk about it?"

"There'll be no trouble on that score," said Jim, smiling. He rather enjoyed her acerbity. "You see, I'm not exactly fond of you. But we're living under the same roof and eating at the same table. If we could agree on a truce or a pretense that we are not distasteful to each other—merely while we're in the house—it might make Mrs. Stickney's life a bit more joyous. I assure you that if I had known you lived here I shouldn't have intruded."

"Mrs. Stickney has a right to take whatever boarders she chooses."

"I'm not asking you to be friends ——" Jim stopped. He was conscious of that feeling of sudden determination, of that urge to quick action which had come upon him several times since his arrival in Diversity, of that spirit which had earned for him among his workmen the name of Sudden Jim. So he cut off his sentence and started another.

"I'm going to be your friend, whether you like it or not. Possibly I shall even like you. You seem to need friends, if what you said to me the other day is an indication of what is really going on inside you. The matter is out of your hands. You said absurd things; things dangerous

(Continued on Page 56)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. In Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions. For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 24, 1916

A Presidential Campaign

THERE is in Washington a studious, middle-aged gentleman whose doings since the fourth day of March, 1913, have affected the people of the United States in a very special fashion. With a more or less obedient Congress, he has bound them in many ways that touch their relations to one another, and their relations, as a whole, to other great aggregations of people. It would be interesting, and perhaps rather important, to sit down now and study the influence of these doings in order to determine, if possible, which of them were good and which bad, and in what degree. Years hence some other studious gentleman, in his own particular line of trade, will do this.

But between now and next November you cannot reasonably expect to hear much truth on the subject. The gentleman's partisans will allege that he banished industrial depression and evoked abounding prosperity; made greed in business essentially harmless and wafted back the advancing specter of war—thus excelling Luther by vanquishing three devils with the same ink bottle. Opposing partisans will declare that, but for a providential accident—presumably regretted by him—he would have utterly ruined the country materially, while, in spite of accidents, he accomplished a diabolical purpose to thrust it into the lowest possible state of spiritual degradation. From now to November you will get the gentleman lily white or jet black. Some years after you have cast your vote you may make out his true color—only you will not be interested in it then.

As a contrivance for distortion a presidential campaign exceeds even a lawsuit.

The Literacy Test

IN THE ten years, 1905–1914, a little over ten million immigrants reached the United States. A few less than a hundred and seventy-five thousand were debarred from landing, mainly on account of physical and mental defects proscribed by the present law. Because the inspecting force at Ellis Island was insufficient, tests for mental defects at least have been superficially applied. More scientific examination on a given day disclosed seventy-two feeble-minded applicants, of whom only eight had been detected in the regular course. Superficial inspection unfortunately is likely to be more or less a standing condition. But two million three hundred thousand of these immigrants, by their own statements, were unable to read or write. Probably tests would have disclosed a greater number. It is this twenty-three per cent or upward of illiterates whom the literacy test in the Burnett Bill would exclude.

No possible scheme of exclusion that reaches beyond imbeciles can work with ideal perfection. Any possible scheme must set up an arbitrary standard. We debar the immigrant who cannot exhibit a few dollars of cash; but the man with ten dollars may lose it before night and become a public charge, while the man with empty pockets may in the same time find a good job. The consumptive may recover and be a most useful citizen. The murderer may repent and become a light to the community. So in any individual case the illiterate immigrant may be more desirable than the literate; but there is a broad warrantable presumption that the man who cannot read or write is either very stupid or has grown up under poor social and political conditions, with a low standard of living, and is less desirable than the literate man. Practically the whole question is: Do we want any real restriction upon immigration or a wide-open—white—door?

Ten million immigrants in ten years is too large an order for any national digestive apparatus. The fact that many of them return to Europe affects the essential problem but slightly.

The Water-Power Bill

CONSERVATIONISTS regard the Shields Bill as a great raid by private interests upon national resources. They point out that it would permit privately owned corporations to develop the water power on all navigable streams, with virtually no compensation to the public for that valuable privilege; that it would be difficult for the public ever to recover a water-power right, once a corporation had developed it; that the bill is so drawn as to give decided preference to corporations already engaged in that field.

Except air and sunshine, water power is perhaps the most valuable national asset that has not already been given away. The general principle upon which it ought to be developed is no doubt well understood. There should never, in any circumstances, be a perpetual or irrevocable grant; there should be a lease, or a permit easily terminable at fixed periods. Immense sums have been invested, for example, in city street-car development under twenty and thirty year grants. No perpetual or hardly terminable grant is necessary to induce investment in water-power development.

The Shields Bill deals with a complicated subject in a complicated manner. It would be impossible for anyone, not excluding the authors of the bill, to say exactly how some of its provisions would work out in practice. They might work out better than the critics think.

But we know one thing indubitably—namely, that this Congress is not competent to deal with this subject. It might have adopted the principle of the Frear Bill and set up a nonpartisan expert commission to study the whole subject of river-and-harbor improvement, water-power development and flood control, for the purpose of working out a comprehensive, intelligent national policy. Instead, it has cracked through an old-fashioned pork-barrel rivers and harbors bill, appropriating forty-odd million dollars; and the House facilely adopted a dubious forty-million-dollar flood-control bill, while the Senate passed this Shields Bill.

Naturally the country is suspicious of all three measures. It does not believe that Congress, by piecemeal, logrolled legislation, can possibly deal competently with the subject.

Government

THERE is a general impression that, as compared with Germany or Russia, or even France, we have not a great deal of government in the United States; that government with us is only a loose, gauzy sort of garment, which does not touch us very intimately or bind us very much. But, if you take the total income of the people of the United States at forty billion dollars, something like eight per cent of it goes to government—that is, one dollar out of every twelve which every man makes goes into a government till. Obviously that is a pretty extensive interest.

To get a line on it, count up the other things that absorb as much as one dollar out of every twelve of your income. Aside from postal expenses paid out of postal revenue, the Federal Government next year will probably be spending three dollars for every two that it spent in 1906. Ad-valorem tax levies in the several states rose from seven hundred and twenty-five millions in 1902 to thirteen hundred and fifty millions in 1912—the latest date reported on by the Census Bureau. Total revenue receipts of cities having thirty thousand inhabitants and upward rose from under four hundred millions in 1905 to more than nine hundred millions in 1915. Funded debts of the principal cities rose from nine hundred millions in 1902 to nineteen hundred millions in 1912.

We are certainly paying for quite a bit of government. Economy and efficiency in government are quite worth consideration, although they do not get much.

Shipping Policy

THE National Foreign Trade Council figures that to increase the merchant fleet under the American flag, so it can carry sixty per cent of the country's oversea commerce, will require a minimum investment of five hundred and twenty million dollars. But if this merchant fleet is to be profitable it cannot engage exclusively in carrying goods to and from the United States. Our outbound tonnage is roughly double our inbound tonnage. A fleet that carried our commerce and nothing else would be coming back from Europe empty half the time. Something like two-thirds of the world's commerce is carried in tramp steamers, which go wherever they can get cargoes.

If we had a merchant fleet capable of carrying two-thirds of our commerce it would have to engage in world trade. We shall never get that sort of merchant fleet without a settled shipping policy that is broad enough to meet world-trade conditions. An investment of fifty million dollars by the Government would provide, at most, one-tenth of a merchant fleet commensurate with our commercial importance. Very likely the presence in the field of a Government-owned fleet would repel instead of attracting private capital.

In any event, what is needed is not a Government investment, but a broad, intelligent, settled Government shipping policy that investors in ships can rely upon.

How can we get it? Perhaps the creation of a permanent nonpolitical shipping board would be accepted as an indication of Congress' intention to stop merely monkeying with the subject.

Five Ports

TOTAL foreign trade of the world before the war was not far short of forty billion dollars, and about one-fifth of it passed through five great ports—London, Liverpool, New York, Hamburg and Antwerp. The last two—whose combined trade in 1913 exceeded that of any country in the world except England, Germany and the United States—have been virtually wiped off the commercial map. Now New York, with more than two billion dollars of foreign commerce last year, has outstripped both London and Liverpool.

World trade at this time is probably little short of what it was in 1914, but it has undergone an enormous wrench. This wrench has operated very greatly in our favor—which suggests where the pressure will be exerted when peace is restored and Hamburg and Antwerp get back into the running.

Water Traffic

TIME out of mind—comparatively speaking—there has been a through waterway between Philadelphia and New York. It was long nearly abandoned; but during the last of May a power-barge service was established through the Delaware and Raritan Canal. Freight rates, it is reported, will be the same as on the railroads, and the same classification will be used. The prime object is to relieve freight congestion on the rails.

A good many students of the subject of inland water transportation are decidedly skeptical about it as a general proposition. No doubt the Government has spent many millions in haphazard improvement of rivers where there is scarcely a chance that the traffic developed will justify the outlay.

The traffic on the Great Lakes and the Ohio River pretty nearly comprises inland water commerce in the United States. Elsewhere, broadly speaking, the railroads have taken the business, because they have given the better service. There are those who hold that any extensive development of inland waterways will prove chimerical, because only under very exceptional circumstances can waterway compete with rail.

Experience with the Panama Canal, however, and seventy-odd million tons of freight carried through the Sault Sainte Marie Canals last year at a ton-mile rate about one-tenth of the average by rail, would indicate that the steamboat is by no means an antiquated contrivance for hauling goods. The Philadelphia instance suggests that waterways may at least be valuable supplements to railroads.

The whole question seems worthy of scientific study. At present there is nobody to study it. Congressional committees seem to be constitutionally incompetent for that task. A permanent commission, like that proposed in the Frear Bill, is the best practicable solution.

A Year's Savings

WE LOANED to foreign governments last year, in round numbers, a billion dollars. Issues of railroad, public-utility and industrial bonds and stocks for new capital listed on the New York Stock Exchange came to seven hundred and eighty millions. States and cities issued and sold five hundred million dollars of new long-time bonds. These municipal and corporation borrowings mostly represent permanent improvements—so much addition to the plant. Certainly well over two billion dollars went into the stocking.

There is no telling what permanent improvements to real estate in city and country were paid for out of the savings either of the owners of the realty or of those who bought the mortgages that were issued to finance the improvements.

Notwithstanding this extensive absorption of capital interest rates fell somewhat during the year, indicating that capital accumulated faster than the demand. Such is one phase of a year of war.

THE MAN HUNTERS

The Swiss Method of Preserving Evidence

By Melville Davisson Post

THERE are two steps of paramount importance in all criminal investigation: The search for evidential signs and the preservation of these signs for future reference.

This is the first undertaking of every detective center; the opening moves in the solution of all criminal mysteries. The care with which the scene of a criminal adventure is examined and the efficiency with which the evidential signs are preserved will control the ultimate identification of the criminal agent.

This aspect of criminal investigation is the distinguishing feature of the Swiss detective centers.

The Swiss agent is not superior to the individual of other systems in deductive methods. He lacks the directness of Scotland Yard and the diplomacy of the Service de la Sûreté in Paris. Nor does he excel in the untangling of an intricate criminal mystery. But in the examination to be made at the theater of a crime and in the steps to be taken for the preservation of indicatory evidence the methods of the Swiss authorities are unequaled by any detective centers in the world. The following regulations formulated by the criminologist at the University of Lausanne, and the *juge d'instruction* of the Canton of Vaud, indicate the extreme care taken to sequester evidential signs:

"In case of an important crime the gendarmes and agents of police shall take care to see that the condition of the premises be maintained precisely as found—evidences, marks, tracks, and the like—until the arrival of the examining authorities. If the crime has been committed in a room, all the approaches, doors, and so forth, must be closed and if possible guarded with a seal. If the crime has been committed in an isolated house or in the open country, the approaches to the place must be forbidden to the public within a radius of not less than fifty yards. The approaches to the place must be forbidden to all persons having nothing to do with the inquest.

"The agents of police, gendarmes, and so forth, discovering the crime, or called to the investigation, must refrain from touching the furniture and utensils, and especially all pieces with polished surfaces found on the place. They must be careful to see that nothing is moved, touched, taken up or effaced before the arrival of the examining authorities. It is absolutely forbidden to touch a cadaver. They shall avoid, as far as it is possible, walking within the guarded area."

Swiss Track Records

"THEY shall indicate in their reports the names of all persons who have arrived at the place of the crime before the examining magistrate. The mayor shall instruct the people in case of a crime to leave everything precisely as it was when it was discovered. He shall place a guard and give immediate notice to the examining authorities."

The first care under the Swiss method is rigidly to sequester the premises. The second care is to examine these premises for evidential signs and to preserve these signs. If the crime has occurred in the open there will likely be footprints and perhaps the tracks of vehicles, horses, automobiles, and the like.

Five points of examination are indicated for the track of a vehicle:

1—The diameter of the tire; 2—Defects or other peculiarities of the tire; 3—The circumference of the wheel as shown by the distance outlined in the track where the tire is joined or welded together; 4—The tread of the vehicle—that is to say, the distance between the parallel tracks; 5—The degree to which the pebbles, earth, sod or dust are crushed by the vehicle, as indicatory of its probable weight.

Having indicated these marks of identification, the inspector will wish to determine the direction taken by the vehicle. This is easily determined by the tracks of horses. But it can also be determined in snow, mud or soft earth by the cracks in the ridges of snow or mud made by the wheels. The tops of these oblique tracks will point in the direction opposite to that taken by the vehicle.

Automobiles are now largely used by criminal agents, and it is extremely important to be able to identify the car by the tracks that it may leave in the earth, dust, snow or mud of the road. The Swiss authorities urge that the track of an automobile be very minutely examined for a distance sufficient to cover the entire revolution of the wheels They say that every tire will show some defect or peculiarity in structure; and they urge that a mold be taken of the track at the point showing any such distinguishing feature.

They assert that the direction taken by an automobile cannot be determined on a level road; but if one will follow an automobile until it begins to descend a grade he can, on this grade, determine the direction the car has taken, provided the tires are studded, as is almost always the case in Europe. As the car descends the hill the anterior part of these round studs on the tire will be imprinted a little deeper than the posterior part, or they will seem deeper by reason of the compression of the earth under the weight of the car on the studs as it advances.

Thus, to discover the direction taken by a motor car one has only to follow the track to a grade and there ascertain whether it is the anterior or posterior part of the studs of the tire that are more deeply imprinted in the dust, snow or mud of the road.

No Smoking!

Having located these evidential signs—vehicle or motor tracks, footprints of men or animals, and the like—the Swiss inspector proceeds to preserve the peculiarities of these signs for future use. He does not trust to the memory of individuals or to any descriptive method.

Molds are taken of all these evidences. A variety of substances have been used for the purpose of making these molds: stearin, wax, glue, plaster of Paris, and so forth. Of all these substances plaster of Paris gives the best results.

If the imprint to be molded is found in dry earth, or earth approximately dry, it is not necessary to give the print any preliminary treatment before making the plaster-of-Paris cast. The inspector prepares a liquid solution of the plaster of Paris with water. He is careful to stir the plaster of Paris into the water, sifting it in small quantities and stirring the water continually. One must never pour the water into the plaster of Paris, for this is apt to leave the mixture with clots and nodules that will render the solution useless for molding.

How to Make Molds of Footprints

THE solution is then poured slowly into the indentations of the print. When it begins to set, if it is a print of any size or depth, small bits of wood the size of the print are placed in the plaster to reënforce the mold; a second application of the plaster is then added. This is for the purpose of solidifying the mold. If this method is carefully followed, when the plaster is completely set one can lift out the mold without any danger of breaking. The mold is afterward cleaned of any earth that may adhere to it by washing it with water and a brush.

In order to keep the plaster from running out above the print when one takes a mold, it is advisable to surround the top of the print with a pasteboard border. This will confine the plaster and keep it from spreading over the ground.

This is the usual method used for the purpose of preserving evidential signs in hard, dry earth—automobile tracks, vehicle tracks, footprints of men and animals. All evidential indications in dry earth, or earth approximately dry, are molded and preserved by this method. And thus every peculiarity of such indicatory evidences is made permanent and available to the authorities.

If the prints are in soft earth—garden beds, and the like—it is necessary to harden the print before the plaster mold can be taken. In order to do this a concentrated alcoholic solution of gum lac is used. Canada balsam gum is also used by some authorities. These substances are carefully sprayed over the print. As the print is very soft and apt to crumble care must be taken. When the first layer of gum lac is dried on the print, other layers can be added to reenforce it. When the print thus treated becomes sufficiently firm it is molded in plaster of Paris precisely like the prints in the hard earth.

If these prints are in snow the inspector begins by sifting over them a light bed of pulverized plaster of Paris. He uses a fine-meshed sieve. When he has covered the print with the powdered plaster of Paris he pours in his solution. For molds taken in snow or ice this solution must be as near a snow temperature as possible, so he uses snow in the water with which the solution is made.

Fitall

This Fitall Adjustable Toilet Kit

will always fit any toilet articles you wish to carry. Note the adjustable spaces and self-locking straps.

Pat. Jan. 27, 1914, Oct. 5, 1915
Foreign Patents Pending

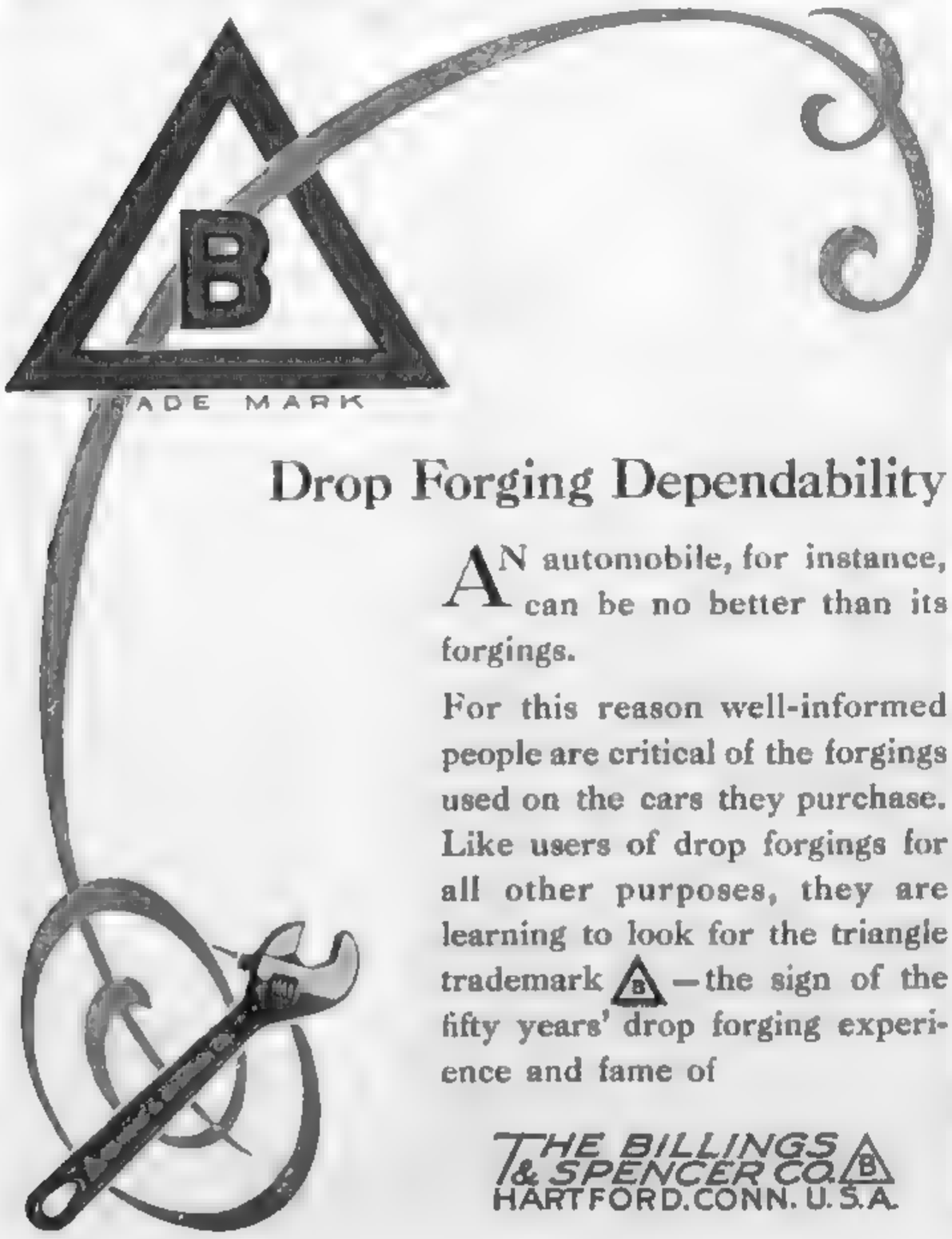
For All Who Travel

People always have been unable to find traveling kits to meet their needs. Now comes a Fitall kit which is adjustable to any articles you desire.

This innovation is winning men and women everywhere. It is the first *practical* kit.

Unfitted, ready for your own toilet articles, or bought fitted, they cost no more than the old kind. Different sizes and a variety of attractive styles of flexible leathers and waterproof fabrics. Prices $1 up. Send for descriptive booklet. Ask your dealer to show Fitall kits to *you*. If he has not yet obtained his supply, let us know.

EKCO EISEMAN, KAISER & COMPANY, EKCO BUILDING, CHICAGO
Manufacturers of Ekco Make Leather Goods (3)



Drop Forging Dependability

AN automobile, for instance, can be no better than its forgings.

For this reason well-informed people are critical of the forgings used on the cars they purchase. Like users of drop forgings for all other purposes, they are learning to look for the triangle trademark B—the sign of the fifty years' drop forging experience and fame of

THE BILLINGS & SPENCER CO. B
HARTFORD. CONN. U.S.A.

If the print in the snow is relatively hard—as, for example, a frozen print—the mold can be taken directly in plaster of Paris, provided the solution is made with snow water in order to keep it at a low temperature.

Hugoulin says that prints can be successfully taken with stearin. One has to warm the print by holding a hot iron in it. He then pours stearin into the warm print. For this process stearic acid is used. This may be obtained by placing paraffin candles in hot alcohol. The solution is then strained through a coarse-meshed cloth into cold water. This precipitates the stearin, which can be worked up at a moderate temperature. But this process is not generally used and is not equal to the plaster method.

He also suggests taking molds in snow with gelatin. But in order to prepare the gelatin for this process it must be soaked for twenty-four hours. This requirement makes it usually impractical; and, besides, the gelatin shrinks in drying.

It will be seen that this immediate and complete isolation of the theater of a crime and this careful preservation of evidential signs are of paramount importance in the solution of a criminal mystery.

Trial courts are not compelled to rely on the testimony of witnesses. Exact images of all evidential signs are at once available to examining magistrates, detectives, inspectors and criminal tribunals.

But it is in the examination of crimes committed by the forcible entry of buildings that the Swiss authorities particularly excel.

A large percentage of criminal adventures is accomplished in this manner. The burglar breaks into dwelling houses, shops, banks, warehouses, and the like, through a door or window. Robberies are almost always accomplished by breaking. The Swiss authorities have made a special study of such infractions. Their methods are so excellent that they ought to be understood by every criminal investigator.

When a crime has occurred in a building the Swiss authorities begin by examining the approaches to it for the same evidential signs likely to be indicated if the crime had been in the open. Roads, paths, walks, walls, hedges, steps, and the like, are carefully scrutinized. After this examination of the outside, the entrances to the building are examined. These are the doors and windows. It will usually be through a door or window that the criminal agent has gained access to the building. And it will be usually found that the door or window has been forced open.

Photographing Fractured Doors

If a door has been opened, and there appears no fracture, the lock is carefully removed to see if the door was opened with any form of false key or with any implement used to turn the key of the door in the lock. If the door has been forced—usually the case—the inspector begins a minute examination of all the marks on the broken door. If possible he will remove the door, take it to police headquarters, photograph each of the marks and also the entire fracture, and have these photographs enlarged at least four or five diameters. A measuring tape will be included in each of these photographs, so that one examining the picture will have before him precisely the accurate scale of measurements. If the door or window cannot be removed it is photographed at the place, usually by artificial light.

Molds in wax are then taken of all indentations. These wax impressions are later recast in plaster, so that all the evidence of the fracture on the door or window is preserved for the future inspector or the magistrate or trial court.

The experts of the criminal investigation department study the tool marks on the door.

A skilled expert very quickly determines whether the work is that of an accomplished housebreaker or an amateur. He will tell this by the manner in which the work is done and by the tools employed. The amateur will usually force a door with some implement from the kit of an ordinary workman; as, for example, a chisel or screwdriver. The accomplished criminal usually works with a special tool. Another indication of an amateur cracksman is that when he goes to break open desks, secretaries or locked drawers in a house he will usually accomplish this work with the same tools that he used for forcing the door or window at his place of entry. Such is never the method of the expert housebreaker. He will use a powerful implement to force the door or window and a much smaller tool to break open desks or drawers inside. The presence of a variety of tools, shown by the marks, will, therefore, indicate the degree of skill in the criminal agent.

The point at which the cracksman begins his work also indicates his skill to the inspector. The amateur will always drive in his chisel at the lock and undertake to break the door at that point; while the expert will often begin at a point farthest from the lock—sometimes at the top or bottom of the door—thus using the spring of the door as a sort of lever. The skilled cracksman will often make a neat opening for his tool by cutting away a bit of the door with a sharp penknife.

All these evidences of expert knowledge are immediately apparent to the trained inspector. Fractures made by experts show usually only a few tool marks. An unskilled housebreaker will crush the wood of the door all about a lock, while a skilled cracksman will accomplish his object with but slight fractures to the door.

The Swiss expert is able to identify the mark of a chisel, screwdriver, jimmy, or any other implement used in such fractures, with the same degree of certainty that the average man is able to distinguish the track of an animal.

How to Spot Amateur Cracksmen

The care, patience and exhaustiveness of these investigations strike us with admiration. Some of them are so painstaking as to be almost incredible. But it must be remembered that the persons engaged in this work are experts, highly trained, and of great experience. Some of these cases, translated literally from the Swiss reports, ought to be studied by everybody concerned in any way with criminal investigation in this country. The following text of one of these expert reports is typical of the method:

"On request of the *juge d'instruction* we were sent to the place of the crime. The thief introduced himself into the chamber of Monsieur B. by the aid of a picklock. He had broken open a cabinet in order to secure a gold watch. This cabinet was on a table in a room of which the door had been opened with a false key. The lock was intact. The cabinet of varnished pine was furnished with an ordinary frail lock, easily broken. The top and border of the cabinet bore several imprints made by a tool that had served to force it open.

"Further:

"The police had taken in custody on suspicion one A., who had in his possession a screwdriver, some skeleton keys and picklocks. Some of these keys and picklocks easily opened the door of the room in which the cabinet was found. The screwdriver, of which the blade was in a bad state, applied itself perfectly to the traces of pressure left on the cabinet. All the defects of the blade of this tool found their counterparts in the imprints on the wood of the cabinet. Photographs enlarged four times showed this very clearly. To test this proof we have made, with the screwdriver found on A., like fractures on a plank of soft wood. These traces made by us are exactly like the traces left on the cabinet. They are a little clearer by reason of the plank on which we experimented not being varnished as the cabinet was. One can easily convince oneself of this by superposing an enlarged photograph of the tool on an enlarged photograph of the trace. All photographs which accompany this report are enlarged four times.

"Conclusion:

"Several false keys found on A. opened the door of Monsieur B.'s room. The screwdriver found on the same individual was the tool with which the cabinet had been fractured. A. must be the author of the crime committed in the chamber of the apartment of B."

Examinations of imprints ought to be made by specialists and not by the ordinary detective. The authority at Lausanne advises an expert in police technic, who by a methodical study of a large number of analogous cases and by a large knowledge of scientific procedure can utilize the traces of fractures found to identify directly or indirectly the author of the crime. He does not mean a skilled workman, such as a carpenter or a locksmith. These persons possess, it is true, a knowledge of tools of their trade, and, in certain cases, they can

(Continued on Page 29)

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Serves more people in more ways than any other institution of its kind in the world

Many of America's biggest enterprises have used Johns-Manville Service — some are listed below

1 First Nat. Bank Bldg., Minneapolis
2 Woolworth Bldg., New York
3 First Nat. Bank Bldg., Chicago
4 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Minneapolis
5 Hotel M[illegible] N. Y.
6 [illegible] Bldg., New York
7 Municipal Bldg., New York
8 Equitable Bldg., New York
9 8th Coast Defense Armory, New York
10 L. C. Smith Bldg., [illegible]
11 Bankers Trust Co., New York
12 Education Bldg., Albany, N. Y.
13 Boyd Bldg., Winnipeg
14 First National Bank Building, Portsmouth, Ohio

In contrast to these, note the residence of J. A. Currey, Portland, Oregon, marked (20), roofed by Johns-Manville. It is typical of thousands of smaller J-M activities all over the country.

15 Michigan Blvd. Bldg., Chicago
16 M[illegible]
17 Davenport Hotel, Spokane
18 Wm. Davies Cold Storage Co., Winnipeg
19 The Toronto Paper Co., Toronto
20 Residence of J. A. Currey, Portland, Ore.
21 [illegible]
22 Union Central Bldg., Cincinnati
23 Vanderbilt Hotel, N. Y.
24 Ingalls Bldg., Cincinnati
25 Journal Bldg., [illegible]
26 Mich[illegible] Bldg., Detroit
27 U[illegible]

A Service as Broad in its Scope as America's Activities

J-M Products

For Industrial and Commercial Building and Equipment

*Roofings
*Heat Insulation
Cold Storage Insulation
*High Temperature Cements
*Electrical Accessories
*Underground Heating Systems
Plumbing Specialties
Floorings
Waterproofing
*Asbestos Lumber

FROM the acoustical treatment of world-renowned auditoriums to the brake lining of your motor car. From the heat insulation of modern power plants to the pipe covering of your heating system at home. Such is the scope of Johns-Manville Service.

There are hundreds of J-M products—so many, that their use affects some phase of every man's commercial, domestic or civic life. These products, together with authoritative advice on their proper use or application, are made easily obtainable through the nationally distributed branches of the Johns-Manville Co., one in practically every important city of North America.

And it is because of this physical equipment that Johns-Manville can serve the farmer in the wheat belt as efficiently as the factory, steel mill, office building and hotel in the largest cities on the continent.

J-M Products (continued)

*Asbestos Clothing and Textiles
Fire Extinguishers
*Packings
Acoustical Treatment
*Brake Lining and Blocks
Steam Traps

For the Home Builder

*Roofings
*Pipe Coverings
Wall and Floor Sheathing
Sound Deadening Treatment
*Stove Linings
*Table Pads and Mats
Plumbing Specialties
Fire Extinguishers
Refrigerating Machines

*Materials into which Asbestos enters as an important part

10 Factories

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

Executive Offices, 296 Madison Ave., New York City

53 Branches

Service Stations in all Large Cities. See map above.

BLUEBIRD Photo Plays

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

YOU are the person that has asked for the perfect photo-play. *You* are the one that has demanded a brand of moving pictures that will positively assure you an evening of delightful entertainment *every time it is announced.* Read along with us and learn how your demands have been met. We are going to show you what "BLUEBIRD" means and teach you to say to yourself and your friends: "If it's a BLUEBIRD, it's *got* to be good."

The sign of the "BLUEBIRD" is the sign of the best photo-play *that it is possible to produce.* The term "BLUEBIRD" is, in effect, our *contract* to deliver the best story, the most appropriate cast and the most thorough detail of production. It signifies that we have risen above the old way of doing things and are producing plays *for their actual merit* rather than to exploit some individual.

We believe, with Shakespeare, that "The play's the thing" and that it's bigger than any person in it. It must be played by people *peculiarly well fitted,* physically, temperamentally, artistically, naturally and sympathetically, to play the parts as they are written. In creating "BLUEBIRDS," we find *the play first,* and after that the cast. We want, and will have, *people who fit our plays,* not plays that fit our people. This principle leaves us *absolutely free* to pick where we please.

Countless plays have been written around stars — written to exploit the mannerisms or physical beauty of some particular man or woman—written to fit some man of commanding presence and robust voice or some woman with a daintily turned ankle or a wealth of golden hair. But they were seldom good or successful plays *because the spirit of the drama was subordinated to the individual.* And the individual wanted everything his own way. He wanted to be the foreground first, last and all the time. This fact has hurt the spoken drama more than any other one thing and we don't propose to make a big blunder like that. We search the world for plays and the people best fitted to portray them. *It doesn't make any difference whether they are stars or not.*

Our whole effort is to produce good plays—to make "BLUEBIRD" plays so consistently and constantly good that *you* will learn to look for the "BLUEBIRD" and not care a rap who is in it. We have been producing "BLUEBIRDS" for months. Thousands of people don't know it and haven't seen them, and the purpose of this advertising is to make you know that the thing you have been looking for is here and *has come to stay.*

To The Exhibitor

If you agree with the spirit of the above, and you don't know where to get BLUEBIRD Photo-Plays, write or wire to BLUEBIRD Photo-Plays(inc.), 1600 Broadway, New York.

WE took the longest road to establish "BLUEBIRD" in the hearts of the American people. That long road was the production of *one good play every week* regardless of stage stars and high-sounding names. Of course we could have gone into the market and bought a lot of big names and with the aid of hurrah advertising we could have done a rushing business *for a time.* But suppose the owners of the big names hadn't suited the rôles? How long would you have followed us and paid your money at the theatre where poor plays were shown? That's what we are trying to illustrate. The man or woman *must fit the part* and it is immaterial whether they are stars or not.

To give you an idea of the class of "BLUEBIRD" photo-plays, we have just produced "The Three Godfathers," written by Peter B. Kyne and pronounced the best short story that has been written *in twenty years.* This story portrays three desperate Western bandits who are making their escape across the desert after robbing an express office. They discover a "prairie schooner" containing a sick woman whose husband has perished in a sandstorm. She gives birth to a baby, exacts a promise from the bandits that they will protect the child, and then dies. The bandits care for the baby and in the process *they are regenerated.* They struggle to reach civilization in order that the baby might live, and two of them, in the attempt, heroically *sacrifice their lives.* It is a wonderful story, thrillingly told, beautifully enacted and rich in detail—*and there's not a stage star in it.*

"Well, I've heard women say as how babies have to be washed—"

JANE ADDAMS of Hull House, Chicago, in her book entitled "A Modern Conscience and An Ancient Evil," related an incident where a young girl sold herself for a pair of shoes. It was indescribably pathetic and Stella Wynne Herron seized the incident and wrote from it a story entitled "Shoes," which appeared in Collier's Weekly. Lois Weber (Mrs. Phillips Smalley), who produced "Jewel," made "Shoes" into a "BLUEBIRD" photo-play and it has become a "BLUEBIRD" because of its intense dramatic strength and beauty of detail. This wonderful play proves what a tremendous theme can grow from an apparently trifling incident and it likewise proves that *a star can develop over night.* The young woman who plays the leading rôle was never heard of previous to this production. Mrs. Smalley picked her, because, regardless of the fact that she was not a star, *she was the one best fitted to play the part.*

Bear in mind that a committee of ten cold-blooded men passes on the plays that become "BLUEBIRDS." They can't be reached by "pull" and not being stockholders they have nothing to lose and are, therefore, unafraid. They don't know what any of these plays cost and *they don't care.* They'd just as soon reject a play that cost $25,000 as one that cost $500. They pass purely on the merits of the play as a whole and all they've got to do is to determine whether it is good enough to be a "BLUEBIRD," knowing in their hearts that "it's *got* to be good to *be* a BLUEBIRD."

No stage star, however great his name or his standing, can get a play into the "BLUEBIRD" class unless the play comes up to the high standard set for "BLUEBIRDS." And that's the line we're going to follow till *you* yourself declare that the sign of the "BLUEBIRD" is to you *a sign of the perfect photo-play.*

We have taken you right into our confidence and we want you to watch the "BLUEBIRDS" and see what it means to make a play for the play's sake and for the sake of the people who pay their money to see it.

To The Public

If you agree with the spirit of this advertisement, ask your favorite Theatre to show BLUEBIRD Photo-Plays.

Scene from "The Three Godfathers"—a Peter B. Kyne Classic, and produced as a BLUEBIRD Photo-Play.

(Continued from Page 26)

indicate the sort of instrument employed; but they are not suited to the delicate work of identification.

Reiss urges a trained expert for this work. And he cites the following instance as illustrative of the danger of trusting to the skill of the ordinary police agent:

A burglary had been committed in a little village in Switzerland, and there were plain traces of implement marks on a broken window. At about the same time the police of the Sûreté arrested three well-known criminals. On one, the most dangerous of these individuals, they found a jimmy which seemed to fit the imprints made on the window. The justice of the peace, in place of submitting the traces of the implement to a special expert, contented himself with an ordinary agent of the Sûreté, a very good practical policeman, but not fit for a mission so delicate and demanding special knowledge. Naturally—says Reiss—the agent declared that this was the instrument with which the window had been broken.

When the trial came on the police agent swore to his conclusion. But the lawyer for the prisoner, who, in his leisure hours, had made a study of carpentry and taken a course in police science at the university, knew the methods of identification, and proved to the jury that the jimmy found on his client could produce almost every sort of imprint except those which had been found at the place of the crime!

In a striking case this minute expert examination served to establish the innocence of a man whose guilt was strongly indicated by the circumstantial evidence. The apartment of a merchant, during the absence of his family at the seashore, had been entered and robbed. A young man who had been in the employ of the merchant, and was familiar with the apartment, had returned to the city about the time of the robbery. The robbery indicated one well acquainted with the interior of the apartment; and the recent life of this discharged employee led the police to suspect him of the crime. They arrested him in the warehouse of another merchant, where he was employed in opening cases. The tool with which he was at work at the hour of his arrest seemed to adapt itself exactly to the imprints that had been found at the place of the robbery.

The police were convinced that the young man was guilty. We shall see how the text of the expert report on this case established his innocence:

"On the entrance door are a number of imprints apparently from the handle of a chisel with a large end. The bases of these imprints are triangular in form. These imprints, coming from a tool with a flat surface without a border, are produced by the part of the handle close to the blade. Two or three of these triangular imprints found on the panel of the door correspond with imprints of the blade of the tool on the doorframe."

Tracing Thieves by Their Tools

"On the door of the sleeping room and on the doorframe the same imprints are found that were on the entrance door of the apartment. Especially on the door one finds an imprint made by the handle of a large tool, very clear and very visible because the varnish was completely erased and broken. This triangular imprint, made by erasing the varnish from the surface, shows how the surface of the handle of the tool entered in contact with the wood. The imprint in question is a double imprint—that is to say, the criminal has exercised two degrees of pressure in inserting his tool, thus giving the impressions of two imprints. The imprint is situated twelve centimeters above the fastening of the door.

"On the doorframe, and corresponding to the two pressures of the handle, one marks two imprints of the blade of the tool. These imprints are at unequal distances from the fastening of the doorframe, showing thus a displacement after the first pressure. The imprint the farthest away from the fastening is 2.9 centimeters. These prints are very clear and show a blade of 3.9 centimeters wide. The blade of the tool that had produced the imprints seemed in a good state and without defects. The lateral borders of the imprints show that the tool was flat—that is to say, did not possess a lateral bulging.

"The forcing in the blade and the aspect of the triangular imprint of the handle make the expert believe that the extremity of the tool has been, probably, a little bent.

"We must add that the attack on the two doors has been executed near the lock, which is the place where a door offers the most resistance. It is the manner of a novice and not of a skilled burglar, who attacks a door at the low or high part, where it is not held to the frame by a metallic support.

"In the meantime a chisel, which belonged to a person named C. B. and employed at the house of M. S. to open boxes or cases, has been taken to the expert for examination. It is a chisel with a very broad blade, of a model not largely in use. This man, B., being the presumable author of the burglary, the undersigned has compared the instrument in question with the prints found on the place.

"The first comparison demonstrated to the undersigned that the size of the blade of the suspected tool was absolutely equal to that of the imprints of the blade of the large tool on the entrance door and the bedroom door.

"But this suspected tool possessed on both sides a bulging of the border, which does not appear in any of the imprints. All these imprints, on both the doorframe of the chamber and the entrance door, show that the extremity of the instrument which produced them had lateral angles clearer and more pointed than those of the suspected tool. The angle of the imprint is seventy-three degrees, while that of the tool in question is eighty-five degrees. This latter has also a more rounded blade. All the interior triangular parts of the tool possess, on both sides and on each border, a very strong bulging which prevents, by its prominence, any contact of the central surface of the tool with the wood. Such a tool would produce on the wood two strong grooves or creases, but between them the wood would be intact. In any case it would not produce a triangular imprint without lateral grooves, which the undersigned has established on the doors of the apartment of M. S."

The Value of Expert Detecting

"The conclusion is that the tool used by the burglar, although having the same-sized blade, is not the suspected tool found in the possession of C. B."

All over America, everywhere, the authorities are constantly forced to make some sort of criminal investigation. The place at which crimes are committed must be examined in the hope of finding indicatory traces that will lead to the discovery of the criminal agent. The skill with which this examination is made will control the probable solution of the mystery. Not every community can have the services of a Lecoq or Dupin, an expert on deductive methods, to corner the criminal by some clever stroke. But it is possible everywhere to make a careful and intelligent examination of the place where a crime has been committed.

It is possible for every community to adopt the Swiss method in some measure. It can take steps to sequester the theater of the crime, and to preserve the evidential signs there; and it can encourage a careful, unbiased examination of these evidences. In time, with a little perseverance, a uniform and scientific method of criminal investigation could be established throughout the whole country.

The authority at the University of Lausanne in summing up a conclusion advises us that, though instruments of the same size and form produce imprints absolutely alike, nevertheless, if there is no peculiarity in the blade, an absolute identification cannot be established. All the expert can affirm is that the imprint has been produced by an instrument precisely like that which has been under examination.

Sometimes the expert can identify the tool by a study—in enlarged photographs—of the striations produced by the slipping of the blade.

The edge of a tool passed with a certain pressure over a surface, such as a pane of glass covered with stearin, will produce a number of striations giving the microscopic peculiarities of the edge. A similar imprint is made when the blade of the burglar's tool slips on a doorframe or is forced along a varnished surface. In such cases the blade marks itself, if the nature of the wood permits, by striations more or less pronounced. One often observes these striations especially on varnished wood or any wood coated with a resistant paint. In the study of such imprints the expert should

PALM BEACH
A SUMMER SUITING

It comes in pleasing shades and patterns, also in solid colors—it defines good style and cool comfort.

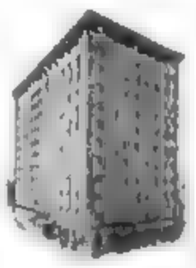
Suits made of Genuine Palm Beach retain their shapeliness and freshness no matter how often they are washed or laundered.

There is only one Palm Beach Cloth—refuse substitutes—the trade-marked label is sewn in every garment that is made of the Genuine cloth—look for it before you buy—at all good clothiers.

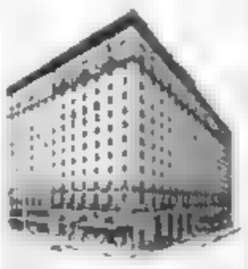
Palm Beach
THE GENUINE CLOTH

THE PALM BEACH MILLS
GOODALL WORSTED CO SANFORD-MAINE

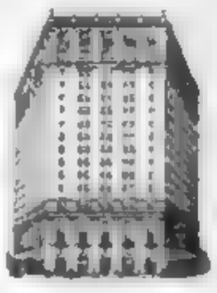
Ask your dealer or write us direct for our beautiful little Palm Beach Folder.



BUFFALO
650 Rooms 450 Baths



CLEVELAND
1000 Rooms 1000 Baths



DETROIT
1000 Rooms 1000 Baths

What We Promise

Hotels Statler promise certain definite things to *every* patron—to you. Among them are:

A courteous, gracious, interested service from employees.

A little more than full value for your money, whatever the amount you spend.

Instant, cheerful and satisfactory adjustment of any complaint.

A complete equipment that makes for your comfort in many unusual ways.

If we were not making good on these promises we could not be building a fourth Hotel Statler at St. Louis (to be opened next year). For it is only by pleasing people that we can grow.

Every room has private bath, circulating ice-water, and many other unusual conveniences. Morning paper delivered free to all guest-rooms. You get more for your money—unquestionably—at any Hotel Statler.

HOTELS STATLER

Rates from $1.50 Per Day

GRAFLEX Camera

—shows you the picture IN FOCUS as you take it

How the Graflex works: See Page 4 the Graflex Book

Wait 'til the sun comes out again"—

No! Not with a Graflex—don't need to. Sun or shadow makes little difference with a Graflex. It makes the most of the light and subject. It gets the pictures sharp in every detail because it gives exact focus and FULLY-timed exposures. *Write for the Graflex Book.*

If photography is more than a plaything for you, the Graflex Book will surely interest you with its story of this camera that has freed the photographer from dependence on the sun's presence—and helped him take pictures under conditions impossible with cameras of the usual type.

Write for the Graflex Book now.

FOLMER & SCHWING DIVISION
Eastman Kodak Co. Rochester, N. Y.

Smiles Mean Comfort Frowns Mean Corns

Dainty footwear develops corns. One hardly can avoid them.

But what you can do is to end them before they pain you twice. Apply a Blue-jay plaster. Wear what you will then, and the corn won't hurt. Generally in 48 hours it will disappear for good.

Painful corns are needless since Blue-jay was invented. Stop paring them. Stop using ancient treatments. Use the gentle, modern, scientific Blue-jay. Millions of people keep free from corns in that way. Your own friends and neighbors do it. Don't let corns spoil your happiest hours when a little Blue-jay ends them.

15 and 25 cents At Druggists

Blue-jay Ends Corns

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc

begin by making enlarged photographs of the striations. Then on a surface, as much as possible of the same nature as the wood of the door or the furniture fractured, he should make like imprints with the suspected tool. These should be photographed and equally enlarged. If the striations on the two sorts of imprints precisely coincide, the proof of the identity is made.

The best method of examining the edge of a tool is described by the Swiss authorities as follows:

One coats a pane of glass with a thin homogeneous layer of printers' ink. The blade of the tool which has produced the original imprints is slipped over the glass under a certain even pressure. The striations of the original design thus imprint themselves on the glass by lifting up the printers' ink. The design of the peculiarities of the blade, on the glass, is extremely clear and precise. Enlarged photographs of this experiment, compared with those of the original imprint, enable an expert to determine conclusively whether they have been made by the same tool.

In this manner the blades of all sorts of tools, implements, hatchets, knives, and so forth, are examined by the authorities at Lausanne. The photographs of striations on stearin are not so convincing as those of striations on panes of glass coated with printers' ink, and present more difficulties of a technical character.

This method of producing striations for comparison on inked glass has shown in many cases that the imprints found at the theater of a crime were the work of tools taken on suspected individuals. And equally, in many difficult cases, it has served to demonstrate the innocence of the accused.

It is not to be hoped that the American people will undertake to train experts for criminal investigation, under any large scientific system, after the manner of nations like Austria. One who should suggest a national training school for such a purpose, or even departments attached to state universities, would receive no serious attention for his pains. And yet a prodigiously expensive court machinery, for the purpose of convicting criminals, is everywhere kept up. We see the costliest effort made to convict the criminal and the feeblest effort to detect him. The whole method is bare at one end and overloaded at the other. It seems queer, to nations advanced in criminal investigation, that we see nothing incongruous in a system that expends vast sums in the expert trial of a criminal and leaves his apprehension to the desultory methods of a village constable.

Author's Note—See the original text of Swiss expert reports; notes of Reiss, Manuel de Police Scientifique.

A Clever Cabby

A PROMINENT English actor, now on this side of the water, is distinguished, among other things, for his absent-mindedness. One day in London he drove in a hansom from his home to his club and, telling the driver to wait, went into the club and promptly forgot about him.

Late in the afternoon, after a prolonged bout at cards, he came out and started away. From the curb a hoarse voice hailed him:

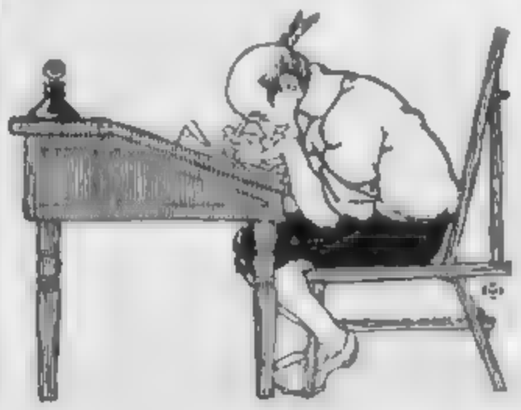
"Hey, guv'nor; 'ere I am!"

The actor paused and adjusted his monocle.

"Who are you?" he demanded in some amazement.

"I'm the cabby you 'ired this morning—you told me to wait."

"And you recognized me at a glance!" commented the gentleman in a tone of sincere admiration. "What an extraordinary memory, to be sure! I confess I should never have known you again."



The Only Roof Garden In Chicago

YOU will travel far to find such a cool, attractive place in which to dine and dance—high above the city—a real "garden-spot."

This seasonable planning for every comfort is one of the unique advantages enjoyed at

Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

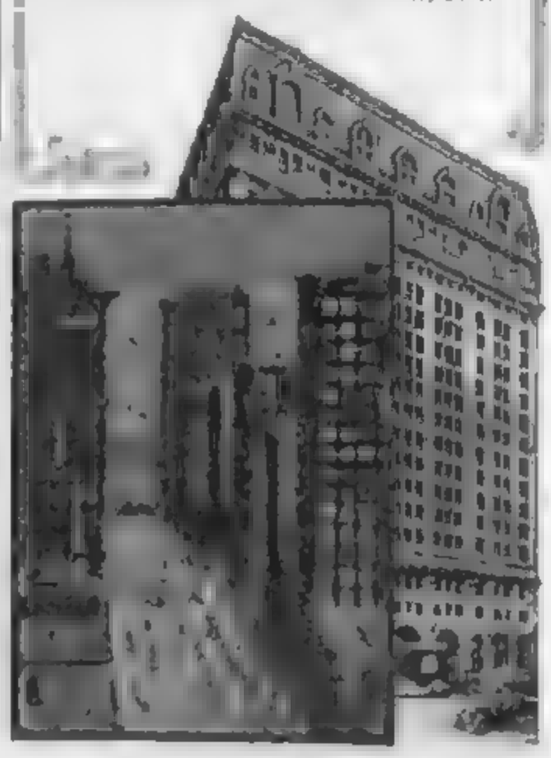
Located on one of the world's most famous thoroughfares, this Hotel is the ideal type of progress in public service.

RATES

One person	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$2, $2 50 and $3
Room with private bath	$3, $3 50, $4 and $5
Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$3, $3.50 and $4
Room with private bath—	
Double room	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed	$4, $4.50 and $5
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	
Two persons	$5 to $8
Three persons	$6 to $9
Four persons	$7 to $12

1026 rooms—834 with private bath

HOTEL LA SALLE
La Salle at Madison St.
CHICAGO
ERNEST J. STEVENS
Vice-President and Manager
The Only Hotel in Chicago Maintaining Floor Clerks and Individual Service on Every Floor



This magnified view of the cylinder wall shows the microscopic grooves of which this apparently smooth surface is made up. A durable film of oil must be maintained to prevent the cylinder walls and piston faces from grinding together

Here the bearing surface is magnified several times. Notice that the bearing edge which appears smooth to the naked eye actually consists of countless points and depressions

This drawing shows the most important friction surfaces in your engine. In the Ford engine, for example, there are over 600 square inches of metal to metal surfaces—an area of more than five times as large as this page. When oil turns into solid matter friction between these metal surfaces is very destructive.

Solid matter in your oil means wear in your engine

The intense heat in your automobile engine turns a large part of ordinary oil into black, solid matter which partially crowds out the liquid. This means friction and wear. New lubricant resists heat and prevents rapid sedimentation.

Ordinary oil breaks down under the terrific heat of an automobile engine after a few hours' use. Part of the oil forms black sediment and loses all lubricating value.

The polished surfaces of bearings and cylinder walls appear smooth to the naked eye, but a magnifying glass will show that even the finest surfaces are rough, consisting of sharp points and depressions.

In the Ford engine, for example, there are over 600 square inches of metal to metal surfaces—an area of more than five times as large as this page.

When the microscopic teeth of these surfaces are rubbed together they are broken off—worn down.

How solid matter increases friction

The black, solid matter formed by ordinary oils prevents the liquid from reaching the friction points where it is needed. The sediment, which is inactive or negative, partially crowds out the remaining liquid oil. This under-supply of oil causes friction, heat, seizing, wear, loss of power and expensive repairs.

Automobile engineers state that from 50% to 75% of repairs and fully 50% of depreciation are due to improper lubrication.

Veedol, the new lubricant which resists heat, prevents rapid sedimentation and maintains a permanent oil film between metal surfaces.

Relative oil destruction

The contents of the two bottles shown illustrate clearly the relative durability of ordinary oil and Veedol, the new lubricant that resists heat. Veedol deposits only a small fraction as much sediment as ordinary oils.

There is a fundamental difference between ordinary oils and Veedol.

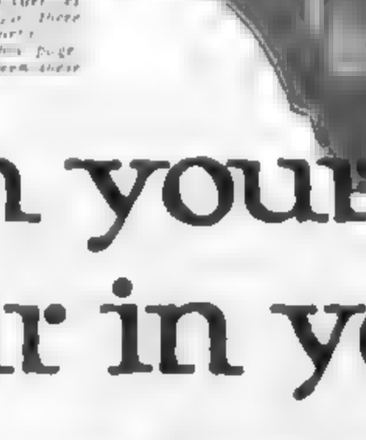
Ordinary oils are unstable and therefore unserviceable. Because of weak chemical structure they cannot resist heat. Oils of this kind are unfit for use in any type of automobile or other internal combustion motor.

Veedol is very different. Special processes of manufacture developed by this company and the use of Pennsylvania paraffine base crude oil, give Veedol its unusual chemical structure and its remarkable heat resisting ability

To decrease carbon trouble

There is a marked tendency for oils which sedimentize rapidly to form voluminous carbon deposits

Veedol not only prevents rapid sedimentation but it also prevents carbon deposits—no carbon trouble will occur if you use Veedol, except where mechanical faults exist.



ORDINARY OIL AFTER USE — VEEDOL AFTER USE

Make this road test

Clean out your crank case. Fill with kerosene. Run your motor about thirty seconds under its own power. Draw out all kerosene and refill with Veedol

Then make a test run over a familiar road, including steep hills and straight level stretches

You will find your motor has acquired new pick-up and hill climbing ability, due to the maximum mechanical efficiency made possible through Veedol.

What it means in actual saving

The records of taxicab companies, bus lines and large corporations that use cost-accounting show that Veedol should save you from $50 to $115 per year on gasoline, repairs and depreciation.

Furthermore, Veedol wears several times longer than ordinary oil and therefore your lubrication bill itself will actually be smaller

Make your own tests of this remarkable new lubricant

Where you can buy Veedol

Progressive dealers everywhere have secured Veedol and can supply you. Look for the orange and black Veedol sign.

Each dealer is supplied with a large chart specifying the right body of Veedol for each automobile, motor-boat or motor cycle.

If for any reason you cannot get Veedol at once, write direct to the Platt & Washburn Refining Co. By return mail you will receive a copy of the book free, and the name of the dealer who will supply you.

PLATT & WASHBURN REFINING CO.
1822 Bowling Green Building New York

NEW 88-PAGE VEEDOL BOOK FREE

Write for the new Veedol book, "The Lubrication of Internal Combustion Motors"

This book explains the A B C's of oil refining and finishing. It gives full information regarding the laboratory and practical service tests to which lubricants are subjected before final approval and shipment.

It describes and illustrates all types of lubricating systems used in automobiles, motor-cycles, motor-boats, tractors, etc. It contains a fund of useful information and scientific facts, discussing lubricants and lubrication from many angles.

This book also shows how the Veedol Engineering Department, which is at your service, is helping car owners. 88 pages profusely illustrated in colors.

WRITE TODAY

Veedol is supplied in one half gallon, one gallon and five gallon cans, 15 gallon, 28 gallon and 55 gallon steel drums, and in 28 gallon and 50 gallon white oak barrels

A special pouring device is supplied with each metal container

Guaranteed when sold in the original package

Other Unrivaled Records

All made under A. A. A. supervision, by a certified stock car or stock chassis, and excelling all former stock cars in these tests.

100 miles in 80 min., 21.4 sec., averaging 74.67 miles per hour for a 7-passenger touring car with driver and passenger.

75.69 miles in one hour with driver and passenger in a 7-passenger touring car.

Standing start to 50 miles an hour in 16.2 sec.

One mile at the rate of 102.53 miles per hour.

1819 miles in 24 hours at average speed of 75.8 miles per hour.

Over 3800 miles at speed exceeding 75 miles per hour without evident wear on any engine part.

Hudson Super-Six Sets New 24-Hour Endurance Mark

Fastest Time for Such Distance ever made by a Traveling Machine

No man today—if he knows the facts—doubts the Super-Six supremacy.

At first the truth seemed like a romance. Think of one new invention, applied to a light six, adding 80 per cent. to its power.

Then official records began to pile up, certified by the A. A. A. The motoring world then had to concede this the greatest motor built.

But many men asked, "What about the endurance? Can a motor so flexible, so speedy, so powerful, stand up in years of road use?"

So we asked Ralph Mulford to take a stock Super-Six chassis and, under official supervision, show the world its endurance.

All Records Broken

He took a Super-Six stock chassis—certified by A. A. A. officials.

It had already been driven over 2000 miles at speed exceeding 80 miles per hour.

It had made a mile at Daytona at the rate of 102.53 miles per hour.

And he drove that car 1819 miles, on Sheepshead Bay track, equal to the distance from New York to Denver—in 24 hours of continuous driving—at an average speed of 75.8 miles per hour. At the end of that test—after nearly 4000 miles of record-breaking strain—the car, when officially examined, showed no appreciable wear.

How Much Endurance Has It?

It will be many years from now before we can tell you how long a Hudson Super-Six will last. But the records we cite cover the greatest strains a motor car ever met. Many a great engine has gone to pieces under far lesser strain. Years of ordinary driving would never tax a motor like those thousands of miles of speed tests.

Yet the wear on the Hudson Super-Six was almost nothing. Certain it is that no man has ever built a traveling machine to compare with this car in endurance.

Greatest Endurance Proved

That was the last question—this one of endurance. In all other ways it has long been evident that the Super-Six stands supreme. Never has a motor of this size shown anywhere near such power. Never was an engine made to excel this in smoothness. Never has a stock car recorded equal performance. It has never been excelled in hill-climbing, quick acceleration or speed.

Handsomer cars have never been shown. Finer engineering is simply unthinkable, with Howard E. Coffin at the head of this department.

You are getting the car of the day when you get the Super-Six. Every man who knows the facts knows that. And, in view of our patents, rivalry is impossible.

No Need to Wait

It is natural to say, "Let us wait and see," when we meet such radical advancements. We think that nothing can excel in so many ways without falling behind in one.

But not one fact about the Super-Six is left unproved today. Not in one respect has its performance been matched. Not in any way has a rival motor been made to compare with this.

There is no need to wait to get Time's verdict on the Super-Six. The records prove the Super-Six supreme. A half-hour's ride without those records would convince any man of the fact.

Thousands of these cars are now running. You will find them in every locality. And every owner will tell you that he never meets a car to compare with his, in looks or performance.

These are things to consider when you buy a car.

Phaeton, 7-passenger, $1475
Roadster, 2-passenger, 1475

Cabriolet, 3-passenger, $1775

Touring Sedan . . . $2000
Limousine 2750

(Prices f. o. b. Detroit)

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

COUSIN EGBERT INTERVENES

(Continued from Page 6)

tickets, which she could play in for a dollar, and she has to go to the retiring room to bathe her temples, and treats Tracy all the rest of the evening like a crippled stepchild, thinking of all she could of won if he hadn't acted like a snake in the grass toward her!

Right after this Mrs. Leonard Wales, in her flag and powder, begun to stick up out of the scene, though not risking any money as yet. She'd just stand there like one petrified while cash was being paid in and out, keeping away about three women of regular size that would like to get their silver down. I caught the gleam in her eye, and the way she drawed in her breath when the lucky number was called out, kind of shrinking her upper lip every time in a bloodthirsty manner. Yes, sir; in the presence of actual money that dame reminded me of the great saber-toothed tiger that you see terrible pictures of in the animal books.

Pretty soon she mowed down a lot of her sister gamblers and got out to where Leonard was standing, to tell him all about how she'd have won a lot of money if she'd only put some chips down at the right time, the way she would of done if she'd had any; and Leonard said what a shame! And they drifted into a corner, talking low. I bet she was asking him if she couldn't make a claim to these here bets she'd won in her mind, and if this wasn't the magic time to get the little home or bungalow on the new lot she'd won by finding out from the Chicago professor how to mold her destiny.

Then I lose track of the two for a minute, because Judge Ballard comes in escorting his sister from South Carolina, that's visiting them, and invites everyone to take something in her honor. She was a frail little old lady, very old-fashioned indeed, with white hair built up in a waterfall and curls over both ears, and a flowered silk dress that I bet was made in Civil War times, and black lace mitts. Say! She looked like one of the ladies that would of been setting in the front of a box at Ford's Theater the night President Lincoln was shot up!

She seemed a mite rattled when she found herself in a common barroom, having failed to read Cousin Egbert's undeniably quaint signs; but the Judge introduced her to some that hadn't met her yet, and when he asked her what her refreshment would be she said in a very brazen way that she would take a drop of anisette cordial. Louis Meyer says they ain't keeping that, and she says, Oh, dear! she's too old-fashioned! So Cousin Egbert says, why, then she should take an old-fashioned cocktail, which she does and sips it with no sign of relish. Then she says she will help the cause by wagering a coin on yonder game of chance.

The Judge paws out a place for her and I go along to watch. She pries open a bead reticule that my mother had one like and gets out a knitted silk purse, and takes a five-dollar gold piece into her little bony white fingers and drops it on a number, and says: "Now that is well over!" But it wasn't over. There was excitement right off, because, outside of some silver dollars I'd lost myself, I hadn't seen anything bigger than a two-bit piece played there that night. Right over my shoulder I heard heavy breathing, and I didn't have to turn round to know it was Cora Wales. When the ball slowed up she quit breathing entirely till it settled.

It must of been a horrible strain on her, for the man was raking in all the little bets and leaving the five-dollar one that win. Say! That woman gripped an arm of mine till I thought it was caught in machinery of some kind! And Mrs. Doc Martingale, that she gripped on the other side, let out a yell of agony. But that wasn't the worst of Cora Wales' torture. No, sir! She had to stand there and watch this little old-fashioned sport from South Carolina refuse the money!

"But I can't accept it from you good people," says she in her thin little voice. "I intended to help the cause of those poor sufferers, and to profit by the mere inadvertence of your toy there would be unspeakable—really no!"

And she pushed back the five and the hundred and seventy-five that the dealer had counted out for her, dusted her little fingers with a little lace handkerchief smelling of lavender, and asked the Judge to show her a game that wasn't so noisy.

I guess Cora Wales was lost from that moment. She had Len over in a corner again, telling him how easy it was to win, and how this poor demented creature had left all hers there because Judge Ballard probably didn't want to create a scene by making her take it; and mustn't they have a lot of trouble looking after the weak-minded thing all the time! And I could hear her say if one person could do it another could, especially if they had learned how to get in tune with the Infinite. Len says all right, how much does she want to risk? And that scares her plumb stiff again, in spite of her uncanny powers. She says it wouldn't be right to risk one cent unless she could be sure the number was going to win.

Of course if you made your claim on the Universal, your own was bound to come to you; still, you couldn't be so sure as you ought to be with a roulette wheel, because several times the ball had gone into numbers that she wasn't holding for with her psychic grip, and the uncertainty was killing her; and why didn't he say something to help her, instead of standing there silent and letting their little home slip from her grasp?

Cousin Egbert comes up just then, still happy and puffed up; so I put him wise to this Wales conspiracy against his game.

"Mebbe you can win back that lot from her," I says, "and raffle it over again for the fund. She's getting worked up to where she'll take a chance."

"Good work!" says he. "I'll approach her in the matter."

So over he goes and tries to interest her in the dice games; but no, she thinks dice is low and a mere colored person's game. So then he says to set down to the card table and play this here Canfield solitaire; she's to be paid five dollars for every card she gets up and a whole thousand if she gets 'em all up. That listens good to her till she finds she has to give fifty-two dollars for the deck first. She says she knew there must be some catch about it. Still, she tries out a couple of deals just to see what would happen, and on the first she would have win thirteen dollars and on the second eight dollars. She figures then that by all moral rights Cousin Egbert owes her twenty-one dollars, and at least eight dollars to a certainty, because she was really playing for money the second time and merely forgot to mention it to him.

And while they sort of squabble about this, with Cousin Egbert very pig-headed or adamant, who should come in but this Sandy Sawtelle, that's now sobbing out his heart in song down there; and with him is Buck Devine. It seems they been looking for a game, and they give squeals of joy when they see this one. In just two minutes Sandy is collecting thirty-five dollars for one that he had carefully placed on No. 11. He gives a glad shout at this, and Leonard Wales and lady move over to see what it's all about. Sandy is neatly stacking his red chips and plays No. 11 once more, but No. 22 comes up.

"Gee!" says Sandy. "I forgot. Twenty-two, of course, and likewise thirty-three."

So he now puts dollar bets on all three numbers, and after a couple more turns he's collecting on thirty-three, and the next time twenty-two comes again. He don't hardly have time to stack his chips, they come so fast; and then it's No. 11 once more, amid rising excitement from all present. Cora Wales is panting like the Dying Gamekeeper I once saw in the Eden Musée in New York City. Sandy quits now for a moment.

"Let every man, woman and child, come one, come all, acrost the room and crook the convivial elbow on my ill-gotten gains!" he calls out.

So everybody orders something, Tim Mahoney going in behind the bar to help out. Even Cora Wales come over when she understood no expense was attached to so doing, though taking a plain lemonade, because she said alcohol would get one's vibrations all fussed up, or something like that.

Cousin Egbert was still chipper after this reverse, though it had swept away about all he was to the good up to that time.

"Three rousing cheers!" says he. "And remember the little ball still rolls for any sport that thinks he can Dutch up the game!"

While this drink is going on amid the general glad feeling that always prevails when some spendthrift has ordered for the

Do you get the thought

—the subtle suggestion of this familiar picture?

Once you really know Pears and understand by actual use the charm of this delightful soap—it becomes as essential to your daily life as the bathing itself.

You will accept no substitute for

Pears' Soap

the *"World's Quality Standard"* for more than a century.

Because of its absolute purity, Pears is particularly fine for sensitive skin. It cleanses thoroughly, but without the slightest irritation or roughening—and without drying out the natural oils of the skin, which so often results from using ordinary soaps.

Pears is a real luxury—the very finest soap possible to produce—yet it is sold at a price so low as to be within the reach of everyone. You can buy the Unscented anywhere in the U. S. for 15c a cake.

(Note the special offer and send for a trial cake)

A. & F. PEARS, Ltd.

The largest manufacturers of high grade toilet soaps in the world

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER For a generous full size Cake of Pears Unscented Soap send your address and 4c in stamps to cover mailing cost, to Walter Jeavons, United States Agent, 517 Canal Street, New York City

THE SUPREME TEST

OVER *100 miles an hour!* This is the accustomed pace of track race winners. And not for one mile but for two hundred and upward!

Speed begets vibration, jolt and jar. The extreme of every condition which can possibly attend motoring is met. Consequently, track racing and road racing afford the supreme test of automobile efficiency, and mark well this fact—*fully ninety-eight per cent of the drivers who participate in track and road races always have the*

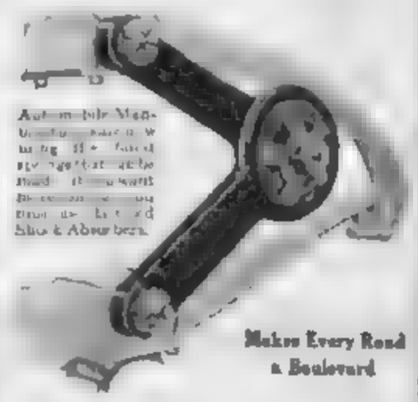
*Hartford

SHOCK ABSORBER

on their cars. It is their choice above all others. You will [illegible] Hartford Shock Absorber. It steadies [illegible] of a car, absorbs the jolt, jar and vibration, prevents spring breakage, stops wheel bounding, minimizes skidding and overturning.

[illegible] test of track and road racing so for every [illegible] ordinary everyday motor travel, the Hartford is indispensable for comfort and safety and for [illegible] the smoothriding car is peculiarly exempt from tire troubles, spring breaking and similar ills.

[illegible] will be glad to send you an illustrated booklet that will help to make any motor car more comfortable. Your name is invited on this point.



Makes Every Road a Boulevard

EDWARD V. HARTFORD, Inc., Manufacturers known as HARTFORD SUSPENSION CO. 190 Morgan St., Jersey City, N. J.

Makers of the Hartford Shock Absorber, Hartford Cushion Spring, E. V. Hartford Electric Brake, Hartford Auto Jack, Hartford Bumper, Red Rock Jack

Branches: New York Boston Chicago

Distributors in principal cities. Dealers everywhere

* Formerly Truffault-Hartford

The Universal Office Oil

Buy a Handy Oil Can or bottle of 3-in-One for your office. Put it to work. See how *many* things it does *better* than any other oil you ever used.

3-in-One makes typewriters, billing machines, adding machines, numbering and dating stamps, cash registers, safe locks and hinges and all other office mechanisms work smooth and easy. Keeps them clean and bright, too—inside and out. Never gums or collects dirt, as other oils do.

3-in-One

takes the squeak out of squeaky revolving chairs. It lubricates perfectly and prevents rust.

Have Jimmy, the office boy, use 3 in One to clean the desks, chairs, file cases and other office furniture. Just a little 3 in One on a damp cloth removes all grime, finger marks and superficial scratches. Polish with a dry cloth and see the "new" look return. 3 in One leaves no residue on furniture to finger-mark or catch dust.

Sold at all stores. 10c, 25c and 50c sizes.

FREE Liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil and Dictionary of Uses sent free for the asking.

Three in One Oil Co.
42 EUT Broadway
New York

NATHAN FLEXIBLE NO-METAL ARCH SUPPORTS

give immediate relief to tired, aching feet, rest the body and aid Nature to restore the arches to their normal strength. Write for Booklet and Free 10-day Trial Offer.

View of arch cut with knife

Nathan Anklet Support Co., 90-B Reade St., N. Y.

FREE Booklet entitled "Typewriter Mechanics Brought Down to Date"

GET THE BEST and Save The Most

Latest and Greatest Standard Typewriter

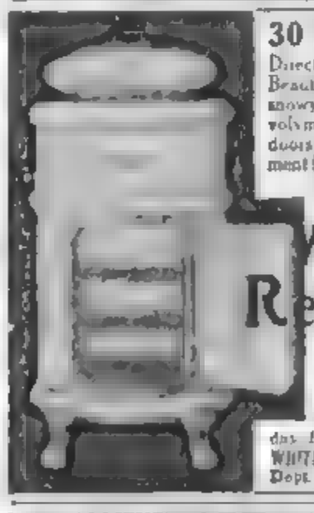
WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER CO Dept. 210, Chicago, Ill.

Healthseekers

Suffering With Pulmonary Troubles Should Learn of the Heart of the Well Country

where the equable climate and the combined low humidity and high altitude give the best opportunity for recovery. Get away now from the stifling heat of summer at sea level. Accommodations for healthseekers unexcelled. Write for booklet descriptive of climate and its relation to the cure of tuberculosis. Address

ALBUQUERQUE COMMERCIAL CLUB
Albuquerque New Mexico



30 Days' Free Trial

Direct to you at factory prices. Beautiful, sanitary Enameled snowy white inside and out, revolving shelves, cork cushioned doors and covers. New attachment for ice-cold drinking water. Easy payment plan. Freight prepaid.

White Frost SANITARY Refrigerator

Awarded Gold Medal at Panama-Pacific Exposition—the only refrigerator to receive this honor. Used by [illegible]. Write today for handsome free catalog.

WHITE FROST REFRIGERATOR CO
Dept. C 10 Jackson, Michigan

Make Your Car Look Like New

Paint it Yourself for $3.00

It's an easy job—requires no experience—only a few hours' work. Repainting [illegible] adds at least a year's service to your car, and INCREASES ITS SELLING VALUE.

Pee Gee Auto Painting Outfit

Contains everything necessary to repaint a Ford or similar sized car, including top. Simple directions on each can. QUALITY GUARANTEED.

Complete $3. At hardware, paint and drug dealers. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will deliver on receipt of $3.50 in Canada.

PEASLEE-GAULBERT CO., Inc., Dept. 50
Established 1867 Louisville, Ky

Twitchell

You can take *a thousand miles* of service *out* of a set of tires by driving them insufficiently inflated over *ten* miles of road.

THE TWITCHELL AIR GAUGE

insures you against premature wearing-out of tires.

Price One Dollar

Mfd. by
THE TWITCHELL GAUGE CO.
1208A Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

Tire Insurance for One Dollar

house, Leonard Wales gets Buck Devine to one side and says how did Sandy do it? So Buck tells him and Cora that Sandy took eleven stitches in Jerry's hide yesterday afternoon and he was playing this hunch, which he had reason to feel was a first-class one.

"If I could only feel it was a cosmic certainty ——" says Cora.

"Oh, she's cosmic, all right!" says Buck. "I never seen anything cosmicker. Look what she's done already, and Sandy only begun! Just watch him! He'll cosmic this here game to a standstill. He'll have Sour Dough there touching him for two bits' breakfast money—see if he don't."

"But eleven came only twice," says the conservative Cora.

"Sure! But did you notice Nos. 22 and 33?" says Buck. "You got to humor any good hunch to a certain extent, cosmic or no cosmic."

"I see," says Cora with gleaming eyes; "and No. 33 is not only what drew our beautiful building lot but it is also the precise number of my years on the earth plane."

Cousin Egbert overheard this and snorted like no gentleman had ought to, even in the lowest gambling den.

"Thirty-three!" says he to me. "Did you hear the big cheat? Say! No gambling house on earth would have the nerve to put her right age on a wheel! The chances is ruinous enough now without running 'em up to forty-eight or so. I bet that's about what you'd find if you was to tooth her."

Sandy has now gone back, followed by the crowd, and wins another bet on No. 11. This is too much for Cora's Standard Oil instincts. She never trusts Leonard with any money, but she goes over into a corner, hikes the flag of her country up over one red stocking for a minute, and comes back with a two-dollar bill, which she splits on 22 and 33; and when 33 wins she's mad clean through because 22 didn't also win, and she's wasted a whole dollar, like throwing it into the Atlantic Ocean.

"Too bad, Pettie!" says Leonard, who was crowded in by her. "But you mustn't expect to have all the luck"—which is about the height of Leonard's mental reach.

"It was not luck; it was simple lack of faith," says Cora. "I put myself in tune with the Infinite and make my claim upon the all-good—and then I waver. The loss of that dollar was a punishment to me."

Now she stakes a dollar on No. 33 alone, and when it comes double-o she cries out that the man had leaned his hand on the edge of the table while the ball was rolling and thereby mushed up her cosmic vibrations, even if he didn't do something a good deal more crooked. Then she switches to No. 22, and that wins.

She now gets suspicious of the chips and has 'em turned into real money, which she stuffs into her consort's pockets for the time being, all but two dollars that go on Nos. 11 and 33. And No. 22 comes up again. She nearly fainted and didn't recover in time to get anything down for the next roll—and I'm darned if 11 don't show! She turns savagely on her husband at this. The poor hulk only says:

"But, Pettie, you're playing the game—I ain't."

She replies bitterly:

"Oh, ain't that just like a man! I knew you were going to say that!"—and seemed to think she had him well licked.

Then the single-o come. She says:

"Oh, dear! It seems that, even with the higher consciousness, one can't be always certain of one's numbers at this dreadful game."

And while she was further reproaching her husband, taking time to do it good and keeping one very damp dollar safe in her hand, what comes up but old 33 again!

It looked like hysterics then, especially when she noticed Buck Devine helping pile Sandy's chips up in front of him till they looked like a great old English castle, with towers and minarets, and so on, Sandy having played his hunch strong and steady. She waited for another turn that come nothing important to any of 'em; then she drew Leonard out and made him take her for a glass of lemonade out where Aggie Tuttle was being Rebekkah at the Well, because they charged two bits for it at the bar and Aggie's was only a dime. The sale made forty cents Aggie had took in on the evening.

Racing back to Ye Olde-Tyme Gambling Denne, she gets another hard blow; for Sandy has not only win another of his magic numbers but has bought up the bar for the evening, inviting all hands to brim a cup at his expense whenever they crave it—nobody's money good but his; so Cora is not only out what she would of made by following his play but the ten cents cash she has paid Aggie Tuttle. She was not a woman to be trifled with then. She took another lemonade because it was free, and made Len take one that he didn't want. Then she draws three dollars from him and covers the three numbers with reckless and noble sweeps of her powerful arms. The game was on again.

Cousin Egbert by now was looking slightly disturbed, or *outré*, as the French put it, but tries to conceal same under an air of sparkling gayety, laughing freely at every little thing in a girlish or painful manner.

"Yes," says he coquettishly; "that Sandy scoundrel is taking it fast out of one pocket, but he's putting it right back into the other. The wheel's loss is the bar's gain."

I looked over to size Sandy's chips and I could see four or five markers that go for a hundred apiece.

"I admire your roguish manner that don't fool anyone," I says; "but if we was to drink the half of Sandy's winnings, even at your robber prices, we'd all be submerged to the periscope. It looks to me," I goes on, "like the bazaar-robbing genius is not exclusively a male attribute or tendency."

"How many of them knitted crawdabs you sold out there at your booths?" he demands. "Not enough to buy a single Belgian a T-bone steak and fried potatoes."

"Is that so, indeed?" I says. "Excuse me a minute. Standing here in the blinding light of your triumph, I forgot a little matter of detail such as our sex is always wasting its energies on."

So I call Sandy and Buck away from their Belgian atrocities and speak sharply to 'em.

"You boys ought to be ashamed of yourselves," I says—"winning all that money and then acting like old Gaspard the Miser in the Chimes of Normandy! Can't you forget your natural avarice and loosen up some?"

"I bought the bar, didn't I?" asks Sandy. "I can't do no more, can I?"

"You can," I says. "Out in that big room is about eighteen tired maids and matrons of Red Gap's most exclusive inner circles yawning their heads off over goods, wares and merchandise that no one will look at while this sinful game is running. If you got a spark of manhood in you go on out and trade a little with 'em, just to take the curse off your depredations in here."

"Why, sure!" says Sandy. He goes back to the layout and loads Buck's hat full of red and blue chips at one and two dollars each. "Go buy the place clean," he says to Buck. "Do it good; don't leave a single object of use or luxury. My instructions is sweeping, understand. And if there's a harness booth there you order a solid gold collar for old Jerry, heavily incrusted with jewels, and his initials and mine surrounded by a wreath. Also, send out a pint of wine for every one of these here maids and matrons. Meantime I shall stick here and keep an eye on my large financial interests."

So Buck romps off on his joyous mission, singing a little ballad that goes: "To hell with the man that works!" And Sandy moves quickly back to the wheel.

I followed and found Cora barely surviving because she's lost nine of her three-dollar bets while Sandy was away, leaving her only about a hundred winner. Len was telling her to "be brave, Pettie!" and she was saying it was entirely his fault that they hadn't already got their neat little home; but she would have it before she left the place or know the reason why.

It just did seem as if them three numbers had been resting while Sandy was away talking to me. They begin to show up again the minute he resumed his bets, and Cora was crowding onto the same with a rising temperature. Yes, sir; it seemed downright uncanny or miraculous the way one or the other of 'em showed up, with Sandy saying it was a shame to take the money, and Cora saying it was a shame she had to bet on all three numbers and get paid only on one.

Of course others was also crowding these numbers, though not so many as you'd think, because everyone said the run must be at an end, and they'd be a fool to play 'em any farther; and them that did play

(Continued on Page 36)

A Solid Wall of Good Will

Nothing has ever disturbed the demand for this car.

Not for a month, not for a week, not for a single day.

Having only one car to build, Dodge Brothers have been able to build it better and better.

But in the sense of radical changes, it is the same car today it was when they designed it.

And still the demand goes on growing greater and greater.

No outside conditions, no conditions inside the industry, seem to slow it up a particle.

The people want the car more intensely at this moment than they ever wanted it before.

This in the face of the fact that production is at the highest peak it has ever reached.

And in the face of the further fact that the sales—in a year and a half—have been more than $63,000,000.

You can find out why this is so from what people are saying about the car all around you.

For months and months they talked particularly of its performance.

Now, you will hear even greater emphasis laid on its economy.

You will hear that with thousands of cars in use, Dodge Brothers dealers have practically no use for repair parts.

That rumor is true. Accidents are the chief source of demand for Dodge repair parts.

You will hear that the cost of maintenance is practically nil.

This too, is true in thousands of cases.

You will hear that the car consumes an unusually small amount of gasoline and oil.

This is literally true—of every Dodge Brothers car, under all conditions.

You will hear that it is very difficult to find Dodge Brothers cars for sale at second-hand anywhere.

You will also hear that the second-hand price is only a little lower than the first price.

Both of these things are true—not in one city, nor one state, but all over the Union.

You do not hear people talking about the price of the car.

But you do hear them talking everywhere about the kind of a car it is.

In short, wherever you find a Dodge Brothers car, you will find it surrounded by friends.

You will find it running, from morning to night, in an atmosphere of good will.

No ill will anywhere, good will everywhere—good will that grows out of its good work.

No one knows the value of this good will any better than Dodge Brothers know it.

No one counts more on it, nor works harder to deserve it.

This is your guarantee when you buy one of Dodge Brothers cars—the great good will that all the owners feel toward it and the high value which Dodge Brothers place on that good will.

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

Which is Better for the Boy

Forced Exercise or Fun?

Apply your answer to oat food.

Oat food is also important. It is food for growth. It is rich in brain and nerve needs. It has for ages been the marvel vim-food.

In some homes it is forced. It is made a duty but not a luxury. Yet Nature lavishes on oats her rarest charm and flavor.

In some homes the oat dish is a dainty. Its flakes are made of big, rich grains, unmixed with puny, starved oats.

Those housewives have discovered Quaker Oats.

Men and women, boys and girls, revel in this oat dish. The food they need is the food they want. And they eat it in abundance, as they should.

Quaker Oats

Energy Food Made Delightful

Quaker Oats is not a doctored oat food. No flavor is added, nor is Nature's flavor altered. Man can't improve on that.

We simply pick out the plump grains, the full-grown, luscious oats. Two-thirds of the oats are rejected as not good enough for Quaker.

Find out the result—it will pay you. Look into the package—see the big, white flakes. Cook them and note the aroma. Taste them and note the superlative flavor

There are few food problems more important than getting delightful oat food. And it costs you no extra price.

10c and 25c per package
Except in Far West and South

A $2.50 Aluminum Cooker

Made to our order, extra large and heavy, to cook Quaker Oats in the ideal way. Send us five trademarks—the picture of the Quaker—cut from the fronts of five Quaker Oats packages. Send $1 with them, and this double cooker will be sent by parcel post.

Address **The Quaker Oats Company, 1708 Railway Exchange, Chicago**
(1337)

(Continued from Page 34

'em was mostly making ten-cent bets to be on the safe side. Only Sandy and Cora kept right on showing up one Egbert Floud as a party that had much to learn about pulling off a good bazaar.

It's a sad tale. Cousin Egbert had to send out twice for more cash, Cora Wales refusing to take his check on the Farmers and Merchants National for hers. She said she was afraid there would be some catch about it. I met Egbert out in the hall after the second time she'd made him send, and he'd lost much of his sparkle.

"I never thought it was right to strike a lady without cause," he says bitterly; "but I'd certainly hate to trust myself with that frail out in some lonely spot, like Price's Addition, where her screams couldn't be heard."

"That's right," I says; "take it out on the poor woman that's trying to win a nice bungalow with big sawed corners sticking out all over it, when that cutthroat Sandy Sawtelle has win about twice as much! That ain't the light of pure reason I had the right to expect from the Bazaar King of Red Gap."

"That's neither here nor there," says he with petulance. "Sandy would of been just as happy if he'd lost the whole eighteen dollars him and Buck come in here with."

"Well," I warns him, "it looks to me like you'd have to apply them other drastic methods you met with in this deadfall at the San Francisco Fair—strong-arm work or medicine in the drinks of the winners, or something like that—if you want to keep a mortgage off the old home. Of course I won't crowd you for that two dollars you promised me for every one that goes out of the hall. You can have any reasonable time you want to pay that," I says.

"That's neither here nor there," he says. "Luck's got to turn. The wheel ain't ever been made that could stand that strain much longer."

And here Luella Stultz comes up and says Mrs. Wales wants to know how much she could bet all at once if she happened to want to. I could just see Cora having a sharp pain in the heart like a knife thrust when she thought what she would of win by betting ten dollars instead of one. Cousin Egbert answers Luella quite viciously.

"Tell that dame the ceiling sets the limit now," says he; "but if that ain't lofty enough I'll have a skylight sawed into it for her."

Then he goes over to watch himself being all ruined up by these plungers. Leonard was saying: "Now don't be rash, Pettie!" And Pettie was telling him it was his negative mind that had kept her from betting five dollars every clip, and look what that would mean to their pile!

Cousin Egbert give 'em one look and says, right out loud, Leonard Wales is the biggest ham that was ever smoked, and he'd like to meet him, man to man, outside; then he goes off muttering that he can be pushed just so far, but in the excitement of the play no one pays the least attention to him. A little later I see him all alone out in the hall again. He was scrunched painfully up in a chair till he looked just like this here French metal statue called *Lee Penaer*, which in our language means "The Thinker." I let him think, not having the heart to prong him again so quick.

And the game goes merrily on, with Sandy collecting steadily on his hunch and Cora Wales telling her husband the truth about himself every time one of these three numbers didn't win; she exposed some very distressing facts about his nature the time she put five apiece on the three numbers and the single-o come up. It was a mad life, that last hour, with a lot of other enraged ladies round the layout, some being mad because they hadn't had money to play the hunch with, and others because they hadn't had the nerve.

Then somebody found it was near midnight and the crowd begun to fall away. Cousin Egbert strolls by and says don't quit on his account—that they can stick there and play their hunch till the bad place freezes over, for all he cares; and he goes over to the bar and takes a drink all by himself, which in him is a sign of great mental disturbance.

Then, for about twenty minutes, I was chatting with the Mes-dames Ballard and Price about what a grand success our part had been, owing to Sandy acting the fool with Cousin Egbert's money, which the latter ain't wise to yet. When I next notice the game a halt has been called by Cora Wales. It seems the hunch has quit working. Neither of 'em has won a bet for twenty minutes and Cora is calling the game crooked.

"It looks very, very queer," says she, "that our numbers should so suddenly stop winning; very queer and suspicious indeed!" And she glared at Cousin Egbert with rage and distrust splitting fifty-fifty in her fevered eyes.

Cousin Egbert replied quickly, but he kind of sputtered and so couldn't have been arrested for it.

"Oh, I've no doubt you can explain it very glibly," says Cora; "but it seems very queer indeed to Leonard and I, especially coming at this peculiar time, when our little home is almost within my grasp."

Cousin Egbert just walked off, though opening and shutting his hands in a nervous way, like, in fancy free, he had her out on her own lot in Price's Addition and was there abusing her fatally.

"Very well!" says Cora with great majesty. "He may evade giving me a satisfactory explanation of this extraordinary change, but I shall certainly not remain in this place and permit myself to be fleeced. Here, darling!"

And she stuffs some loose silver into darling's last pocket that will hold any more. He was already wadded with bills and sagging with coin, till it didn't look like the same suit of clothes. Then she stood there with a cynical smile and watched Sandy still playing his hunch, ten dollars to a number, and never winning a bet.

"You poor dupe!" says she when Sandy himself finally got tired and quit. "It's especially awkward," she adds, "because, while we have saved enough to start our little nook, it will have to be far less pretentious than I was planning to make it while the game seemed to be played honestly."

Cousin Egbert gets this and says, as polite as a stinging lizard, that he stands ready to give her a chance at any game she can think of, from mumblety-peg up. He says if she'll turn him and Leonard loose in a cellar that he'll give her fifty dollars for every one she's winner if he don't have Len screaming for help inside of one minute—or make it fifteen seconds. Len, who's about the size of a freight car, smiles kind of sickish at this, and says he hopes there's no hard feelings among old friends and lodge brothers; and Egbert says, Oh, no! It would just be in the nature of a friendly contest, which he feels very much like having one, since he can be pushed just so far; but Cora says gambling has brutalized him.

Then she sees the cards on the table and asks again about this game where you play cards with yourself and mebbe win a thousand dollars cold. She wants to know if you actually get the thousand in cash, and Egbert says:

"Sure! A thousand that any bank in town would accept at par."

She picks up the deck and almost falls, but thinks better of it.

"Could I play with my own cards?" she wants to know, looking suspicious at these. Egbert says she sure can. "And in my own home?" asks Cora.

"Your own house or any place else," says Egbert, "and any hour of the day or night. Just call me up when you feel lucky."

"We could embellish our little nook with many needful things," says Cora. "A thousand dollars spent sensibly would do marvels." But after fiddling a bit more with the cards she laid 'em down with a pitiful sigh.

Cousin Egbert just looked at her, then looked away quick, as if he couldn't stand it any more, and says: "War is certainly what that man Sherman said it was."

Then he watches Sandy Sawtelle cashing in his chips and is kind of figuring up his total losses; so I can't resist handing him another.

"I don't know what us Mes-dames would of done without your master mind," I says; "and yet I'd hate to be a Belgian with the tobacco habit and have to depend on you to gratify it."

"Well," he answers, very mad, "I don't see so many of 'em getting tobacco heart with the proceeds of your fancy truck out in them booths either!"

"Don't you indeed?" I says, and just at the right moment too. "Then you better take another look or get your eyes fixed or something."

For just then Sandy stands up on a chair and says:

"Ladies and gents, a big pile of valuable presents is piled just at the right of the main entrance as you go out, and I hope

you will one and all accept same with the welcome compliments of me and old Jerry, that I had to take eleven stitches in the hide of. As you will pass out in an orderly manner, let every lady help herself to two objects that attract her, and every gent help himself to one object; and no crowding or pulling, I trust, because some of the objects would break, like the mustache cup and saucer, or the drainpipe, with painted posies on it, to hold your umbrels. Remember my words—every lady two objects and every gent one only. There is also a new washboiler full of lemonade that you can partake of at will, though I guess you won't want any—and thanking you one and all!"

So they cheer Sandy like mad and beat it out to get first grab at the plunder; and just as Cousin Egbert thinks he now knows the worst, in comes the girls that had the booths, bringing all the chips Buck Devine had paid 'em—two hundred and seventy-eight dollars' worth that Egbert has to dig down for after he thinks all is over.

"Ain't it jolly!" I says to him while he was writing another check on the end of the bar. "This is the first time us ladies ever did clean out every last object at a bazaar. Not a thing left; and I wish we'd got in twice as much, because Sandy don't do things by halves when his money comes easy from some poor dub that has thought highly of himself as a thinker about money matters."

He pretends not to hear me because of signing his name very carefully to the check. "And what a sweet little home you'll build for the Wales family!" I says. "I can see it now, all ornamented up, and with one of these fancy bungalow names up over the front gate—probably they'll call it The Breakers!"

But he wouldn't come back; so I left him surrounded by the wreck of his former smartiness, and went home. At the door where the treasures had been massed not a solitary thing was left but a plush holder for a whisk broom, with hand-painted pansies on the front; and I decided I could live without that.

Tim Mahoney was there, grouching round about having to light up the ball next night for the B'nai B'rith; and I told him to take it for himself. He already had six drawn-work doilies and a vanity box with white and red powder in it.

As I go by the Hong-Kong Quick Lunch, Sandy and three or four others is up on stools; and the Chinaman, cooking things behind the counter, is wearing a lavender-striped silk dressing sacque and a lace boudoir cap with pink ribbons in it. Yes, we'd all had a purple night of it!

Next day about noon I'm downtown and catch sight of Cousin Egbert setting in the U. S. Grill having breakfast; so I feel mean enough to go in and gloat over him some more. I think to find him all madded up and mortified; but he's strangely cheerful for one who has suffered. He was bearing up so wonderful that I asked him why.

"Ain't you heard?" says he, blotting round in his steak platter with a thick slice of bread. "Well, I got even with that Wales outfit just before daylight to-day—that's all!"

"Talk on," I beg, quite incredulous.

"I didn't get to bed till about two," he says, "and at three I was woke up by the telephone. It's this big stiff Len Wales, that had ought to have his head taken off because it only absorbs nourishment from his system and gives nothing in return. He's laughing in a childish frenzy and says is this me? I says it is, but that's neither here nor there, and what does he want at this hour? 'It's a good joke on you,' he says, 'for the little woman got it on the third trial.' 'Got what?' I wanted to know. 'Got that solitaire,' he yells. 'And it's a good joke on you, all right, because now you owe her the thousand dollars; and I hate to bother you, but you know how some women are that have a delicate, high-strung organization. She says she won't be able to sleep a wink if you don't bring it up to her so she can have all our little treasure under her pillow; and I think, myself, it's better to have it all settled and satisfactory while the iron's hot, and you'd probably prefer it that way too; and she says she won't mind, this time, taking your check, though the actual money would be far more satisfactory, because you know what women are ——'

"Say! He raves on like this for three minutes, stopping to laugh like a maniac about every three words, before I can get a word in to tell him that I'm a delicate, high-strung organization myself, if you come right down to it, and I can't stand there in my nightgown listening to a string of nonsense. He chokes and says: 'What nonsense?' And I ask him does he think I'd pay a thousand dollars out on a game I hadn't overlooked? And he says didn't I agree to in the presence of witnesses, and the cards is laid out right there now on the dining-room table if I got the least suspicion the game wasn't played fair, and will I come up and look for myself! And I says 'Not in a thousand years!' Because what does he think I am!

"So then Mis' Wales she breaks in and says: 'Listen, Mr. Floud! You are taking a most peculiar attitude in this matter. You perhaps don't understand that it means a great deal to dear Leonard and me—try to think calmly and summon your finer instincts. You said I could not only play with my own cards at any hour of the night or day, but in my own home; and I chose to play here, because conditions are more harmonious to my psychic powers ——' And so on and so on, and she can't understand my peculiar attitude once more, till I thought I'd bust.

"It was lucky she had the telephone between us or I should certainly of been pinched for a crime of violence. But I got kind of collected in my senses and I told her I already had been pushed as far as I could be; and then I think of a good one: I ask her does she know what General Sherman said war was?

"So she says, 'No; but what has that got to do with it?' 'Well, listen carefully!' I says. 'You tell dear Leonard that I am now saying my last word in this matter by telling you both to go to war—and then ask him to tell you right out what Sherman said war was.'

"I listened a minute longer for her scream, and when it come, like sweet music or something, I went to bed again and slept happy. Yes, sir; I got even with them sharks all right, though she's telling all over town this morning that I have repudiated a debt of honor and she's going to have that thousand if there's any law in the land; and, anyway, she'll get me took up for conducting a common gambling house. Gee! It makes me feel good!"

That's always the way with this old Egbert boy; nothing ever seems to faze him for very long.

"How much do you lose on the night?" I ask him.

"Well, the bar was a great help," he says, very chipper; "so I only lose about fourteen hundred all told. It'll make a nice bunch for the Belgians, and the few dollars you ladies made at your cheap booths will help some."

"How will your fourteen hundred lost be any help to the Belgians?" I wanted to know; and he looked at me very superior and as crafty as a fox.

"Simple enough!" he says in a lofty manner. "I was going to give what I win, wasn't I? So why wouldn't I give what I lose? That's plain enough for anyone but a woman to see, ain't it? I give Mis' Ballard, the treasurer, a check for fourteen hundred not an hour ago. I told you I knew how to run one of these grafts, didn't I? Didn't I, now?"

Wasn't that just like the old smarty? You never know when you got him nailed. And feeling so good over getting even with that fool Wales couple that had about a thousand dollars of his money that very minute!

Still from the dimly lighted bunkhouse came the wail of Sandy Sawtelle to make vibrant the night. He had returned to his earlier song after intermittent trifling with an extensive repertoire:

There's a broken heart for every light on Broadway,
A million tears for every gleam, they say.
Those lights above you think nothing of you;
It's those who love you that have to pay. . .

It was the wail of one thwarted and perishing.

"Ain't it the sobbing tenor?" remarked his employer. "But you can't blame him after the killing he made before. Of course he'll get to town sooner or later and play this fourteen number, being that the new reform administration, with Lon Price as Mayor, is now safely elected and the game can open up again. Yes, sir; he's nutty about stitches in a mule. I wouldn't put it past him that he had old Jerry kicked on purpose to-day!"

The National Park Line

YOU can visit the three great National Parks—Glacier, Yellowstone and Rocky Mountain-Estes—all wonderful—all different—on a Burlington low-fare Summer Excursion-Vacation Ticket to Glacier Park. Or you can go direct to any one of them.

GLACIER is vast, thrilling—terrific in its mountain grandeur.

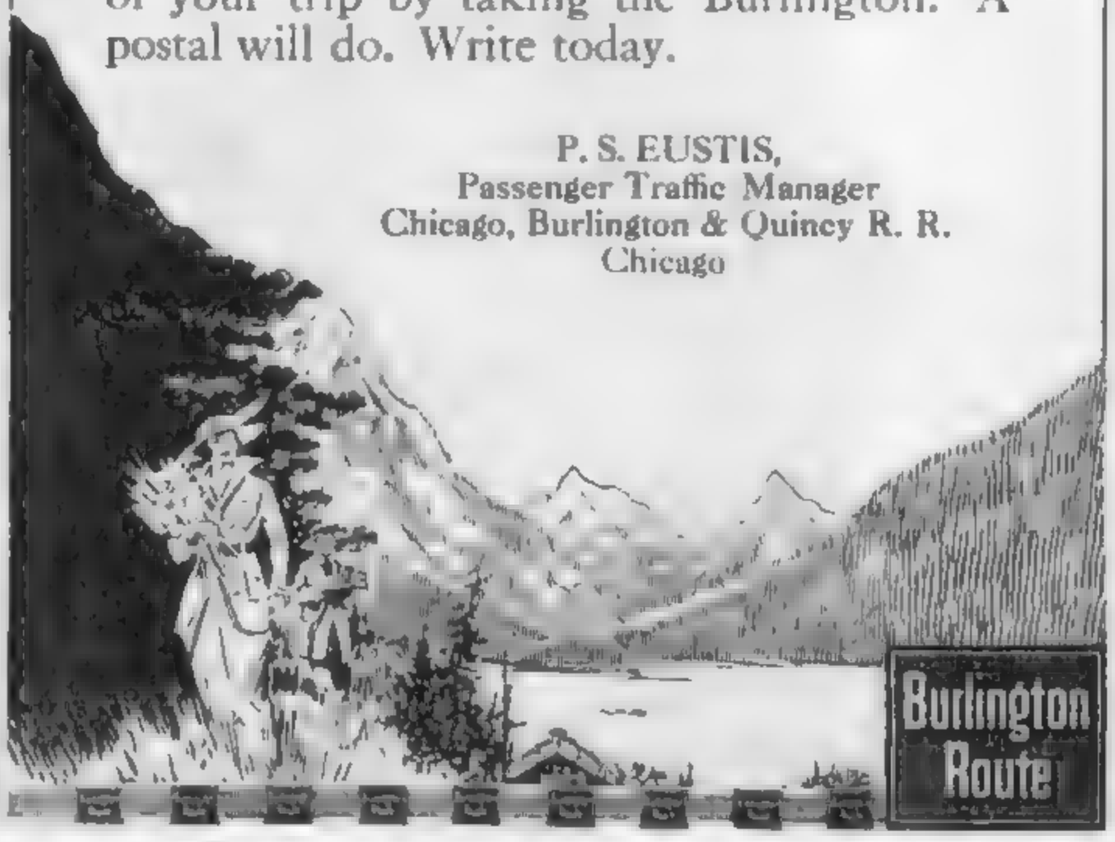
YELLOWSTONE, the land of geysers and waterfalls, is weird and mysterious.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN-ESTES, the perfect place for the Camp-Fire Girls, the ideal army post for the Boy Scout, is a vacation paradise for people of all ages.

They are all the work of the Architect of ALL Things in His rarest mood—ALL in your own dear America and ALL reached by Burlington service.

Just say which Park you wish to visit and let me tell you how you can make the most of your trip by taking the Burlington. A postal will do. Write today.

P. S. EUSTIS,
Passenger Traffic Manager
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R.
Chicago



Buick

PIONEER BUILDERS OF VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR CARS

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY
Flint, Michigan

Branches in All Principal Cities
Dealers Everywhere

Right Principles And Their Public Reward

THE motorist who watches the signs of the times is deeply interested in the ever-growing dominance of the road by the Buick.

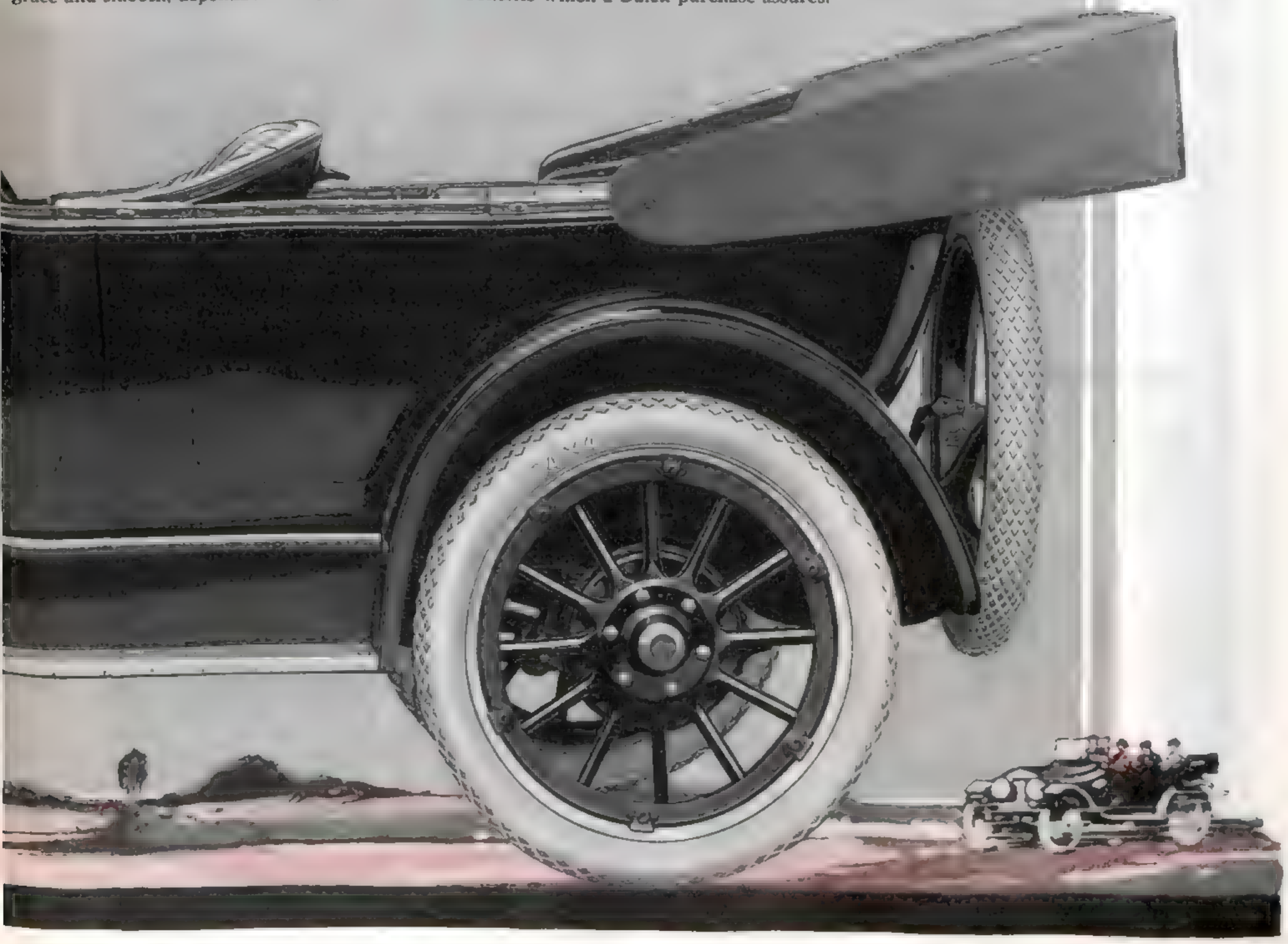
IT is significant of that appreciation which the American public always accords to the pioneer genius who builds consistently on the right foundation principles.

THE Buick Valve-in-Head Motor has been proved to be the logical application of power. Power that means swiftness with grace and smooth, dependable action.

MEASURING miles by the gallon—it is easy to prove the extra mileage which Buick engineering obtains from every gallon of gasoline.

THIS economy is a point of consideration nowadays, when a motor-car, from being a hobby or a luxury, is a necessity in the world's affairs.

MOTORISTS of experience and insight are quick to grasp the long-time investment benefits which a Buick purchase assures.



Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen
CLIP-CAP
CLIP-CAP
VACATION *plus*
a Waterman's Ideal is pleasure
plus CONVENIENCE
Just as in business or at home this famous writing instrument is a never-failing servant to your thoughts, so when you travel, or browse on mountain slope, or bask at the shore, or sail the sea, it is a source of unending personal satisfaction.
There is a type of Waterman's Ideal for every preference: a *Self-Filler* which requires only the raising and lowering of the lever to refill; a *Safety Type* that may be tossed into your grip or trunk, or carried loosely in the pocket; or the *Regular Type*. Every Waterman's Ideal has the quality, the fine finish and workmanship, the exclusive patented features and the *Dependability* which for two generations have made this the world's standard fountain pen.
Before you start fit your style of writing with a Waterman's Ideal. Throughout the world are dealers who will cheerfully cooperate on our guarantee to exchange points until you are entirely suited. Get the genuine; if it isn't an Ideal it isn't a Waterman's and doesn't have the same service *Built* into it.
WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN, NY
Take Waterman's Ideal Ink with you.
Go to the best dealer in any community and ask to see Waterman's Ideal in Self-Filling, Safety or Regular Types. $2.50, $4.00, $5.00 to $150. Folder on request.
L. E. Waterman Company, New York

THE BLUE-WATER FEVER

(Continued from Page 11)

"Two mates, a cook and ten A. B.'s!" he murmured presently. "One man, even a Matt Peasley, cannot do the work of thirteen men. No, Skinner; it isn't done. One man simply cannot sail a barkentine."

But Mr. Skinner was not listening. He was on the long-distance phone calling the master of the Tillicum, just about finishing discharge of a cargo of nitrate at San Pedro. And presently Cappy heard him speaking:

"Mr. Ricks, listen! Grant, of the Tillicum, says Matt would go up the China Sea on the southwest monsoon. . . . Yes, captain. You say—ah, yes; quite so. . . . Grant says he'd edge over until he got into the Japan Stream, and that would add a knot or two an hour to his speed. . . . Yes, Grant. Speak up! . . . Grant says, Mr. Ricks, that about the middle of September or the first of October Matt would run out of the southwest monsoon into the northeast monsoon—that's it, Grant, isn't it? He'd get them about off Formosa, eh? . . . Yes, Grant. Then he'd run into the prevailing westerly winds and run north on a great circle about five hundred miles below the Aleutian Islands—I see, Grant. And he'd come ramping home with the northwest at his tail? I see, Grant. All right! Fill your oil tanks and take an extra supply on deck, head into the North Pacific. . . . Yes; use your own judgment, of course. Mine's no good. . . . Yes; and bring a lot of disinfectants and a doctor, so it'll be safe to put a few men aboard when you find her and put your hawser on her. . . . Yes, Grant. If you find her you'll not have reason to regret it. Good-by! Good luck!"

"While the Tillicum is on this wild-goose chase, Skinner," Cappy said wearily, "she is chartered by the Blue Star Navigation Company to Alden P. Ricks personally, at the prevailing rates. The stockholders mustn't pay for my fancies, Skinner. You'll see to that, won't you?"

III

Excerpts from the log of Captain Matthew Peasley, relief skipper of the American barkentine Retriever; Manila to San Francisco.

MAY Third.—Seaman Olaf Lindstrom died to-day, following an illness of thirty-six hours. He was taken with chills and fever on the morning of the second, complained of a severe headache and vomited repeatedly. Removed him from the forecastle to a spare room in the forward house, which on the Retriever has always been used as a sick bay. While being supported along the deck he collapsed, and when the mate undressed him and put him to bed he complained of soreness in his groins. I examined them and found them slightly swollen. Treated him for ague—calomel, salts, quinine and whisky, and one-fortieth-grain strychnine hypodermic solution to keep up his heart action when the fever registered one hundred and four and higher. He grew steadily worse. Could not find anything in my Home Book of Medicine that exactly described his symptoms, and was at a loss to diagnose Lindstrom's case until I discovered the ship's cat with a rat it had just killed.

There were no rats aboard the Retriever when she left San Francisco. I recalled that the first night we tied up to the dock in Manila a dirty little China Coast tramp lay just ahead of us; and as I passed her on my way uptown I saw a rat run down her gangplank. She had rat-guards on her mooring lines. We had just tied up to the dock and I returned immediately and instructed the mate to be sure to put the rat-guards on our mooring lines, and not to use any sort of gangplank. When I returned to the vessel later that night I found that the mate had neglected to put on the rat-guards and logged him for it. Before we left the dock a Chinaman died of bubonic plague aboard that tramp, and the port health authorities put the vessel in quarantine immediately and prevented further spread of the disease.

When I saw the ship's cat with a rat, therefore, I knew we had some of that rotten China Coaster's plague rats aboard. Accordingly threw cat and rat overboard just as the cook announced Lindstrom's death. Upon looking up the dope on plague, I am now convinced that we have it aboard—that Lindstrom died of it. First Mate Olaf Matson wrapped himself in my old bathrobe, gloved his hands and threw Lindstrom's body overboard, following it with the gloves and bathrobe.

I am, in a measure, prepared for plague. When I learned we had lain close to a vessel with a case of plague aboard I laid in some plague medicine, on general principles and just to have an anchor out to windward. At the English drug store on the Escolta I bought a tiny bottle of Yersin's Antipest Serum and another of Haffkine's Prophylactic Fluid. It was all they had on hand and it wasn't much; but—it is enough to save me—and I intend to be saved if possible. I cannot afford to die now. I do not know how old the Haffkine's fluid is; and the older it is, the longer it takes to render one immune. The antipest serum will render me immune immediately, but the duration of the immunity thus granted lasts, at the most, only fifteen days. I must, therefore, first take a hypodermic injection of antipest serum to render me immune immediately and the next day follow with an injection of Haffkine's fluid, which gives permanent immunity, but not for a week or longer when used alone.

There is this devilish thing about it to be considered, however: I may at this moment be inoculated with plague, for the period of inoculation is from three to seven days—and I've fondled that cat every day since we left Manila. If I am already inoculated and do not know it, and while in that condition take an injection of the antipest serum, the book says the serum will immediately bring on a fatal and virulent attack of the plague! On the other hand, if I am not inoculated and take the antipest serum I am safe.

The question before the house, therefore, is: Shall I take it or shall I not? And if I do take it shall I be saving my life or committing suicide? I am like the fellow in the story who was forced to drink from one of two glasses of wine. He knew one of them contained poison, but he didn't know which one it was! I shall make my will and flip a coin to decide the issue.

May Fourth.—Two A.M. Mate reports another sick man in the forecastle. Wish I had some formaldehyde gas. Have told mate to sprinkle chloride of lime in Lindstrom's bunk and to dust the walls and floor of the forecastle and sick bay with it. That is the only disinfectant I have aboard in quantity.

At midnight I flipped the coin—heads I'd take it; tails I wouldn't. The coin fell heads—and I took it.

Four A.M.—Mustered the crew and gave them a lecture on bubonic plague. I have sufficient antipest serum for four men. After explaining that it was Hobson's choice, I asked the men to draw matches, held in the hand of the first mate, to see who should be the lucky ones. They all decided to take a chance and go without it, with the exception of two seamen and the mates, who, learning that I had taken it, decided to follow suit. Accordingly I inoculated them with the antipest serum.

Five P.M.—Inoculated myself with the Haffkine's fluid.

Seven-thirty.—Seaman Ross died. Mr. Matson threw the body overboard. No services.

Midnight.—Mr. Matson is down withit.

May Fifth.—Mr. Matson very ill and delirious. Cook moping round like a drunken man; complains of severe headache. Wind blowing lightly from southwest. Everything set. Inoculated second mate and the two seamen with Haffkine's.

May Sixth.—Mr. Matson died at noon today. Cook down with it; also another seaman, and Mr. Eccles, the second mate. Have altered ship's course and am running for Hongkong. Winds light and baffling. Have not made thirty miles to-day. Calm at midnight. Mr. Eccles died just as the watches were being changed. I now feel that I have escaped; so examined Mr. Eccles' body. He went so fast I am curious. No swelling of the glands at all. Am inclined to think his was pneumonic or septicæmic. Threw him overboard myself.

May Seventh.—Light and baffling airs all day; monsoon blowing in weak puffs. Another seaman ill. So ends this day

May Eighth.—Cook died at noon. No buboes on him either. He turned kind of black. I was chief undertaker. No airs to speak of. Ship barely making steerageway. So ends this day.

May Ninth.—Seaman Peterson died early this morning. Do not know exact hour. Found him dead in his berth. Another funeral; no services. Monsoon

freshening. Made forty-eight miles to-day. Two more seamen on sick report; and, to add to my worries, they are the very two I inoculated with the antipest serum and Haffkine's. Is this stuff the bunk?

May Tenth.—Seamen Halloran and Kaiser died within an hour of each other this evening—Halloran at nine-thirty and Kaiser at ten-eighteen. Put both bodies overboard immediately.

I have four seamen left, and am doing the cooking, navigating, nursing and undertaking. Wind freshening hourly. Made seventy-two miles to-day. Glad Florry and Cappy Ricks cannot see me now, although, for some fool reason, I have a notion I shall see them again. If I were going to get plague it would have developed before now. I feel quite safe, but most unhappy and worried.

Midnight.—Seaman Anderson down with it. Jumped overboard to save me the bother of throwing him overboard about the day after to-morrow, which is a courtesy I did not expect of Anderson. I am obliged to him. I am exhausted and so are my three remaining seamen. We cannot handle the canvas now, so have taken in the foresail, royals, and topgallant sails, hauled down the flying jib and got the gaff topsail off her, leaving her under the jib, fore-topmast staysail, upper and lower fore-topsails, main-topmast staysail, mainsail and spanker. Hove her to and turned in.

May Eleventh.—After a horrible breakfast, which I cooked, got under way again. Monsoon blowing nicely, but under the small amount of canvas I am forced to carry cannot make more than six miles an hour. Have decided not to run to Hongkong. If I am to lose my three remaining seamen I shall have lost them long before I sight land, and the tug or steamer that hooks on to me off Hongkong will stick me with a terrific salvage bill. If I'm going to be stuck I prefer to be stuck closer to home, and if I manage to keep these three men the four of us can sail her home. I'll take a chance and run up the coast of Asia with the Japan Stream until I reach the northeast monsoon. I'm certain to be spoken and can send word to Florry. In a pinch, at this season of the year, I can sail her home alone.

May Fifteenth.—I am alone on the ship. Into the Japan Stream, monsoon blowing the sweetest it ever blew. Lucky thing for me I had the forethought to trim her down; otherwise I should have had to cut away a lot of canvas. And how Cappy Ricks would scream at the sail bill later on! We were hove to overnight when Borden and Jacobsen died, on the thirteenth. McBain complained of a headache and vertigo on the morning of the fourteenth; so I laid to until he died, last night. I was not with him when he passed. What good would it have done? I had breakfast; and after breakfast I found him in his berth, dead. I tossed him overboard, and every last rag of clothing, dunnage and blankets aboard, with the exception of those in my own cabin. Then I burned sulphur in the forecastle, the galley, the cook's room and the stateroom formerly occupied by the mates, closed the doors, and hoped for the best. Slept a lot that day and night; and at eight this morning slacked off my spanker and main sheets, checked in my foreyard and topsail yards by taking the braces to the donkey engine, and was off for home.

Have established my commissary in the lee of the wheel box. Set up a small kerosene stove I found in the storeroom, and got along nicely. It is quite an art to fry eggs with one hand and steady the wheel with the other, but I managed it three times to-day. To-morrow I will cook enough at breakfast to last me for lunch and supper; hence will only have to heat some coffee.

Logged fifty-one miles by eight o'clock; then lashed the wheel and let her take care of herself while I got steam up in the donkey and hauled in my spanker and mainsail; then I slacked off my foreyard and topsail yards, hove her to on the port tack, set my three red lights on the forestay to show she wasn't under command, set my alarm clock and turned in. I have to smile at the ease with which one man—provided he is a sizable man and able to stand the strain—can sail a barkentine before the wind in fair weather. I am not worried. I am not going to have bubonic plague. It is horribly lonely, but I am due for fair winds—and I should worry!

Even if I should get a blow and have to take the lower topsail off her, I can lower the yard by the topsail halyards until it rests on the cap; then I'll skip aloft and run a knife along the head of the topsail and let it whip to glory. After that it may blow and be damned! All the clothes the old girl is wearing now will never take the sticks out of her. I've trimmed her down to jib, lower topsail, fore-topmast staysail, mainsail and spanker. Wish I dared carry the foresail. However, I must play safe. It is awful, though, to be in a ship as fast as the Retriever and have to crawl the way I'm crawling. Crawl all day and sleep all night! Well, sometimes I can crawl all day and night and sleep half a day. We shall see. I used to be able to stand considerable before I hit the beach and got soft. This thing of firing the donkey every night would soon exhaust my fuel supply; but I have a deckload of hardwood logs!

FOUR months had passed since the Ecudorian had spoken Matt Peasley off the coast of Formosa; during that period no further news had been received in Cappy Ricks' office, although the diligent Skinner, aided and abetted by the water-front reporters, managed to have a cheering piece of information for Florry about every two weeks. And, in order to forestall any possibility of some garrulous girl friend, with a male relative in the shipping business, "spilling the beans," as Cappy expressed it, the old man had taken a house in the country, and came to the office only twice a week to mourn for his lost Matthew and glean what little comfort he could from the empty words of hope Mr. Skinner dispensed so lavishly.

"If we can only keep Florry buoyed up with hope until the baby comes!" Cappy would groan. "She's worried; but, strange to say, Skinner, she hasn't the slightest idea he's in any danger. Those fake cablegrams and reports of ships speaking Matt—each time closer to home—have done the trick, Skinner. Of course the boy's dead, and I killed him; but Florry—well, she took a trip on the Retriever and knows how safe she is, and I've had a lot of old sailing skippers down to visit me, and primed them to tell her just how they would get away with such a proposition as Matt's—and how easy it would be. Besides, she knows Matt had some plague prophylactic aboard——"

"Yes; and I've told her she mustn't show the white feather—for your sake," Mr. Skinner interrupted; "and I guess she's sensible enough to know she mustn't permit herself to show it—for the baby's sake."

Cappy bowed his head and shook like a hooked fish.

"When the baby's two weeks old I'll tell her," he moaned. "Oh, Skinner, Skinner, my dear boy, this is going to kill me! I won't last long now, Skinner. All my fault! I had to go butting in. That girl's heart is breaking with anxiety. When she comes down to breakfast, Skinner, I can see she's been crying all night."

"Horrible!" Mr. Skinner murmured. "Horrible! We can only hope."

On the twelfth of September Florry's baby was born. It was a boy, and a bouncing boy at that; and Cappy Ricks forgot for the moment he had rendered that baby fatherless, and came up to the city to report the news to Skinner.

"Well, Skinner, my dear boy," he announced with just a touch of his old-time jauntiness, "little Matthew just arrived! Everything lovely."

Mr. Skinner was about to frame suitable phrases of congratulation when the telephone bell rang. It was Jerry Dooley up at the Merchants' Exchange; and he was all excitement.

"Hey, Skinner," he yelled. "The Retriever is passing in!"

"No!" Mr. Skinner shrieked. "It isn't possible!"

"It is! She's coming in the Gate now—she's right under the lookout's telescope; and there's only one man on deck ——"

Mr. Skinner turned to Cappy Ricks, put his arms round him, and jerked the old man from one end of the office to the other.

"He's safe, he's safe, he's safe, he's safe!" he howled indecorously. "Matt's sailing her in. He's sailing her in ——"

"You scoundrel!" Cappy shrilled. "Be quiet! Is she sailing in or towing ——"

"She's sailing in."

Cappy Ricks slumped down in his chair, his arms hanging weakly at his sides.

"Yes, Skinner," he barely whispered. "Matt's alive, after all. Nobody else would have the consummate crust to sail her in but him. Any other skipper under

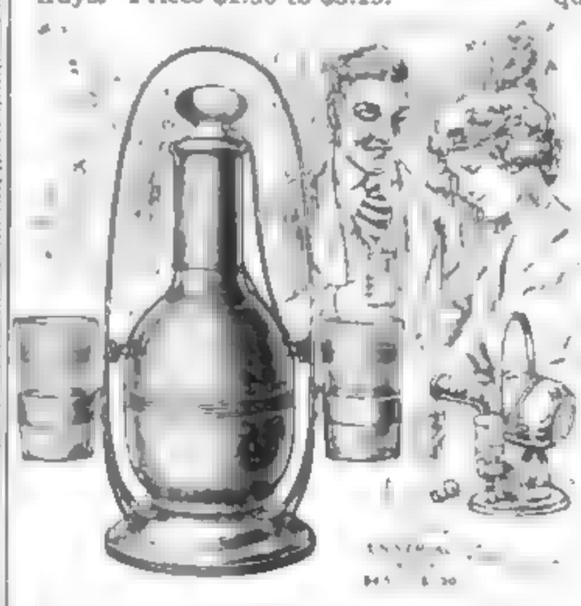
(Concluded on Page 44)

UNIVERSAL
VACUUM BOTTLES

This Trade Mark UNIVERSAL is on each one

Brings the noon-day meal, fresh and appetizing with a steaming cup of hot tea or coffee or an ice cold glass of milk. Made of heavy tin, built to stand long and severe usage. Colors: Tan, Black, Dark Green and Monitor Gray. Furnished with or without aluminum food trays. Prices $2.50 to $3.25.

Made for school children and others compelled to spend the noon hour away from home. The food box keeps sandwiches, etc., fresh as when made, while the vacuum bottle provides a hot or cold beverage as desired. Made in several styles. Half pint, pint and quart sizes. Prices $2.50 to $7.00.



For use on veranda, dining tables, in sleeping rooms, in the office, etc. Serves hot or cold beverages in the most up-to-date way. Various styles including the new verde antique finish which harmonizes so perfectly with modern porch furnishings. Prices range from $4.50 to $12.00.

In caring for invalids or for keeping baby's milk pure and fresh the Vacuum Bottle is invaluable. Half pint, pint and quart sizes. $2.25 to $3.75. Also made with extra drinking cups in cover (an exclusive UNIVERSAL feature) 3 extra cups in quart size, 1 extra cup in pint size. Prices from $2.75 to $4.75.

For every-day use in the home. Makes possible the serving of an ice cold or a piping hot drink without the necessity of going to the ice box or the stove. New type with corrugated full nickel case. Pint and quart sizes. $2.25 and $3.25. Also made with extra drinking cups nested in cover. Prices $2.50 and $4.25.

On fishing or hunting trips you'll appreciate the advantage of a hot or cold drink wherever you are, at any time. The bottle illustrated is intended for just such use. Case of corrugated green enamel with nickel shoulder and cap. An attractive bottle at a popular price. Pint $2.00. Quart $3.00.

UNIVERSAL Vacuum Bottles are warranted to Keep Liquids Hot 24 or Cold 72 Hours.

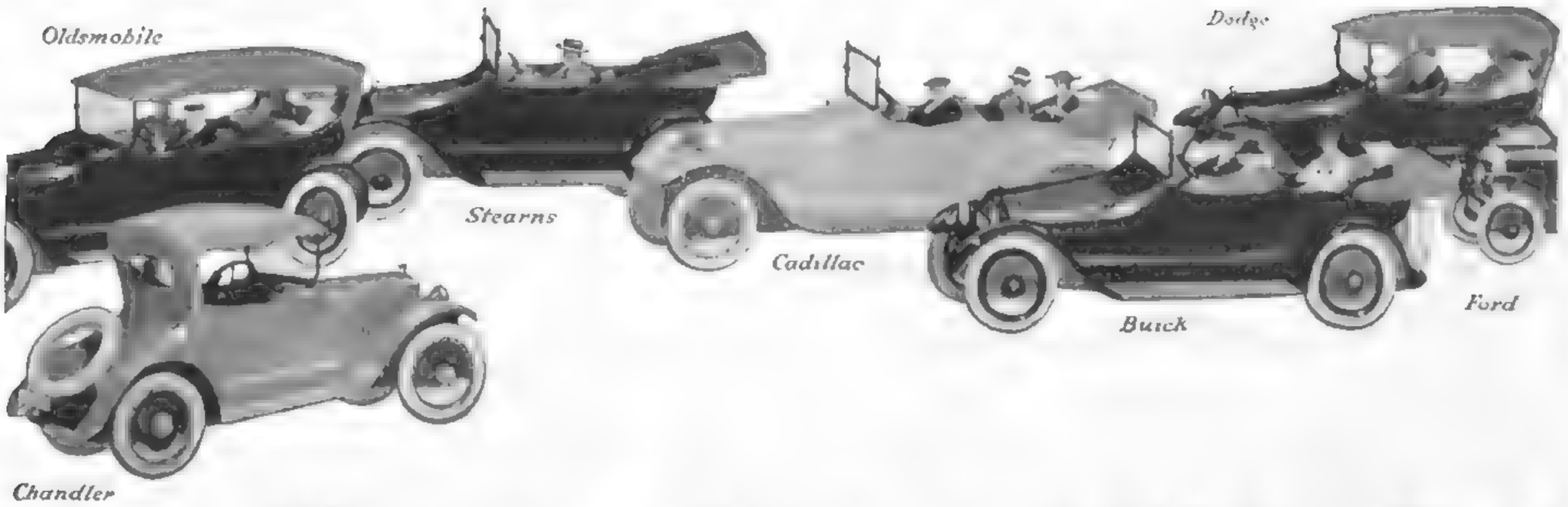
On Sale at All Good Stores Write for Free Booklet

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, 642 Commercial St. New Britain, Conn.

Goodyear Cord Tires, in No Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, are made with the famous Goodyear All Weather and Ribbed Treads, both double thick for gasoline and electric cars

Goodyear Tires Tubes and Tire Saver Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere

GOODYEAR
AKRON



Winning a Wider and Wider Field

If you want to get an idea of the growth of Goodyear Cord Tires, watch what is going on in your home town right under your own eyes.

Time was when Goodyear Cords were considered the special prerogative of the larger and costlier cars.

Now, a tremendous demand has sprung up among owners of cars of every size and almost every class.

You have known that Goodyear Cord Tires are regular equipment on the Franklin, the Packard Twin Six, the Locomobile, the Peerless, the White, and the Haynes Twelve.

Look about you, and you will see that they are being adopted, now, by owners of scores of other cars.

Hudson, Oldsmobile, Chandler, Chevrolet, Cadillac, Buick, Chalmers, Pierce-Arrow, Studebaker, Winton, Dodge Brothers, Paige, Overland, Ford—every car shown in the panoramic picture, and many that are not, is included in the steadily growing Goodyear Cord list.

Could there be a stronger indication of downright good value than this spontaneous and widespread adoption of a tire whose first cost is, of course, greater?

You know that all these users are not buying Goodyear Cords solely because their oversize and smartness add to the distinguished appearance of any car.

That is a consideration, of course. But if there wasn't something to them more tangible than mere good looks and social distinction—the mass of motorists would never pay the higher price.

That something that makes them glad to stand the greater first cost is, of course, greater goodness, and greater comfort, less-power-lost, and more-mileage-gained.

Their flexibility and resilience enable them to absorb road shocks without danger of stone-bruise and blow-out; add miles per gallon; assist in a quicker get-away; and make the car coast farther when power is shut off.

In size, Goodyear No-Hook Cords are much larger, and afford much greater air space, than ordinary Q. D. clinchers. This increased pneumatic cushion emphasizes their comfort and offers further effective insurance against trouble.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

A striking object lesson of the endurance of Goodyear Cord Tires was given recently on the Empire car which broke the 446 mile road record between Los Angeles and Oakland, Cal. The car speed averaged 43.09 miles per hour for 10 hours 21 minutes. The Goodyear Cord Tires went the distance and the pace without trouble of any sort.

Further proof of endurance was furnished by the Goodyear Cord Tires on the Buick Six, which made a record run between Los Angeles and San Francisco, a distance of 457 miles. The car speed averaged 42.36 miles per hour for 10 hours, 47 minutes; and the original four Goodyear Cord Tires went the entire distance.

CORD TIRES

Have Your Own Fire Department

You Need a Real Fire Engine to Put Out a Real Fire

Armies need artillery to back up their infantry fire. YOU need this powerful AJAX Chemical Fire Engine to back up your present fire-fighting facilities.

The AJAX is always ready for immediate use. It is light and easily moved about at a good rate of speed. It throws a powerful chemical stream 80 feet, with a fire-fighting efficiency equal to many thousand buckets of ordinary water. It gets a large quantity of efficient chemical solution on a fire in quick time. It saves water damage and puts out fires composed of inflammable materials, such as oil, paint, turpentine, tar, gasoline, etc., on which ordinary water has little or no effect. It can be used both inside and outside of buildings. It is low in price, and costs practically nothing to maintain.

AJAX
CHEMICAL FIRE ENGINES

Are used not only by Town and Village Fire Departments, but also by hundreds of well-known private users, including the Standard Oil Co., United States Steel Corp., American Smelting and Refining Co., American Sugar Refining Co., [illegible], Bethlehem Steel Co., Du Pont Powder Co., Armour Packing Co., Texas Co., the Cudahy Co., etc. Also by such well-known railroads as the Reading, Great Northern, Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, Lehigh Valley, Lackawanna, etc. Also by the United States, Japan, Mexico, Brazil, Cuba and other Foreign Governments. Also by country estates of prominent people, such as Mrs. French Vanderbilt, of Newport; Mr. W. P. Hamilton, of Messrs. J. P. Morgan and Co.; Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, banker, etc. Also by well-known department stores in New York City, such as Wanamaker's, Macy's, Stern Brothers, McCreery's, etc. In fact it is used by large and small concerns *in all lines of business.*

The AJAX is the same as the automobile chemical fire engines used by large City Fire Departments, which extinguish a big percentage of fires in our Cities, except that it is a hand-drawn machine. It has practically the same capacity, throws a stream just as far, and contains the same chemical solution.

30-Day FREE Trial Offer

We want to ship you a machine for 30 days' free trial at our expense. This costs you absolutely nothing. We pay the freight charges and there is no obligation on your part. This gives you an opportunity to examine the machine, test it out in any way that you see fit, show it to your employees or Town Citizens, etc.

Fill in the Coupon below today, and we will send you our complete descriptive pamphlet, prices, and full particulars regarding our free trial offer. Don't delay writing—fires will not await your convenience.

AJAX FIRE ENGINE WORKS
97 S. Liberty Street, New York City

INFORMATION COUPON

AJAX FIRE ENGINE WORKS
97 S. Liberty Street, New York City

Send me your complete descriptive pamphlet which explains all about **Ajax Chemical Fire Engines**, quote prices, etc. I am interested in fire protection for _____
State whether factory, store, home or Town Fire Dept.

Name _____

Street Address _____

Town _____ State _____

AGENT'S COUPON

AJAX FIRE ENGINE WORKS
97 S. Liberty Street, New York City

Send me your complete detailed proposition to agents and salesmen. Show me how you "back up" your agents and what I can make if I handle **Ajax Chemical Fire Engines** in my territory.

Name _____

Street Address _____

Town _____ State _____

(Concluded from Page 41)

heaven would have hove to off the lightship and sent in word by the pilot boat to send out a tug. Oh, Lord, I thank Thee! I'm a wicked, foolish, bone-headed old man; but, Lord, I do thank Thee—I do, indeed!"

Half an hour later Cappy Ricks and Mr. Skinner, in a fast motorboat, came flying up the bay and caught sight of the Retriever loafing lazily past Fort Mason. On she came, with a tiny bone in her teeth; and suddenly, as Cappy peered ahead through the spray that flew in over the bows of the launch and drenched him to the skin, the Retriever's mainsail was lowered rapidly. The vessel was falling off by the time the mainsail was down, and Cappy and Mr. Skinner saw Matt run aft, steady the wheel and bring the vessel up on the wind again. She was now under spanker and the headsails. Matt lashed the wheel and again ran forward, pausing at the main-mast long enough to cast off the main-topmast-staysail halyards, and let them come down by the run.

On to the topgallant forecastle Matt Peasley leaped, praising his Maker for patent anchors on the Retriever. With a hammer he knocked out the stopper; the starboard anchor dropped and the red rust flew from her hawsepipe as the anchor chain screamed through it. With his hand on the compressor of the windlass, Matt Peasley snubbed her gently to the forty-five fathom shackle, cast off his jib halyards to let the jib slide down the stay by its own weight, raced aft, and gently lowered the spanker as the American barkentine Retriever, with the yellow flag flying at the fore, swung gently to anchor on the quarantine grounds, two hundred and twenty-one days from Manila.

Cappy Ricks turned to his general manager.

"Pretty work, Skinner!" he said huskily. "I guess there's nothing wrong with that boy's health. Damn! The quarantine boat will beat us to it! Matt's throwing the Jacob's ladder over the side for them."

"We can't board her until she passes quarantine ——" Mr. Skinner began; but Cappy silenced him with a terrible look.

"The word can't, Skinner, was eliminated from my vocabulary some fifty years ago. We can—and I will! You needn't; but I've simply got to! Hey, you!"—to the launchman—"kick her wide open and show some speed."

Despite the warning cries from the quarantine officers in the health boat the launch ran in along the Retriever's side; Cappy Ricks grasped the Jacob's ladder as the launch rasped by and climbed up with an agility that caused Mr. Skinner to marvel. As his silk hat appeared over the Retriever's rail a wind-bitten, bewhiskered, gaunt, hungry-looking semisavage reached down, grasped him under the arms, snaked him inboard and hugged him to his heart.

Silence for a minute, while Cappy Ricks' thin old shoulders shook and heaved as from some internal spasm, and Matt Peasley's big brown hand patted Cappy's back. Presently he said:

"Well, father-in-law ——"

From somewhere in Matt Peasley's whiskers Cappy's voice came plaintively:

"Not father-in-law, sonny. New title—this morning—six o'clock—nine—pounds—grandfather! Eh? Yes; grandfather! Grandpa Ricks!"

"Boy or girl?" Matt Peasley roared, and shook the newly elected grandfather.

"Boy! Florry—fine—never lost hope!"

A port health officer came over the rail. He shook an admonitory finger at Cappy Ricks.

"Hey, you! Old man, you're under arrest—that is, you're in quarantine, and you'll have to stay aboard this ship until she's fumigated. Yes; and we'll fumigate you too. Whadje mean by coming aboard ahead of us?"

"Cappy," Matt Peasley said, "tell that person to go chase himself! Why, there hasn't been any plague aboard the ship in nearly five months!"

Cappy looked up and wiped the tears of joy out of his whiskers.

"Scoundrel!" he cackled. "Infernal young scoundrel! What you mean by risking my Retriever, sailing her through the Gate with a crew of one man?"

"Take a look at me!" Matt laughed. "I'm all hands! And didn't I prove I'm enough men to handle her? The pilots wouldn't board me, and by sailing her in myself I saved pilotage and salvage claims. I lost the lower topsail and the consignees are going to find a shortage in those hardwood logs; but that's all—except that I haven't had a decent meal in God knows when. Say, Cappy, what does he look like? A Peasley or a Ricks?"

"Both," Cappy chirped diplomatically. "Matt, are you all over the blue-water fever?"

"You bet!" he declared. "No more relief jobs for me. I've had a plenty, although it might have been worse. It was lonely and sometimes I thought I was going crazy. Used to talk out loud to myself! I had some awful weather; but I just tucked her head under her wing and let her roll, and after I ran into the northeast monsoon, and later into the westerly winds, I had it easier and got more rest. You know, Cappy, when a ship is sailing on the wind, if you lash her helm a little bit below amidships she'll steer herself. Slow work, but—I got here; and, now that I'm here, I'm going to stay here.

"Of course, Cappy," he added, "I've just got to have something with sails to play with; but no more offshore sailing in mine—that is—well, I'm going to stay home for a long time—after a while, maybe—and meantime I'm going to build a little schooner yacht ——"

"For the love of Mike, do!" Cappy pleaded. "I'll be stuck in quarantine with you for a couple of days and we'll kill time drawing up a rough set of plans. And when that schooner yacht is ready, Matt, I'll tell you what I want you to do."

"What, Cappy?"

"Send the bill to grandpa, Matthew!"

A Friendly Hint

ABOUT the time when the low-priced automobile became so popular that everybody bought at least one, a gentleman down in Alabama who had some capital laid by and nothing of a commercial nature to engage his time and energies decided to reënter commerce. After casting about for some time, he fixed upon the buggy business as an attractive venture, and accordingly bought an outfit for a buggy factory.

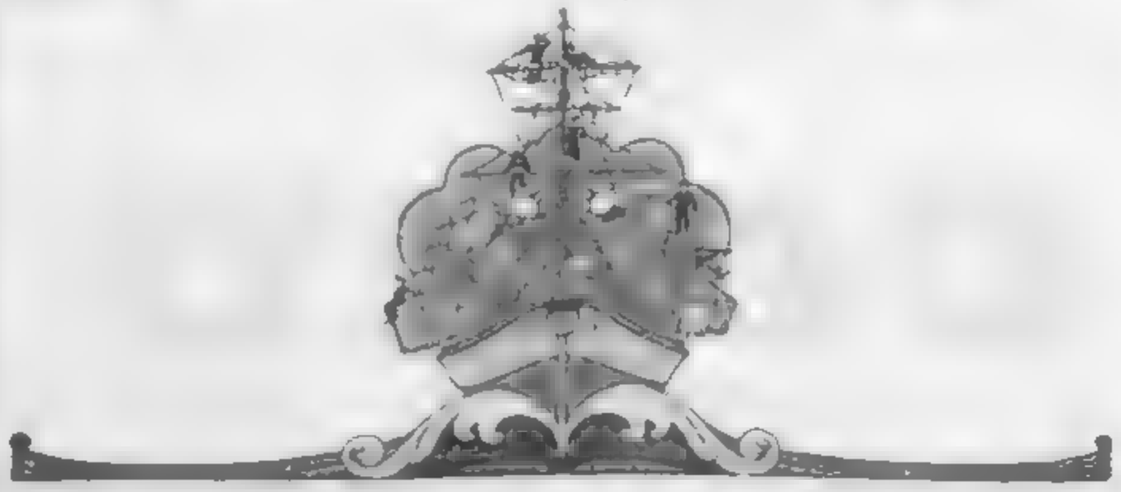
A friend across the border, in Tennessee, heard of the new enterprise and was moved to write the proprietor a letter.

"Dear Charley"—he wrote—"I hear you are going to make buggies. I wish you good luck. But I would like to make a suggestion: If the buggy business should grow slack, why not do over your plant and go in for the manufacture of flintlock muskets?"

Light Footed

WILLIAM COLLIER, who does not like the modern habit of restaurant dancing, was dining recently with some friends in a hotel where this form of diversion held sway. As couples all round him left their tables and their food to swing into the fox trot on the dancing floor, Collier turned to his neighbor with this remark:

"They washed their feet this morning and they can't do a thing with them!"



HANDLING THE PARKS

(Continued from Page 17)

Park rangers often become unfitted for usefulness in one park by reason of local acquaintances and favoritism. A man who has known another for twenty years dislikes to have him arrested for poaching; but send him to another park and he will be removed from temptation. Sometimes two good men find it impossible to work together—such cases are not unknown in the parks. But the law will not allow one of them to be sent to another park, or the too complaisant ranger to be sent to a place in which he will think more of his gamekeeper's duties than of his cronies.

There are problems of sanitation, of park engineering, of landscaping, of game preservation, of forestry, of planting, of handling concessionaries, of managing traffic—problems literally of a thousand sorts which in a huge business like that of running our National Park system tend to develop specialists of great skill. Common sense and ordinary business sense would require that these specialists be sent from park to park to practice their specialties—so that we who travel in the parks may not be forced, for instance, to choke with dust in one park, the superintendent of which is ignorant of the fact that in the same department with him is a man who defeats dust, and a park in which it has been vanquished.

It is as if some successful department store manager had picked up his dry-goods business in one transaction, his millinery in another, his groceries somehow and somewhere else—and so on through his entire list of departments; and not only left these departments scattered all over the city, but made it an ironclad rule that the manager of one department should never visit another. Would he, under such chaos, have a department store? He would not. Neither would he have a chain of stores. He would have only a set of links out of which a chain might be welded—and you may be sure he would soon weld them.

But Congress is not managing a department store. Congress is Congress. Congress has picked up fourteen National Parks in various transactions; and, instead of welding them into a system, it leaves rules in force that make it an offense for one of the departments to do anything for another. And all the time the five hundred million dollars a year is going abroad for things we have in abundance, and that are more easily and cheaply reached right here at home.

Meantime you and I want to take some of our vacations in the National Parks. As tourists, what we want is that the parks shall be under management as intelligent and obliging as that of any commercial park or amusement association as to taking care of us when we get there, and as good as the traffic department of a live railroad system in telling us how to go and transporting us after we start. What the parks need, if they are to compete with Europe and Canada, is the amusement genius of Coney Island, raised to the level of the wonders with which it must deal and the varying demands of the tourist public; and the efficient traffic ability of the best railroad system, or the transportation skill of the most enterprising commercial club of the livest Western city.

Red-Tapery and the Parks

You and I want tickets sold by the railroads on which we may ride by train, automobile, stage or cayuse to and through any of the parks; be taken care of night and day, in camp and on the trail; and on which we may enter a park on any transcontinental trip, go in at one entrance and out at another, change railroads in midjourney, go one way and return another, and generally pay our money and take our choice. We want this if we expect to visit the parks as tourists; and as citizens we want it, so that as large a portion as is possible of that five hundred million dollars a year may be kept at home instead of being spent abroad, to the end that our national prosperity may be strengthened, our citizenry be made acquainted with our country and its resources and marvels, and that these great national properties may be made to fulfill their functions in all the various forms of profit and benefit which such things yield in other lands—Canada, for instance.

Secretary Lane is trying to give these things to the parks, so far as Congress will let him. Congress, mind, is not actively opposed to the development of the parks. It is just uninformed.

It is with the tributes to Red-tapery that Mr. Lane is struggling in his effort to give us a Park Service as good as Canada's. And when the Secretary took up his task he called to his aid Mr. Stephen T. Mather, of California, whose title is Assistant to the Secretary.

Mr. Mather is rich, though still a young man. He takes charge of the National Parks for three-fourths of his time, and helps the Secretary on other matters the remaining fourth. He looks ordinarily as if he had been drawn through a knothole, being in a constant state of fag from overwork; and for this strenuous life he draws down the princely salary of two thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. I shall win his undying dislike by holding his awful conduct up to the world's view, but I am doing it for the benefit of Congress.

Less Appropriation, More Service

Mr. Mather, being an outdoor man, loves the National Parks as John Muir loved them, and is working for their development purely as a labor of love. Not only has he given himself to the cause at a loss of all he could make if he had stayed in his business and what it costs him above his salary to live—not only does he work for you, fellow citizens—but he has spent his own money on the parks at the rate of from twenty thousand dollars to forty thousand dollars a year. Nobody but himself knows how much he has spent, and he refuses to say; but we have the goods on him in one or two instances.

Take the Tioga Road transaction, for instance. Mather did a thing there that he will have hard work to explain if he ever gets into conversation about it with the ordinary politician. The Yosemite Park is only a third or a quarter open to tourists, because of the lack of roads. The United States is poor, and is forced to maintain a lot of useless navy yards, army posts, waterway improvements, public-building projects, and the like, and is really not able to build roads to develop the parks as they should be developed if we are to save that five hundred million dollars a year. And so, when it was learned that the old Tioga Road through the Yosemite Park over the Sierras could be bought from the mining company that built it many years ago, the park was not able to buy it, though it was sorely needed.

The State of California bought ends of it, outside the park, and some individuals put up three or four thousand dollars to help Mather; but the rest of the money, some eight or ten thousand dollars, was donated to the purchase of the road by Stephen T. Mather, a twenty-seven-hundred-and-fifty-dollar clerk in the office of the Secretary of the Interior! And this is only his most flagrant offense against the political maxim that admonishes us to "git while the gittin's good."

Moreover, he is so poor a self-advertiser that he gagged every person who knew about it so that the shameful thing might not be published. He does good by stealth and blushes to find it suspected. I trust that no one but Congressmen will read this. It is written for them alone, in the hope that when they learn of this work they will do what such men as Lane, Mather and R. B. Marshall—our Man of Mystery, who makes bricks without straw, the Superintendent of National Parks—want done—especially since it will cost neither the Government nor the Congressmen and Senators a single cent.

On second thought I hope a great many citizens will read it—especially those who think that all men are actuated in their relations with the Government by the motive of personal greed.

What do the friends of the parks want of Congress? They want Congress to pass the Kent Bill establishing a coördinated Park Service, which is the thing the Congressman hereinbefore mentioned was looking for and couldn't find. They want the Superintendent of Parks given legal existence. They want a law for what Lane and Mather are in part doing without law. They want the right to handle the parks as any good business man would handle them if he owned them—as related properties to be linked together by a Park Service instead of divided into air-tight compartments of either disservice or poor service. They want to have a service in which superintendents, rangers, clerks and other employees may labor, with avenues of promotion open to them as broad as the whole park system. They want to be able to handle the parks so that they will make the money for their own development. And they want no increased appropriation.

The expenses of carrying on the Washington end of the park administration is to-day over twenty-four thousand dollars a year, and they ask for the coördinated Park Service an appropriation of twenty thousand dollars in place of this. They want this service embodied in law, so that it may not be destroyed by the next Secretary of the Interior—as it easily might be. The park management has made more progress under Secretary Lane than in all its past history. They want that progress crystallized in law, and made certain of continuance by the unified management which is now so deplorably lacking, and always must be under the present rules.

The development of a National Park falls under two heads: Railroad facilities and dissemination of information—under which comes advertising—outside the park; and hotels, stages, motorcars, camps, chalets, cafés, and generally the making of the tourist's peregrinations safe, easy and pleasant inside the park. Mr. Mather is bringing all his business ability to bear on these matters.

Take the Yellowstone Park as an instance. In former years the only convenient entrance was on the north side at Gardiner, though last year the Western Entrance, at Yellowstone, was the popular one. We who travel had to go in and come out the same way or pay the expense of regular rates and forego the convenience of routing by ticket. Mr. Mather has now made arrangements with the railroads so that one may buy a ticket to Cody, take an automobile stage over the picturesque Road to the Eastern Entrance, tour the park, and either go on west over another line of railroad or return over a new route.

Routes to Wonderland

In other words, the railroads take care of the passengers from their homes through the park and back, with a choice of routes. They split their tickets to accommodate the sight-seer. One coming east from the Coast, or going the other way, may buy a ticket running right through the park and lose only the actual time spent there. When one more road comes into the joint-accommodation plan the traveler will have absolute liberty of choice as to routes going into and passing out of this wonderland.

This is common sense and good park management. It approaches the liberal treatment travelers receive in Switzerland. New tours are being worked out within the park by Mr. Mather and the railroads, with the idea of making it possible for a passenger to go, on one railroad ticket, by stage from the Cañon via Dunraven Pass, Mount Washburn, Tower Falls, the Buffalo Farm, and other points of interest, to Mammoth Hot Springs, and on to Gardiner—or in the reverse direction; or to run in by the Cody Entrance, up to the Cañon, back round by Yellowstone Lake to the Upper Geyser Basin, and out by the Western Entrance, and on to the railroad at Salt Lake; the plan being to popularize the park among the busy people who have neither time nor perhaps the inclination to swing round the whole immense Yellowstone Park circle, to do which adequately may well consume a whole summer.

The plan is to develop the scenically beautiful Southern Entrance, via Victor, Colorado, and the roads in the southern part of the park, in the expectation that it will divide popularity with any other route. By making it easy for the wayfaring man to dodge into the park and out of it without much effort, Mr. Mather feels sure that he will be sprinking salt on the tail of the five hundred million dollars a year which goes to Europe.

The Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific through the Oregon Short Line, the Burlington, and the Northwestern railroads all have traffic arrangements with the hotel, transportation and camp companies under which their tickets are sold, with coupons

(Continued on Page 48)

That Hidden Craving For Music

that smoulders deep in you—in all of us. Yearning to be satisfied. Seeking ever the joy of *expressing* music—for itself—to share with others. Have in your home a

HALLET & DAVIS

VIRTUOLO

THE "INSTINCTIVE"

PLAYER-PIANO

and that hunger will be met. Even if you cannot play the piano by hand, you can, with the Virtuolo's simple expression buttons, bring forth music as beautiful as hand playing. And you play without effort—*instinctively.*

Send today for the VIRTUOLO BOOK and information about the reasonable price, the convenient payment terms, etc. Free. Do not invest in any player-piano until you have seen this book.

Hallet & Davis Piano Co.

(Est. 1839)

146 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Makers of Hallet & Davis Pianos and Virtuolo
Sole distributors for Conway Pianos and Players

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO., 146 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.
Please mail me at once the Virtuolo Book and full information
Name
Address

Mid-Year Model

Mitchell SIX

$1325 F. o. b. Racine
With 127-inch Wheelbase

New Facts to Consider

Efficiency Methods Have Revolutionized Car Building

John W. Bate, the efficiency engineer, has devoted his genius for years to the Mitchell. To the factory and the car. The countless results are things you should consider. They will affect this whole industry profoundly.

You wonder, perhaps, why after 13 years the Mitchell assumes a new place among fine cars. And becomes, at a time like this, the reigning sensation.

It is no sudden result, we assure you. We have worked many years to this end. And the Mitchell's place today, we frankly state, is due to Mr. John W. Bate.

Age Gave Us Wisdom

Age, perhaps, gave us some degree of wisdom. This concern was 70 years old when it started motor car building. So we naturally looked years ahead.

Experience has taught us the need for efficiency. We knew that early conditions would change in this industry. That waste and extravagance would find an end.

We knew that in time the car that ruled its class must prove itself the master car. And that, to give greatest value, it must employ every means to secure factory economy.

So almost our first step was to employ John W. Bate—then as now the ablest efficiency expert the machinery line has developed.

$5,000,000 Invested

Nearly all our buildings—covering 45 acres—were designed by Mr. Bate. All our parts-making machines—numbering over 2000—were chosen or invented by him. This model plant now represents an investment of $5,000,000.

Every step was aimed at efficiency. Every machinist was trained in efficiency. Every operation was studied and revised until it reached the limit in time-saving.

Now 98 per cent of the Mitchell is built in this plant. Many parts are built for one-half and one-third what they would cost if we bought them.

Our factory costs have been cut 50 per cent. No other plant in the world, in our opinion, could build a car like the Mitchell at so low a cost.

700 Improvements

Another staff, under Mr. Bate, has devoted itself to the car. This Mid-Year Mitchell is the 17th model built under efficiency methods.

Part after part has been brought to perfection. They have studied simplicity, lightness and strength.

Castings have been almost eliminated. There are 440 parts in the New Mitchell which are either drop forged or steel stamped.

They have displaced common steel with Chrome-Vanadium. They have worked for endurance, for safety, for operating economy. They now have to their credit over 700 improvements.

Some of the Results

One Mitchell car, built by Mr. Bate, has run 218,734 miles. Six Mitchell cars have averaged 164,372 miles each, or over 30 years of ordinary service.

Another result is the approval of the greatest engineers. Every Mitchell dealer has a long list of engineers—experts of nation-wide fame—who selected the Mitchell as their personal car.

The place the Mitchell holds is another result. It is talked of now in every motor crowd. The demand in 12 months has trebled.

Your own good-will will be another result when you learn what those experts know.

THE MODEL PLANT

The pictures here show the wonderful Mitchell plant. Note the one-story buildings. From the raw material to the finished car, not a second is lost, not a penny is wasted. We build 98 per cent of the car in this plant.

257 Cars in One — **Mitchell** SIX — 26 Extra Features

73 Things You'll Want

Including Scores of New Ideas and 26 Costly Extras

This Mid-Year Mitchell is the most up-to-date car now on exhibit. Also the most complete car. Our factory savings pay for many attractions which other cars omit. This page will give you another light on efficiency.

Part of our factory savings appear in the Mitchell price.

The Mid-Year Mitchell is a big, powerful car, though it weighs under 3000 pounds. The wheelbase is 127 inches. It is roomy and impressive.

It typifies in every detail the acme of fine engineering. Its wonderful records, up to 218,000 miles, make it apparently the most enduring car built.

It is also luxurious. The body is finished in 22 coats. The upholstery is French-finished leather. The springs are 10 inches deep. It indicates to everyone lavish expenditure.

Yet no other car of this size, grade and power sells at nearly so low a price.

26 Extra Features

In addition, the car embodies 26 extras. All are things that you want. But most cars omit all of them. And no other car, without extra price, includes more than 3 or 4.

One is a power tire pump. One a safety steering gear with ball bearings. One is Bate cantilever springs, one reversible headlights.

There's a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment for valuables, an engine primer at the driver's hand, a tool box under hood.

Your Mitchell dealer will show you 26 of these extras. And you would miss every one were it lacking.

257 Cars in One

At the New York Show we brought out a new model. We called it "*The* Six of '16."

Then after the Shows we completed this model, called the Mid-Year Mitchell.

We did that to combine in a single car all the best of the new conceptions. Our experts examined 257 Show models, and noted every new touch that was favored. As a result this Mid-Year Mitchell embodies 73 new ideas.

You will find in this model—in its design and equipment—every new style that is popular. All new-model cars have some of them, but the Mitchell has them all.

$1325 F. o. b. Racine

For 5-Passenger Touring Car or 3-Passenger Roadster

7-Passenger Touring Body $35 Extra

High-speed economical Six—48 horsepower—127-inch wheelbase. Complete equipment, including 26 extra features.

Exclusive Springs

You will find in this car—and this car only—the Bate cantilever springs. They are 52 inches long. You will never believe, until you ride in the car, the results in easy riding.

The Mitchell needs no shock absorbers. No jolt can lift folks from the seat. The car rides ruts as a boat rides waves. It makes rough roads like pavement.

In 18 months, used on thousands of cars, not one of these springs has broken. Not a leaf has been repaired. That's another endurance achievement.

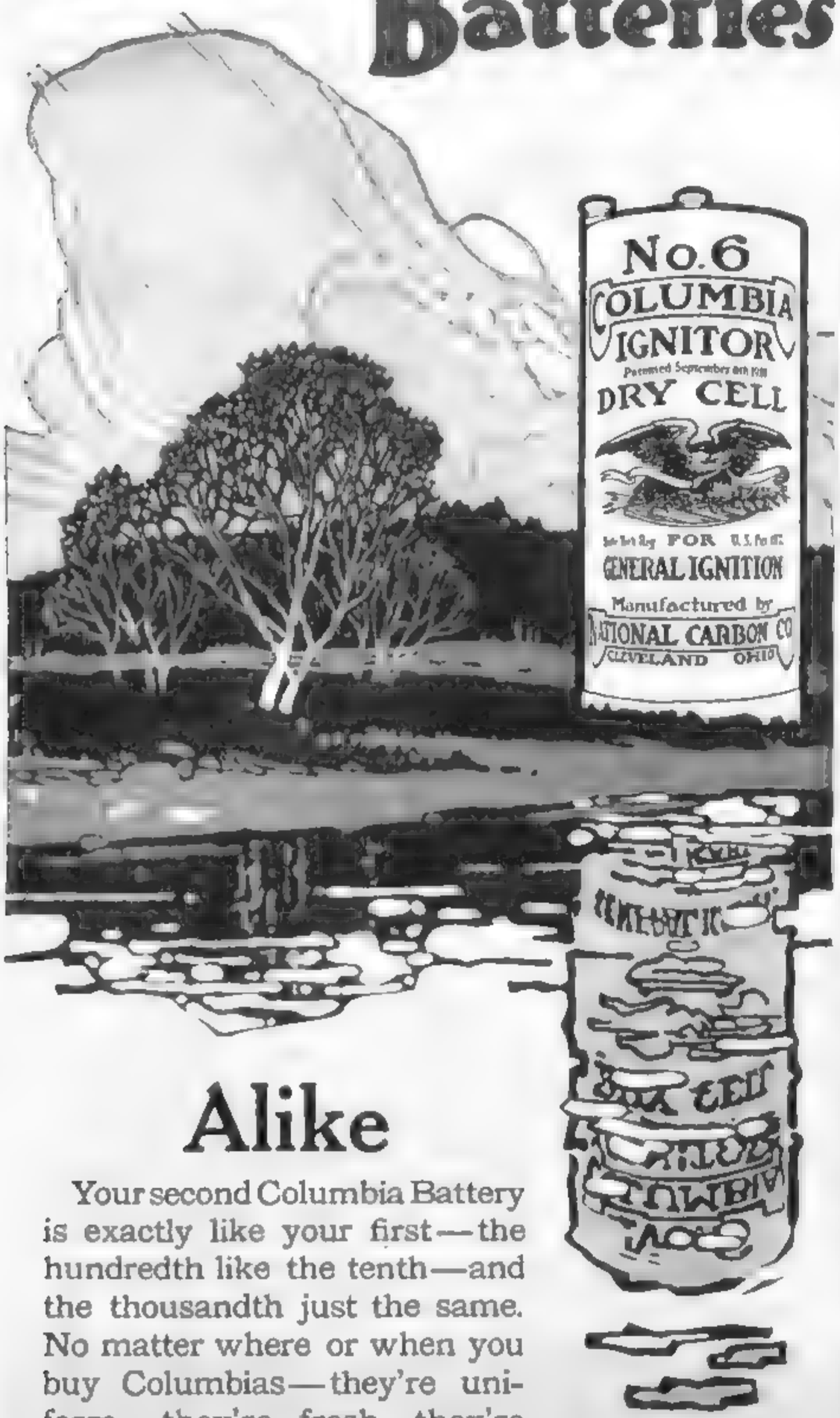
Go Judge This Car

This Bate-built car, in our opinion, must dominate the fine-car field. Tens of thousands of buyers have agreed with us. Any rival, to attain equal value, must secure another John W. Bate. And he would need years to accomplish it.

Go to your Mitchell dealer. See all the results of efficiency. Then see if you agree with the many engineers who say, "That's a mechanical marvel."

MITCHELL-LEWIS MOTOR CO.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

Columbia Batteries



Alike

Your second Columbia Battery is exactly like your first—the hundredth like the tenth—and the thousandth just the same. No matter where or when you buy Columbias—they're uniform—they're fresh—they're full of life and vigor!

Every Columbia is made identical with every other Columbia. Materials are measured. Tamping is timed. Cells are inspected and tested and watched through every process.

You can depend upon Columbias because they're made dependable.

Columbias have 27 years' experience built into them. They're made in the world's greatest battery works. To get the cell with the most service, insist on Columbias.

Quick-snap Fahnestock Spring-Clip Binding Posts furnished free when asked for—but only on Columbias.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

Columbia Batteries are also made in Canada

(Continued from Page 45)

covering all the expenses of any one or more of the numerous tours that have been worked out in the park—if one is forced to rush through on schedule, and cannot wait and become a fellow citizen of the bear and deer and elk and trout, which is the ideal way.

Another entrance to the park, to be reached via Lander, is also under consideration; and the ideal toward which the management is working is: "Every possible combination of entrances and exits should be available, and all the railroads should work together for the interests of the park and the increase in number of visitors."

At present there is only one railroad that carries tourists to Glacier National Park—the Great Northern—and there are only two entrances; so there is no present possibility of bettering the service by the use of split tickets. A road over Gunsight Pass is needed, however, and Mr. Mather is working for it. He has also in mind a road from the Belton Gateway to the Canadian line, forming thus a neighborly back way into the park system of our sister on the north, with traffic arrangements between the Great Northern and the Canadian railroads so that travelers through one of these scenic regions may pass through the other also on the same tour. Nothing could be better for the two countries than such an exchange of sight-seers, and both park systems, as well as all the railroads concerned, would no doubt be benefited.

Mount Rainier National Park is now reached by a branch of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul system, and by automobiles from Seattle and Tacoma. The need of a good traffic manager for the parks is illustrated by what Mr. Mather is trying to work out here. He is endeavoring to establish an entente between the railroad and the automobile traffic by which tourists may go by one mode of conveyance and return by the other. This arrangement would add at least a third to the attractions of the trip, as both routes run through marvelous forest regions; and Mr. Mather learned in his business career that when the customer is offered a third more at the same price it usually means three times the volume of business.

Monuments That Should be Parks

The need of a powerful Park Service is shown by the fact that here there is great need of that same coöperation between the interior management and the outside accommodations which have been so well developed in the Yellowstone. The Northern Pacific has a line running to within nine miles of the northwest corner of Mount Rainier Park, and the park management—if it only could lay its hands on the money, no matter whose money it might be—would be glad to build roads to this point and open another entrance; and then would arise the problem of combining automobile lines, the St. Paul, and the Northern Pacific in one of those universal joint-traffic arrangements which are Mr. Mather's ideal for all the parks.

Already arrangements have been made with the Southern Pacific so that passengers may enter Crater Lake National Park from Medford on the west, or Klamath Falls on the east, go through the park and out at the other entrance, then proceeding on their way. The same system is available at the Yosemite and is urged on the public by the park management. A great variety of trips have been worked out here, and Mr. Mather is seeking to interest the two railroads—the Santa Fé and the Southern Pacific—to provide tickets that will grant every request of the tourist for options as to routing.

For instance, he would like to have the tickets offered to you or me, or to our families, read via train to Fresno, say; then by automobile on a coupon to Wawona, Mariposa Big Trees and the Valley, and back by stage to El Portal, where the trains of the Yosemite Valley Railroad would pick us up and carry us out of the mountains. There is no park with reference to which Mr. Mather is not working out such accommodations for us. Somebody has to do it. Nobody ever did it before—or is charged with the duty by law. There should be a Park Service whose business it would be to do it, and endowed with a legal life sufficiently long to make the doing of it moderately probable.

We have thirty or so things called National Monuments. They are not gravestones, but objects or regions that have been canned by the Government as a means of preserving them. Nothing can be done with a monument save to keep it as it is. One of these monuments, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, is as large as a fair-sized Eastern state. It is a monument in two senses—a monument in the legal sense, and a monument to our national indecision. We knew that it should never pass into private hands, and we had no idea what to do with it; so we canned it as a National Monument.

It should be made into a National Park and developed. It is the most wonderful thing in the world in the way of scenery; but it needs roads, trails, hotels, guides, and everything that goes to make up a recreation ground, save what Nature gave it. Its most amazing features are now hidden from everybody and have been seen by few persons now living—the survivors of the two or three daring parties that have floated down through it on the Colorado River in boats at the imminent risk of their lives.

Plans for Simplified Traveling

Under a National Park Service it could gradually be developed until the ordinary traveler might see a good deal of it, and a few generations of hardy explorers might lay bare all its stupendous secrets. A good easy trail would be made first to the North Rim and the Kaibab Plateau country, and the Great Gash itself would be made more accessible from the various points of present approach. Mr. Mather is working out comprehensive plans for the development of the proposed Grand Cañon National Park, and will have them well perfected before he retires; but only a National Park Service can give them reality.

The Rocky Mountain National Park is in the Alpine region of Colorado, its vestibule on the east being Estes Park, which so many travelers have visited from Denver or looked into from the Moffat Road. The Burlington is featuring it in connection with trips to the Yellowstone and Glacier parks. The Union Pacific will no doubt develop tours through it, leaving the main line at Fort Collins. Here, as at other parks, joint-traffic arrangements must be worked out and liberal travelers' options given as to routes. A new road is building across Continental Divide and all the plans of the Secretary are now centered on this; he is, in fact, giving almost as much attention to the promotion of outside roads as to highways in the parks themselves. Outside roads mean automobiles, and automobiles mean visitors.

Moral encouragement is being given to a system of park-to-park roads which brings a thrill to the motorist's soul. These enterprises are most active in Colorado, Wyoming and Montana. There is the Yellowstone Highway Association, for the building of a road from Cheyenne to Cody, with which are affiliated many Colorado citizens who hope to extend the road to the Rocky Mountain National Park. Montana people are working on a link between the Yellowstone and Glacier National parks, and it will not be long before there will be a good road across Montana.

Several of the larger cities of Montana are improving roads leading to Glacier National Park, on one of which will be Great Falls and Helena, and on another the cities of Missoula and Kalispell. The proposed National Park Highway, from St. Paul to Seattle and Tacoma, will touch Glacier National Park and constitute the link between the Rocky Mountain group of parks and the system in the Coast States. A National Park Service will perpetuate such activities as those of Secretary Mather in these developments, which are important if we are to turn the tide of travel to our own parks.

There is a prospect that the Sequoia National Park—the home of the California Big Trees—will be enlarged to include Mount Whitney and the cañon of King River. It seems to be advisable to do this for several reasons, the chief one being that the enlargement will add needed variety to this park's attractions. The proposed Grand Cañon National Park is so clearly the proper thing that it is scarcely to be believed that Congress will fail to change the monument to a park.

In addition to these proposed enlargements of park properties there are many other demands for the erection into parks of regions supposed to be worthy of such distinction. Colorado has two which many people think should be added to her present rich park possessions. One is the Pike's Peak region, and the other Evans Peak and

its surroundings. Idaho suggests the Sawtooth National Park as easily accessible over the Oregon Short Line, and also on the park-to-park system of automobile highways between the Yellowstone and the Far Western parks.

Montana has a project for what is called the Cabinet National Park, and Washington has two—Mount Olympus and Mount Baker. California is not satisfied with what she has, and perhaps the entire nation would like to see our only active volcano, Mount Lassen, set apart for park purposes, and also the region in the southern part of the state that aspires to become the Sierra Madre National Park. Did I say our only volcano? Of course I meant in continental United States. The three volcanoes of Kilauea, Mauna Loa and Haleakala, in Hawaii, belong to us; and a bill has already been passed in the House of Representatives to erect them into a National Park. The Boone and Crockett Club represents a good deal of sentiment favorable to the establishment of a Mount McKinley National Park in Alaska.

Shall the Middle West be left out? Not so, says Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, who has introduced a bill to create the Mississippi Valley National Park, to include certain islands in the Mississippi, and one of the most charming scenic regions in America, an unglaciated oasis in the smoothed and planed scenery of Northeastern Iowa and Southwestern Wisconsin, which, it is safe to say, if improved as a National Park, would attract more automobile traffic than any of the present parks.

No less a student of national life than Lord Bryce has suggested that the Green and White Mountain region in New England possesses all the qualifications for a National Park or two, and that in the wild forest region between Washington and Baltimore lies the site of our capital's Epping Forest—if Congress desires to make one there. There has been a movement to induce the Government to take over the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; and, altogether, it is plain to be seen that the National Park movement has just begun.

All this emphasizes the need of immediate action on the part of Congress to place the Park Service on a coördinated basis and give it permanency. Now there is no central authority charged with the duty of knowing the park business as a whole. It may be, for instance, that we ought to own the Mammoth Cave, or the Natural Bridge of Virginia, or the Luray Caves, or some great recreation ground in the mountains of Georgia, the Carolinas or Tennessee. Sure as fate, these projects and many others will be urged upon us, either as meritorious or mistaken movements to give the people what we should have, or as shrewd schemes for selling real estate to the Government. It may be suspected that among our fourteen parks and over thirty monuments there are some which could not have been sawed off on a well-organized Park Service.

Why the Kent Bill Should Pass

Parks wisely chosen and well maintained more than pay their way. Switzerland makes money on tourists whose expenditures do not run above a dollar a day. A wisely run Park Service would be able to tell Congress whether or not any of these proposed parks is likely to prove a loser. The thing is too big for the mastery of any man who does not specialize in it, and has become peculiarly a matter in which Congress should place itself in position to command the services at all times of a corps of trained specialists.

The handling of the concessions in the parks is in itself a big business matter. Secretary Lane has adopted the policy of keeping in his own hands the control of the cost of all services in the parks and requiring a division of the profits for the benefit of the parks. Very powerful corporations are formed and forming to handle these matters of hotels, camps, chalets, stages, tours and, in general, the catering to the wants of the tourists. These companies will give the Government more money and the people better service if the parks are placed under a permanent bureau. It will be money in the Government's pocket.

Mr. Mather is a successful business man, habituated to the handling of traffic matters with railroads. He realizes that the success of this important national enterprise depends on the railroads more than on any other factor.

"We should be glad," say the railroad officials to him sometimes, "to fix up these split tickets, to advertise as you suggest, to make arrangements with motor-car lines, and generally to go our length in filling the parks with people; but how do we know how long the present policy will last? The parks are your pet enthusiasm. Nobody ever cared much about them before, so far as we can see.

"How do you know that the next Administration will not fire Superintendent Marshall, put in as Secretary a man who cares nothing about the parks, and give the parks back into the hands of the same sort of clerk in the Secretary's office who was forced by the very circumstances to tie things up so inextricably in red tape until you came in? Assure us of the continuance of your régime—or one like yours—and we'll talk with you."

"Why," replies Mr. Mather, being an optimist as well as an enthusiast, "before the present Congress adjourns it will pass the Kent Bill, H. R. 8668, establishing a National Park Service. This will give the management of the parks, as a whole, to a Director of National Parks, appointed by the Secretary, who will be assisted by a regular force. I am sure it will pass, because we have shown Congress that such a Service will not cost a cent more than it costs to do much less work, and much less effective work, with our present gang of part-time laborers.

"I am still the more sure because anybody can see that when we get the parks into one compartment, instead of divided into fourteen air-tight compartments, we shall be able to make them bring in better revenues. So Congress cannot possibly refuse to pass the bill, or some other just as good, because there is not a single shred of reason why any man should vote against it; and there are many in its favor. So let's sign up, now that that's settled!"

I wonder if it is settled!

A Seeker After Causes

A GENTLEMAN from Virginia moved out to the western part of Kentucky and opened a tobacco warehouse. In a few weeks the building was burned down. As the owner went over the ruins in company with the adjuster for the insurance company he noticed that a lanky countryman, who had driven in that morning from the back districts with a load of cordwood, was following them about curiously, listening to all that was said.

Late in the afternoon, when the adjuster had departed, the countryman drew the owner aside and, speaking in a cautious undertone, said, with a flirt of his thumb toward the burnt warehouses:

"Kotched or sot?"

The Real Thing

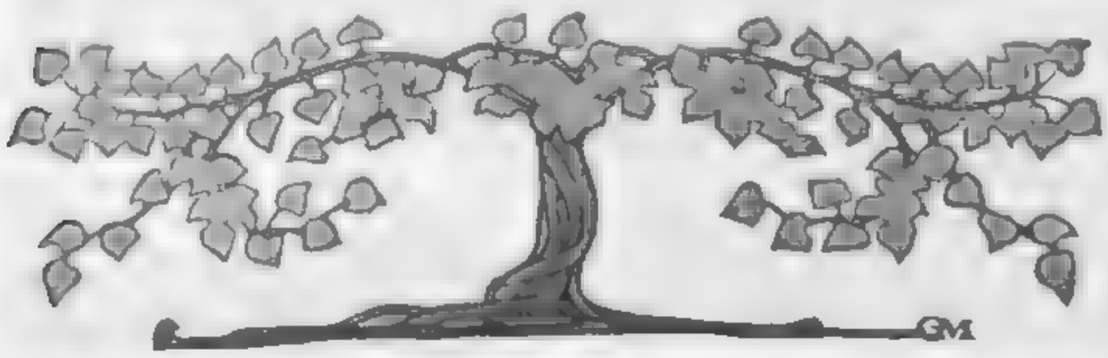
ACCORDING to Andy Mack, who is by way of being an Irishman himself, a funeral was just emerging from a flat in the upper West Side of New York when a truck driver, passing by, halted his team and called down in a husky whisper to one of the pallbearers, whom he knew:

"Say, Larry, whose funeral is that?"

"Dugan's," answered Larry; "Little Hugh Dugan's."

"And is Dugan dead?" demanded the surprised truckman.

"Say!" demanded Larry hoarsely. "What do you think this is—a rehearsal?"



Laboratory Care in Tonnage Production

From furnace to shipping platform, Armco (American Ingot) Iron is under scientific and conscientious care.

It is, as a result, not only pure, the purest iron made, but the most nearly perfect in evenness, the elimination of gas bubbles, and in all the qualities that render it superior for enameling, galvanizing and polishing.

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

is the great truth, but other properties also are strong recommendations for its use.

Armco Iron reduces factory loss through culls, defective welds, enameling, etc.

Because of its powerful combination of merits Armco Iron is used in large quantities by such firms as the Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co. in the Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator; the Enameled Tank Co., Kalamazoo, in Porcelain Enameled Closet Tanks, and by over seventy-five leading stove manufacturers.

If you have any trouble securing products of Armco Iron, write to us and we will see that you get what you want. If you are a manufacturer, get full information as to how Armco Iron cuts factory losses.

In either case, clip this coupon for the story of Armco Iron. Book, "Defeating Rust," FREE.

The trade mark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company, with the skill, intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it

The American Rolling Mill Company

Licensed Manufacturers under Patents granted to The International Metal Products Company

Box 759, Middletown, Ohio

BRANCH OFFICES: Chicago, Pittsburgh, Detroit, New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Cleveland and San Francisco.

Book—"Defeating Rust" FREE

The American Rolling Mill Co., Box 759, Middletown, O.

Please send me "Defeating Rust" and tell me what I can do as a Manufacturer [illegible] interested in Armco Iron

Name

Street

City State

Firm

The Most Effective Way to use Weed Chains

WEED CHAINS *on the front tires* pick the easiest way in the hardest going and prevent the front wheel skid—the most dreaded of all skids as it is the hardest to counteract by manipulation of the steering wheel.

Sold for ALL tires by dealers everywhere.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY Inc.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN., U.S.A.
Sole Manufacturers of Weed Anti-Skid Chains
In Canada—DOMINION CHAIN CO., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Your Boy's Spending Money

should represent not a tax or a problem but a method of teaching him thrift and the value of money. How thousands of parents are applying the method to their sons' future success is explained in our illustrated booklet, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" We will send you a copy, free of charge, upon request.

Sales Division, Box 446
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

$100 Bonds

We own and offer attractive $100 Bonds—in variety, government, railroad, industrial and public utility issues.

Send for Booklet C-8, "$100 Bonds."

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots
Members New York Stock Exchange
MAIN OFFICE, 61 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE FEMINIST

(Concluded from Page 15)

bungalow. On the shaded veranda, gay with awnings and tropic-hued flowers in bamboo holders, he found a wry-faced elderly Dutch woman and—in the depths of a hammock—a girl rather regally dressed in white lace, pearls at her throat.

"Lieutenant Husband, of the Survey; my companion, Vrouw Deuven," presented Doris after her hand, a very fluttered morsel of a hand, rested a second in the young man's. "I—I met Lieutenant Husband last evening," she explained, blushing, as Vrouw Deuven stared a little above her knitting needles.

She led the way to the far corner of the veranda, to a tiny table set for two, and clapped her hands for a little black boy who brought sparklets and cooled tea with lemons and delicate little cakes.

Husband looked back at the duenna.

"I didn't quite expect that," he smiled. "I'd an idea you'd be rather above that—going in for independence and the new scheme of things so strongly."

"She's my father's idea—I suppose I ought to dispense with a companion. But I've always had one or a governess. You needn't mind old Deuven at all. She does nothing but knit and sleep and drink coffee. She has no ideas, and I manage her easily. My father," she added truthfully, "doesn't know, you see, that I—that I've taken up the new ideas—that I'm a new woman."

"Oh!" Lieutenant Husband was not attending very closely. He was too busy watching Doris.

"She's the loveliest thing I've ever looked at!" he was thinking, watching the lovely line of her throat, her soft young arms where the lace sleeves fell away and her wistful mouth, and the thrilled admiration in his eyes must have spoken as clearly as words, if Doris had not been occupied with another idea.

"I—I think," she said gravely, "that I didn't do—what I undertook last night—very successfully. I—I was rather nervous and there was something I didn't explain—perhaps I ought to," she drew a long breath and blushed. "A man you know—doing what I did—would be fair and state his p-prospects. You know all this"—she waved her hand toward the house—"all my dresses and my jewels and my pretty things, my father gives me because he is rich, as he means I'm to be some day. But if I displeased him about—about a man friend—if I—if I didn't feel as he did about—my f-future—if I wouldn't give up a p-person I cared about, he'd disown me—he's like that. I wouldn't have a cent! I thought I ought to tell you—though I—I don't think it would make any difference to you."

"It wouldn't," his lips trembled slightly, but he spoke soberly. "I've got what you'd call a fair competence myself—enough for an ample *dot*." He leaned forward suddenly, grave, his voice keen. "The only thing that makes any difference now to me is that part about the person you might care for—how might one go about making you care—greatly?"

Doris blushed. "I think—let me give you more tea." She took his cup. "Please, let me—and we'll talk—oh, about Africa, about everything."

So they talked of Africa and other things. And when he left Doris gave him a flower to wear in his coat and, after he had disappeared, seized the outraged Vrouw Deuven by the shoulders and spun her round and round like a top.

"Do you know who he is, *tanta*, that beautiful person? It is my young man—my own—that I chose myself," she rippled.

"He is a beautiful man, no doubt; but if thy father ——"

"Hush. My father is not here—these hours are my own."

Young Husband came next day and the next. And on the fourth they rode together—out past the boundaries and the Masai settlement—to the rocks of the Longani plains. And here while M'Benga and Sati, the boys, dismounted to rest, Doris and her companion wandered off a distance to a sheltered nook from which you could see the whole swimming plain.

And here presently, in the blue shadow of the rocks, he kissed her. It took her unawares, so that she fluttered against his breast, only half acquiescent for a minute.

"Sweet, I love you," he whispered.

There was time for no more. The boys came up and they rode back. Doris was very silent, a little white, too, as she gave her hand in farewell.

The next morning M'Benga rode over to the camp with a letter from his mistress:

"I cannot see you again. Please do not come. I have made a dreadful mistake. I have found myself out. I am not a new woman at all. I am an old one—as old as the hills. I did not realize what I was doing the other night—what it might come to mean. I did not know until you kissed me. I did the dreadful thing because I was young and silly and had only dreamed about love. Now I know better. I could never forget that I sought you first. I would never respect myself. I am not at all modern, you see. I want to be wooed and won like the woman of olden times. So do not come—please! D. VAN J."

Not come—not come after that vision on his bungalow porch that dark, unforgetable night, after those long dreaming hours at the girl's tea table, after that kiss in the blue shadow of the Longani rocks. The young man set his jaw firmly.

He did not go after siesta; he went later, much later in the dark hours, on an evening like that first one, warm and breathy. He came out of the blackness quite suddenly to Doris' veranda. She was making a pretense to read inside, with old Deuven adoze above her needles, but she came out to him at the first sound, her face as white as her frock.

"I told you not to come," she trembled.

"But you knew I would. Did you think I would pay any attention to such—such cruelty after yesterday? You knew I was to start back to Cairo to-morrow, and yet you'd do this sort of thing! Don't you want me to come back—really?" He took her cold, little hands in his and kissed first one, then the other. "Are you sorry—sorry, Doris, that you brought me here—to your feet?" he asked.

Doris sobbed. "I'm sorry f-for what I did. It was a hideous thing. I'm not sorry for the rest, but I can't go on—after what I did. I'm not m-modern enough!"

"Modern—you!" he scoffed. "Why, child, do you think I didn't know that evening when you came what you were? Do you think I didn't realize what was back of it—your youth, your inexperience and loneliness? Only a fool could have thought anything else."

"But I proposed!"

"Then consider it declined and we'll begin afresh. Dear," he said, "if you cling to the medieval, I'm positively B. C. in my period. I insist on doing my own proposing—my own wooing. I'm quite savage about it—and when I first saw you there in the bazaar and at my bungalow, I knew the time had come for me to begin. You can't send me away now—you shan't. I love you—and I think you love me, a little. I'd climb to heaven's gate or go into the depths of hades to get you—there's nothing I wouldn't do to win you!"

"But I thought—you—you agreed that woman should have freedom ——"

"Not my woman!" he cried. "I loathe the extreme modernist. I'm like all men—I—I stand for the old order of things in love making. Lovely as you are, if I'd thought you that type, I—yes—I should have almost ordered you off my veranda. I—should have detested you ——"

"Not really?" gasped Doris.

"Unmercifully," he nodded; "but I knew you then, dear little girl, I knew then you were not able to conquer even yourself in the thing—though you so easily conquered me."

There is really no need to go on. The palms clapped their hands with a dry, crackling sound in the lusterless night, and a hot, breathy little wind blew in off seas. Yet to two people, at least, the sounds and sights of the world had faded off with all externals, leaving only the timeless, breathless void whose other name is heaven.

And the magazine illustration had come true. A pretty girl in a summer frock stood with her arms about a young man's neck. There were mimosas all about them, and the young man was tall, military, sunbrowned. Of course the legend should have run:

"'Dear,' breathed Doris, 'I love you. I am yours forever!'"

Yet, as often happens in life, there was no legend at all, the girl spoke no words—could not for the sheer happiness in her heart.

United States, 'Nobby' Tread Tires

Big, Thick Knobs— The Real Anti-Skids

You get real anti-skid protection from a car equipped with 'Nobby' Tread Tires.

The big, thick, resilient knobs take hold of the road-surface with a real grip.

Besides—no loss of traction—smooth riding—quick response to the clutch and accelerator—less wear on the tire through friction.

'Nobby' Treads were the first successful anti-skids—and are still the first.

'Nobby' Treads are the largest selling very high-grade anti-skids in the world.

The 'Nobby' is one of the five United States 'Balanced' Tires which meet every motoring condition of price and use.

Ask the nearest United States Tire Dealer for your copy of the booklet, "Judging Tires," which tells how to choose the particular tire to suit your needs.

United States Tire Company

'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Royal Cord' 'Plain'
"INDIVIDUALIZED TIRES"

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
US

Night or Day, at Work or Play, B.V.D. Conserves Your Comfort

NOTHING is so typical of the American "level head" as the nation-wide popularity of B.V.D. It is the Summer Underwear of Efficiency—of the man who conserves his comfort at work or at play, just as he conserves his health—as an asset.

Loose fitting, light woven B. V. D. Underwear starts with the best possible fabrics (specially woven and tested), continues with the best possible workmanship (carefully inspected and re-inspected), and ends with complete comfort (fullness of cut, balance of drape, correctness of fit, durability in wash and wear).

If it *hasn't* This Red Woven Label

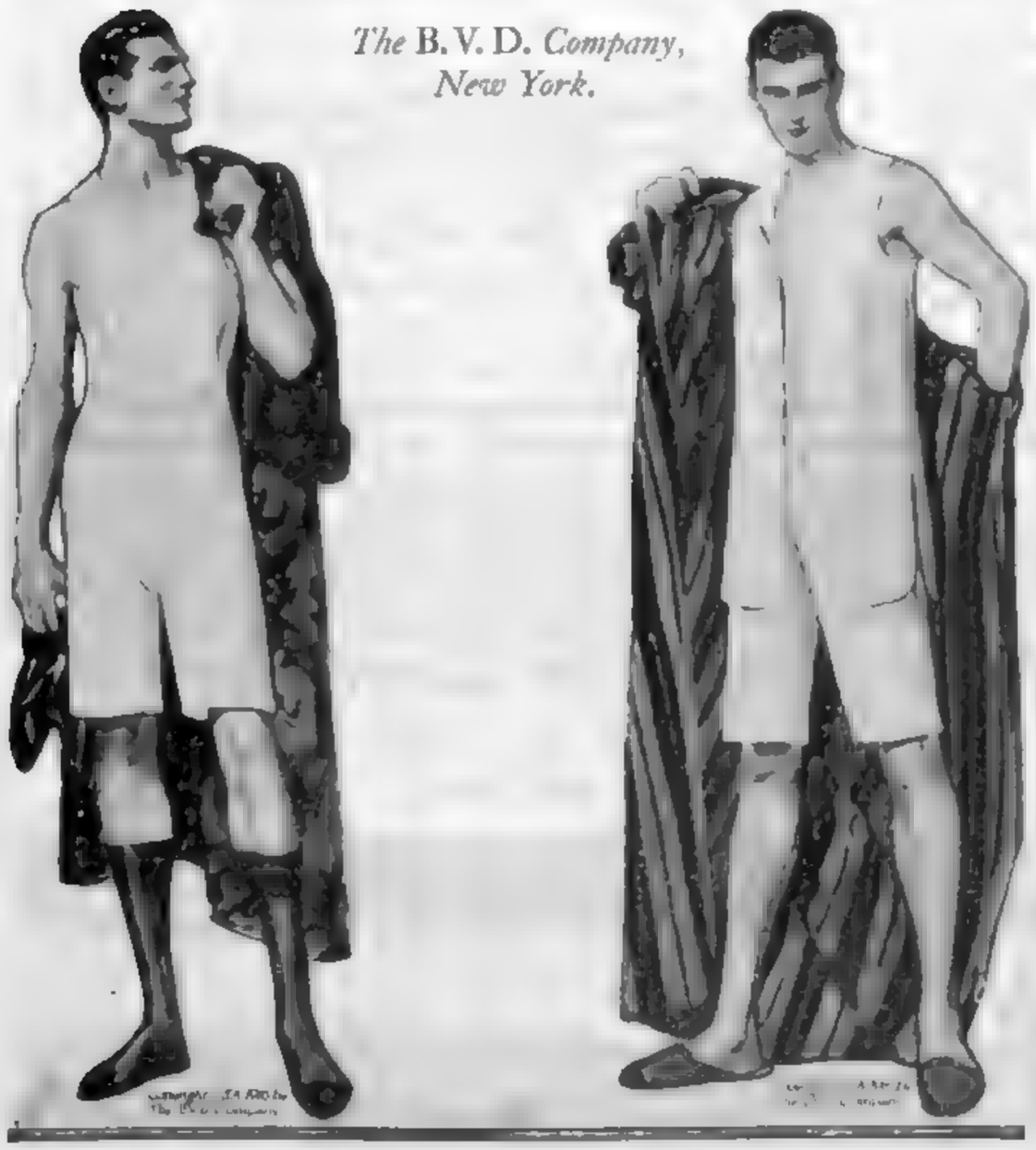
MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

It *isn't* B.V.D. Underwear

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

B.V.D. Closed Crotch Union Suits (Pat. U.S.A.), $1.00 and upward the Suit. B.V.D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c. and upward the Garment.

The B.V.D. *Company, New York.*



THE CROOK

(Continued from Page 20)

Connie as the best bet. The next thing was to persuade Connie to give Martin his trial. Bull wanted to be perfectly square, as you'll see by the deal he put through. He got a fella there in Montgomery with a good Irish name to write to Connie and recommend the boy, and if Connie didn't believe Martin was a good prospect he was to ask Bull about him, and if Martin didn't make good he wouldn't cost Connie nothin', not even his railroad fare to the trainin' camp and back. Bull framed it up with Ted Pierce as a matter o' friendship to leave the boy go on trial, and if he did su'prise 'em all and make good, the Montgomery club was to get whatever Connie was willin' to pay.

Well, the letter was sent and Connie wrote back to Bull, and says a boy named Gregory had been mentioned to him, and ast Bull was he worth a trial. Bull answered that Gregory was a kid with great natural ability and one or two faults that'd have to be overcome. Then Connie fixed it with the Montgomery club, and Bull thought he'd finished his job.

But he found out different. W'ile Maggie consented to becomin' engaged, she wasn't in no hurry to get married. She says her parents was gettin' old and she didn't want to leave 'em all summer, and besides, she didn't have no clo'es, and besides, it would be a whole lot nicer to wait till fall and spend the honeymoon where they'd first met each other and when Bull was just startin' his vacation instead of endin' it. Bull coaxed and coaxed, but her rules was just like his'n—she couldn't change a decision on a question o' judgment.

In the three weeks before Martin was to report in Jacksonville, Bull done nothin' but try and shoot him full o' confidence.

"The pitchers down here have got everything you'll see in the big league," he told him. "You don't need to be afraid o' none o' them. A man that handles a bat the way you do can hit anything in the world if he'll just swing. Connie or any other manager don't care how many times you strike out in the pinch, provided you strike out tryin'. You got the stuff in you to make Cobb and Baker and them look like a rummy. Don't get scared; that's all."

Bull pulled that talk on him right up to the day the kid left Montgomery. Down at the train, Bull says to him:

"Remember, they's nothin' to be scared of. Make us all proud o' you! Make good!"

"I'll make good if they give me a square deal," he says.

"Yes," Bull says to himself, "it's a cinch it'll be somebody else's fault if he falls down. It always is."

Well, in a little w'ile it come time for Bull to leave too. And here's what the girl sprung on him at the partin':

"You'll help him all you can, won't you?" she says.

"They's not a chance for me to help him," says Bull. "A man in my place can't favor nobody."

"A man could," she says, "if a man knowed it would please the girl he was stuck on."

Now if it'd of been me that she made that remark to, I'd of ast for waivers. But you know what they say about love bein' blind. And when it's a combination o' love and an umpire—well, how can you beat it!

Bull kept close tab on the papers and he seen that Martin was at second base in the lineup o' the Ath-a-letics' regular club. This was w'ile they was still South. Then, in one o' their last exhibitions before the season started, Martin's name was left out. He wrote to the kid and he wrote to Maggie, tryin' to find out what was doin'. Maggie wrote back that she didn't know and Martin didn't answer at all.

The season begin and Bull was workin' in the West. Every mornin' he grabbed the papers and looked to see if Martin was back in. Four times in three weeks the kid went up to bat for somebody, but without doin' no good. Then come the second week in this month and the first series between the Eastern clubs and us.

Bull had the Detroit-Philadelphia series. Just before the first game he run into Connie outside o' the park. They shook hands and then Bull says:

"Didn't you ask me about a ball player this winter?"

"Yes," says Connie, "a boy named Gregory."

"How's he comin'?" says Bull.

"I don't think he's comin'," says Connie. "I think he's just gettin' ready to go."

"What's the trouble?" ast Bull.

"Well," says Connie, "once in a w'ile our club happens to not be more'n two or three runs behind, happens to have a chance to tie or win. Gregory's one o' the kind o' ball players that spoils them chances. In practice down South he looked like a find. He hit everything and fielded all over the place. But we got into some tight exhibitions on the way up and when the opportunities come to him to do somethin' big he faded away. He ain't there in a pinch; that's all."

"Is he with you yet?" Bull ast him.

"He's with us," says Connie; "he's with us for one more trial. If they's a place in this series where I can use a substitute hitter, Gregory's goin' to be the man. And if he don't swing that club the way he can swing it when it don't mean nothin', I'll hand him his transportation back to Montgomery."

"Does the kid know that?" ast Bull.

"Yes," says Connie, "and if they's any stuff in him the knowledge that this is his last chance should ought to bring it out."

"You mean," says Bull, "that if he strikes out again in a pinch he's through?"

"No, I don't," says Connie. "I mean he's through if he doesn't try to murder that ball. I don't care if he strikes out on three pitches, just so he swings."

"But suppose," says Bull, "suppose they don't throw him nothin' he can hit; suppose they walk him."

"O' course," says Connie, "if the count gets down to two and three, I'd want him to pass the ball up if it was bad. But if it was where he could reach it, I'd want him to take a wallop, just to show me he ain't scared."

So that's how Martin stood with Connie at the beginnin' o' this series between the Ath-a-letics and Detroit.

The thing didn't happen the first day. The game wasn't close and Martin watched it all from the bench. Bull talked to him, but didn't get what you could call a cordial welcome. Bull wasn't su'prised at that; they ain't no ball player that'll kid with an umps when his dauber's down. He refused Bull's invitation to come round to the hotel that night and have supper with him. And Bull decided that the best play was to leave him alone.

They was a letter from the girl waitin' for Bull that evenin'. She'd heard from her brother and she knowed that he wasn't burnin' up the League; but he'd confessed that Connie hadn't treated him good and the umpires had robbed him blind. She knew, she wrote, that Bull wouldn't cheat him; if Bull really cared for her, he'd help him if he got a chance. And it would kill her and her father and mother besides if Martin had to face the disgrace o' not makin' good.

Bull went to bed and dreamt that Martin was up in a pinch, and he was umpirin' behind the plate, and Martin turned round and looked at him just before the ball was pitched, and Bull smiled at him to encourage him, and Martin took an awful wallop at the pill and give it a ride to the fence in right center. That's what Bull dreamt before the second game o' that series. And here's what really come off:

Big Coveleskie and Bush was havin' a whale of a battle. They wasn't nobody scored till the eighth. Cobb got on then, with only one out. So that give Detroit a run. The ninth looked to be all over. Two o' the Ath-a-letics was out. Then somebody got hold o' one and lit on it for three bases, and what was left o' the crowd decided to stick round a w'ile.

Bull says he knowed Martin was comin' up before he ever looked. And he smiled at him when he announced himself as the batter.

Coveleskie come with a fast ball. Martin had to duck to keep from gettin' hit. Coveleskie come with a curve. Martin made a feeble swing and missed it. Jennin's hollered from the bench:

"Run out with the water! The boy's goin' to swoon!"

Another curve ball that broke over, and Martin left it go.

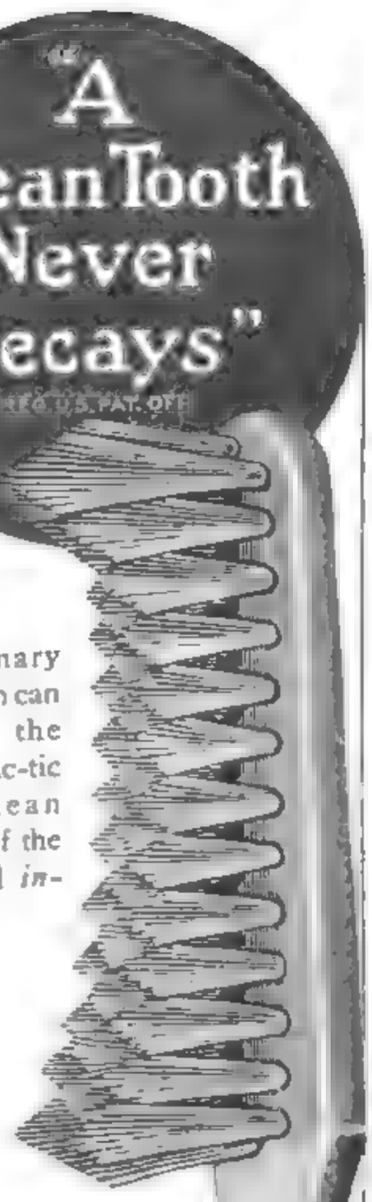
"Strike two!" says Bull.

"It was inside," says Martin.

"You'll never drive in that run with a base on balls," says Bull.

Coveleskie come with a curve that was high and outside. It was the second ball.

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



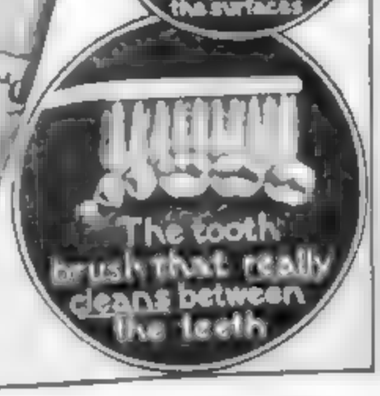
No ordinary tooth brush can do what the Pro-phy-lac-tic does—clean the *backs* of the teeth and *in-between*

Make sure that you get Pro-phy-lac-tic quality, original features and guarantee, by looking carefully for the *name* and Yellow Box when you buy.

Florence Mfg. Co.
32 Pine Street
Florence, Mass.

Sole Manufacturers of Pro-phy-lac-tic and Florence Keepclean Toilet Brushes

Pro-phy-lac-tic



He come with another curve, in the same spot. It was three and two.

"Give him all you got!" yelled Jennin's. "Get it over there! He's too scared to swing!"

Bull told me that w'ile Coveleskie was gettin' ready for that next pitch he could see Maggie and the old folks in front of him just as plain as if they was there, and a voice kept sayin' to him, "Call it a ball! Call it a ball!"

The ball come—a fast one. Bull knowed what it was and where it was comin', and he bit his tongue to keep from sayin' "Swing!" Right across the middle it come, as perfect a strike as was ever pitched. And Martin's bat stayed on his shoulder.

"You're out!" says Bull. "It cut the heart!"

The heart o' the plate, and Bull's too, I guess.

Bull met Connie again next day, outside o' the park.

"I've canned your friend Gregory," says Connie.

"Do you know," says Bull, "I come near callin' that last one a ball?"

"If you had," says Connie, "the kid would of been let out anyway, and you'd of fell, in my estimation, from the best umpire in the league to the worst in the world."

Now what does dear little Brother Martin do next? Instead o' goin' back to Montgomery like a man and tryin' to get a fresh start with the club that he'd been borrowed off of, he sets down and writes Maggie that Connie would of kept him only for Bull callin' him out on a ball that was so low and so far outside that the Detroit catcher had to lay down to get it, and that Bull done it because he didn't like him, and if Maggie didn't tie a can to Bull, Martin was through with her and with the old man and old lady too.

Well, the girl wrote back to Bull callin' off the engagement, sayin' how sorry her and her parents was to find out that he would stoop to such meanness and askin' him not to communicate with her no more. And Bull's bull-headed enough so as he wouldn't make a move to square things.

He got that letter from her day before yesterday, just before he left his hotel to come out to the yard. Is it any wonder he didn't say nothin' when I claimed Cady didn't tag me, and went entirely off'n his nut when Cahill called him a crook?

W'ile he was spillin' me the story I got enough into him to make a good sleepin' potion, and then helped him to the hay. The first thing yesterday mornin' I seen Ban and fixed that end of it by repeatin' the romance. But don't never breathe that Ban knows all about it. Bull thinks he's takin' him back because it was his first offense. And he's comin' back; Ban says he's promised to be in there to-morrow.

And right here in my pocket I got somethin' to show him that'll be better news than gettin' back his job. As luck would have it, I was the first guy to get to the park yesterday, and when I blowed into the clubhouse, who was settin' there but young Mr. Gregory himself! He told me his name and wanted to know was they any chance of him gettin' a try-out with us?

"Yes," I says, "they's one chance and you'll get it if you do as I say. Connie couldn't of gave you to the Montgomery club again if we hadn't waived. But I'll fix it for you to join us to-morrow and try your luck again on these conditions: In the first place, you got to go right out now and wire your sister and tell her that the ball you was called out on was right through the middle o' the plate and the best strike you ever seen, and that Connie would of released you anyway, and that if your sister don't wire right back to Bull, in my care, statin' that she's reconsidered and it's still on between she and him, you won't never recognize her as your sister."

"And what if I won't do that?" he says.

"You won't get no chance at a job here," says I, "but you'll get the worst lickin' that was ever gave."

He sent the telegram and I got a night letter this mornin'; addressed to Bull it was, but I read it. I've been tryin' to locate him all day and he's goin' to call up as soon as he gets back to his hotel. Everything's fixed and to-morrow he'll feel so good that he's liable to forget himself and give us somethin' but the worst of it.

As for Martin, if he don't make good with our club it'll be because he can't hit and not because he's too scared to try. I'll have him too scared o' me to be scared of anything else.

Try a RED WING Grape Cup

Here is the most delicious drink of the summer

Put a small block of ice in a two-quart glass pitcher. Slice in one orange, a banana, two or three pieces of pineapple and add such berries as are in season. Pour over this one quart of water and one pint of RED WING Grape Juice. Decorate with mint and place to stand until seasoned. Serve in glasses trimmed with fruit.

Be sure that you use

RED WING the GRAPE JUICE
With the Better Flavor

For sherbets, puddings and a score of other dainty dishes, you will find Red Wing incomparable. Our free booklet gives the recipes. Write for it.

Puritan Food Products Co., Inc.
Fredonia, N. Y.

Sales Branches: Chicago, New York Boston, San Francisco

CANADIAN AGENTS:

Lymans, Ltd Montreal Dunn Horton Ltd Toronto W H Escott Co Ltd Winnipeg Baird & Peters St John N B A & W Smith Co, Halifax, N S Martin & Robertson, Ltd Vancouver B C

The Tissue of Dreams

AROUND it are woven the dreams of fair women.

By means of it the dreams come true.

Without beauty, formless, flimsy; it cannot be pictured. Useless in itself, given hardly a thought; accepted, like bread, as a necessity of life.

The paper dress pattern is the magic key to the goal of heart's desire. The means to the end that every woman seeks—to be well dressed; distinctively, fashionably.

In use for fifty years, yet always changing, always new—have you ever stopped to consider the miracle, the romance in the tissue paper Butterick pattern that you buy so casually for the paltry sum of fifteen or twenty cents?

Ogden, New York, Memphis, Cape Town, Petrograd, it matters not where you live, the pattern enables you to make your own gowns—easily—perfectly—after the latest ideas of all the great style-creators of the world. Back of the humble pattern is the Butterick fashion organization, covering the entire civilized globe. Wherever and whenever a new style is born Butterick artists are present.

And it matters not where you live, you have the Paris and New York styles as soon as Paris and New York. It matters not where you live, if you are well dressed today in your home town, you are well dressed for London, Vienna, Paris, Buenos Aires.

The Butterick pattern has made style international and simultaneous.

Tissue of Dreams.

Not only did Butterick's invention of the dress pattern make it possible for women the world over to make their own clothes well, stylishly and with individuality; but it enables you to have two modish costumes for what one would cost otherwise.

Do you realize that you never really buy a paper pattern? It is a dress you are buying. It is the *chic* costume you saw pictured in the magazine that you have really "bought" before ever you go to the store for your pattern. You cannot wear twenty cents' worth of tissue paper pattern. It is merely a "blue-print" or working-plan to enable you to construct the gown; and useless in itself.

As you walk up to the pattern counter you are not thinking of a tissue pattern, but of the silk you are about to buy at the next counter; the buttons, the lining—the new corsets and shoes you are going to have to complete your costume; to "make you new all over."

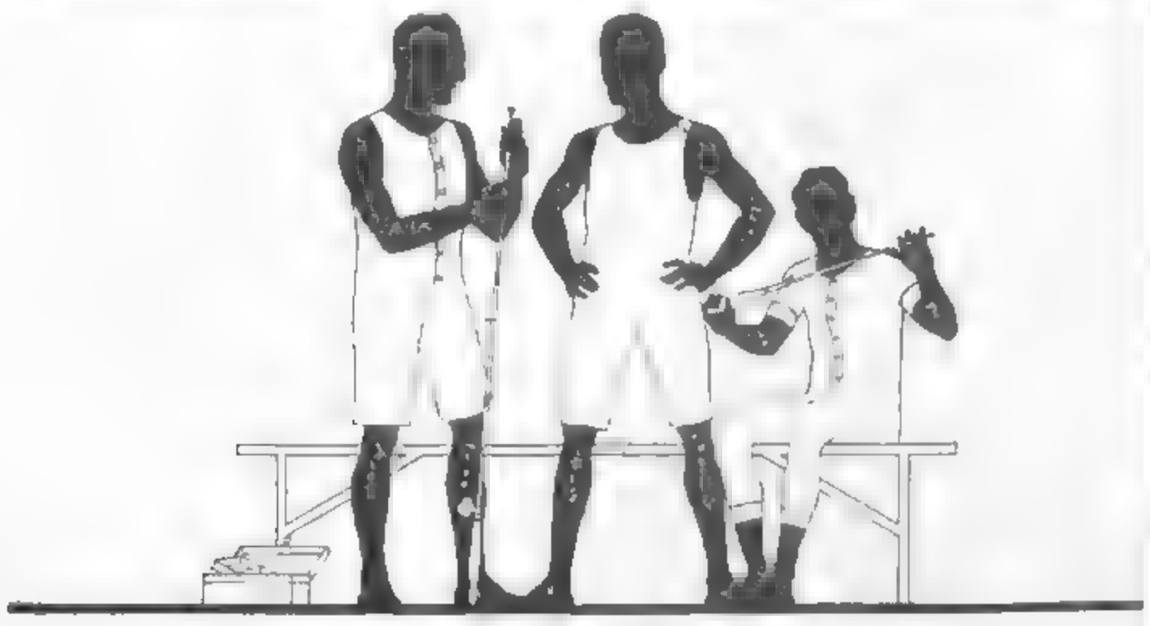
Yet it is the unconsidered, ridiculously inexpensive paper pattern that makes all these things possible; makes it possible for you to dress so stylishly, so economically, so individually. Makes it possible for the merchants of America to sell yearly three hundred million yards of cloth and other dry goods beyond estimate.

There is no thing so cheap and yet so valuable; so common and yet so little realized; so unappreciated and yet so beneficent as the paper dress pattern. Truly one of the few great elemental inventions in the world's history—the Tissue of Dreams.

Butterick

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE — The Delineator — THE DESIGNER

PERFECT FITTING MUNSING WEAR UNION SUITS



Form-fitting knitted and loose-fitting woven garments

Which Do You Prefer For Summer Comfort?

DO YOU like form-fitting **knitted** garments? In Munsingwear you can get them in fabrics so sheer they weigh but a few ounces—and in a variety of summer styles, or do you prefer **loose-fitting** underwear?

The Munsingwear Line now includes loose-fitting athletic garments for men in a variety of woven fabrics of beautiful design—accurately sized.

Both kinds made the satisfactory Munsingwear way—which means perfection of finish, correct fit, comfort, washability and durability.

For samples of fabrics, style illustrations and name of Munsingwear dealer in your town, address

The Northwestern Knitting Company
Minneapolis, Minn.

Form-fitting knitted suits for men, women, children

ASK FOR MUNSING WEAR UNION SUITS

Loose-fitting woven athletic suits for men

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Dept. 117, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for Search
BOOKS AND ADVICE **FREE**
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

EAT AND GROW THIN
Satisfying menus that will take off weight without starving you. Tells what you can eat, not what you can't. Thousands are following these rules successfully. Safe. Practical. Effective. Price $1. Postage extra. At any bookstore or from
E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Tiolene
IN STEEL DRUMS FOR PRIVATE USE
The MOTOR OIL that's Clean
TIONA OIL CO. BINGHAMTON, N.Y

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
The Antiseptic Powder to Shake Into Your Shoes

and use in the Foot-Bath. Makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. Over 100 000 packages are being used by the German and Allied troops at the front. Nothing rests the feet so quickly and thoroughly. It takes the friction from the Shoe, the sting out of Corns and Bunions and makes walking a delight. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it TO-DAY. Sold everywhere, 25 cts. Don't accept any substitute.

"Oh! What Rest and Comfort"

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address,
ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

PUT THEM IN YOUR MOTOR THEN—

"I Didn't Know I Had So Much Power"

HERZ PLUG

Gaslight Saves Gas
Can't Misfire
Cleans Itself
Guaranteed a year. Lasts 2 to 3 years. Ask for Bright Metal Orders and the Primator for Ford cars.

HERZ & CO.
245 W. 55th St., N. Y. C.

SUDDEN JIM

(Continued from Page 23)

for any young woman to say—even if she knows in her heart they're ridiculous."

"They were not absurd. I meant them. You had no business to be there to hear—to know. You let me talk when I was unstrung. You spied—it amounted to that."

"Let it stand that way. I do know and I'm going to meddle. You hate Diversity because it isn't New York City. You talk recklessly to a stranger. The sum of the matter is that you are steering for a big unpleasantness. If you don't like things as they are, what is the sense of putting in your time making them worse? Pretty soon you'll talk and think and gloom yourself into doing something that'll smash the china. So I'm going to meddle. Of course I don't know you, and I haven't any personal interest in you. But I'm interested in you as a sociological specimen. As such I'm going to be polite to you, and as entertaining as possible while we're at Mrs. Stickney's table. I shall expect you to be humanly polite to me. Do you understand?"

She looked at him queerly, almost apprehensively. When she replied her voice was low, not cold, not friendly. Jim's will had encountered her will and been the stronger.

"Yes," she said.

"You'll be reasonably decent—so Mrs. Stickney won't lose her appetite?"

"Yes. In the house. But nowhere else. And I shall hate you—hate you."

"That's enough for a beginning."

"And don't you dare to watch me. Don't dare to pry into my affairs. Don't dare to interfere with me in any way."

"Miss Ducharme, if you fell into the river it would be only human for me to fish you out. Drowning isn't the worst thing there is. Folks who would jump into the water after you would stand by and let trouble come to you which would make you wish you could drown. A man has the right to interfere. Humanity gives it to him. It's silly to think I have the right to save your life from a physical danger but haven't the right to save you from the other kind. You say it's none of my business. It is my business. What threatens any human being is the business of every other human being, if he weren't too lazy or too hidebound or too conventional to admit it. You have brains—or you wouldn't be in the state of mind you are. You know logic when you meet it face to face—and that was logic. The trouble with you is ambition that has fermented in the can."

"You are a bumptious young man," she said hotly. "You're full of schoolbook theories. What do you know about a woman? About her problems? What do you know about anything? You haven't lived yet. I'm a dozen years older than you—in knowing what the world is. You talked idealistic nonsense the other day about the good there is in the world; you're talking idealistic nonsense to-day. You're a cub altruist. What you think is humanitarianism is merely impertinence. Altruism is just a word in the dictionary."

"I knew you had brains," said Jim, "and I'll bet you disagree with Mrs. Stickney about woman's sphere. She says every woman ought to be bossed by a man—and shouldn't be allowed the vote till she's a grandmother."

"I don't agree. A woman is an individual, complete—she needs no man for a complement. Her abilities are as great, her potentialities as strong. She has the right to own herself, to guard herself, to reach out for the life she wants as a man does. Because her risk in life is greater she has the right to more than equality: she has the right to special privilege and special protection. She has the right to demand that she be put in a condition where she can protect her treasures, material, physical, spiritual. And how can she do it as things are? Less than half the world—in trousers—holds the majority in captivity, exercising the rights of conquerors. You make laws to bind us. Men make laws respecting the peculiar problems of women—when men know less of women and their problems than they do of the mound builders. We don't ask to make your laws—only men can make laws for men; but we do demand to make our own laws. We demand that weapons be placed in our hands for our own defense. With some of the theories I do not agree, but I do insist that women should not be left—in the condition they are now—as the women of a sacked city, at the mercy of the conquerors."

"You have thought, haven't you? Perhaps not altogether healthily, but keenly. Dinner-table conversations won't be trite."

"Thought! What has there been to do in Diversity but think? And the more I think, the more I comprehend, the worse the handcuffs cut into my wrists. Some day it will become unendurable."

"And then," Jim said, "I shall jump into the water after you. We'll take altruism out of the dictionary for that one time anyhow."

She said nothing, moved toward the door.

"Our agreement is sealed?" he asked. "We are to act toward each other like ordinarily polite human beings while we are in the house?"

"Yes," she said over her shoulder.

"Are we to shake hands on it?"

"No," she said sharply and went out carrying herself lightly, with splendid poise, eye-delighting grace.

Jim felt a tinge of regret that her face was not lovely. With the intellect that was hers, he thought gravely, with her beauty of line and motion, beauty of face would have made her a miracle. But she was no miracle. She was a small, overburdened, vainly protesting girl who had fought her way alone to such ideals as she possessed. With her will she thought she had molded her own soul. She did not know that souls are never subject to finite processes; she did not know that each soul is a single drop from the great ocean of Divinity, coming to us in such purity as the great ocean possesses, to be made more pure or to be defiled by our acts—but never to be altered by our wills. One day would come when she would call up her soul before her and know it as she did not know it now.

Jim's final thought on the matter was that Marie was not a modern woman, not an advanced woman, but a primitive woman, an atavism, fighting as her remotest mother must have fought for the very right to be.

VIII

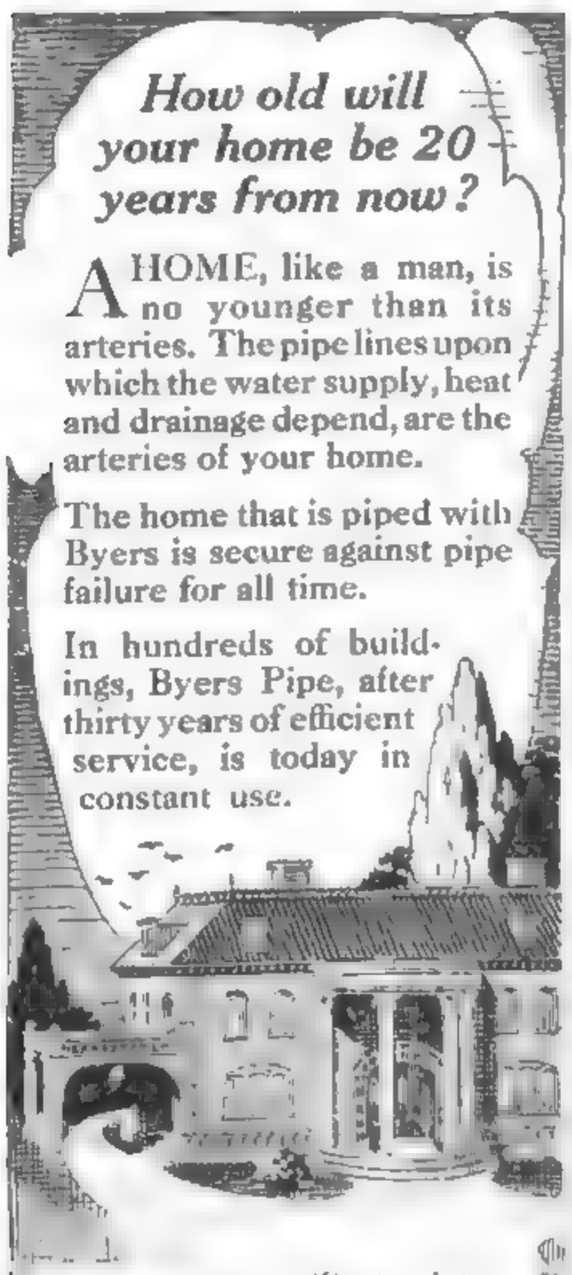
THE mills started as well as any new mills could be expected to start. They did not run perfectly; minor defects developed, machines ran stiffly, hot boxes developed, belts required tightening; but Jim Ashe was willing to praise his millwrights for good work done. As he walked through the big plant between rows of machines which chugged or punched or sawed rhythmically; as he watched hardwood logs crawl up the slide at the rear of the mill, and pass through a multitude of processes to emerge into the warehouse finished clothespins or dishes or bowls, he felt a sense of pride in the thing he was doing. He was drawing straight from Nature to minister to the necessities of man. It was no ignoble task.

If profits came to him, they would be honestly earned profits, the result of labor. He was not wasting as timber had been wasted before his day. Every scrap of wood that came into his mill was utilized. Modern machinery made possible a saving in timber that thirty years ago would have run into hundreds of millions of feet of pine, had the pioneer wasters availed themselves of it. Thin band saws turned a minimum of each log into ashes; with them Jim got seven boards where old-time circular saws had been able to give but six. Resaws redeemed the slabs, took from them the finest gold of the timber which lay just under the bark. In other days slab piles had been known to burn constantly for years, a savage waste. Sawdust, remnants of slabs, edgings furnished the fuel which gave him his power. Here was nothing of which to be ashamed; much to justify pride. Here was an enterprise a man might defend before the court of posterity.

But if the mills ran to Jim's satisfaction at first they did not improve as he demanded. In ten days from the beginning there swept over the plant a pestilence of mishaps, each mishap causing the shutdown of a department, sometimes of the whole mill. It did not abate, but continued maddeningly. The shrill toot of the little whistle which commanded the engineer to stop motion became a throb in a sore tooth to Jim. Each accident was small; the total of them reached dangerous magnitude.

Jim called in Nelson, head millwright, and his superintendent, John Beam. They came wearing the faces of harried men.

"In three days," Jim said shortly, "we've lost five hours in shutdowns. Why?"



How old will your home be 20 years from now?

A HOME, like a man, is no younger than its arteries. The pipe lines upon which the water supply, heat and drainage depend, are the arteries of your home.

The home that is piped with Byers is secure against pipe failure for all time.

In hundreds of buildings, Byers Pipe, after thirty years of efficient service, is today in constant use.

The protective silicates intermingled with iron have made rust and corrosive resistance synonymous with

BYERS
GENUINE
WROUGHT IRON
FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED
PIPE

A home is built for permanency. You and your family intend to live in it for a long time.

For ten to twenty dollars extra at the time you build, you can buy lifelong security against pipe failure in homes costing up to $10,000 and more expensive homes in proportion. This slightly higher extra cost is distributed over a period of years—making the entire cost of pipe security less than one dollar a year to you.

Write for Byers Book of Pipe Information

A·M·BYERS COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, PA.

23 Sullivan St. New York City | 11 Sleeper St. Boston, Mass. | 720 Fulton St. Chicago, Ill.

Distributors in all jobbing centers
Names on request

"Every night," said Nelson, "we inspect every belt, every pulley, every gear, every machine. We make sure nothing is wrong—and next day a dozen things go wrong.

"The last shutdown was for a split pulley on the main shaft. I went over that shaft last night myself. That pulley was as tight and sound as any pulley could be. And it twisted off this morning. We had to shut down yesterday to fix the main driving belt. Four rivets had come loose and she'd have pulled clean apart. There wasn't a sign of a loose rivet night before last, I'd take my oath on it." He looked gloomily out of the window. The thing was twanging on his nerves as well as on Jim's.

"John and I aren't trying to make excuses for ourselves. We'd be tickled to death to take the blame if we could only fix it onto ourselves. What makes me want to roll over and howl is that we can't fix it any place. In spite of all we can do these things happen. It's just as he says about what he's seen. Things I know were sound and in perfect runnin' condition at night goes wrong in the mornin'. And how in blazes are we goin' to explain the nails?"

"What nails?" Jim asked.

"In the logs. Every sawyer expects to find some nails when he's sawin' maple. Especially in a sugar country. They was drove in to hold sap buckets. But a man don't expect to find 'em in beech and birch—and he don't expect to find brand-new tenpenny nails neither. The saw filer's tearin' his hair. If it keeps on we won't have a saw to cut with on the big mill. You know what a nail'll do to a saw, Mr. Ashe."

"Why doesn't the sawyer keep his eyes open for them?" Jim snapped.

"Keep his eyes open! Mr. Ashe, before he puts a log on the carriage now he goes over it from end to end. You can't see a nail that's countersunk so the head's half an inch in."

"The way you say that sounds as if you meant something. Out with it."

"I mean," said Nelson doggedly, "that it looks to me as if somebody was plantin' them nails so's we'd saw into 'em. I mean it looks to me like somebody sneaked in here and tampered with things after we get through inspectin'. I mean that the things that's happened in this mill couldn't 'a' happened without bein' helped to happen."

John Beam nodded his head in agreement.

"That's nonsense," Jim said emphatically.

"Maybe it is. Maybe a crazy man's doin' it. But, Mr. Ashe, it's bein' done. I know it as well as if I'd seen the feller doin' it."

"How about the watchmen?"

"All of 'em worked for us in the old mills. 'Tain't none of them. I'd take my Bible oath on that."

Jim sat silent a moment, scowling at the floor. "You men know what shutdowns mean," he said. "Here's five hours in three days—half a day's time gone. That means a loss in wages alone of a hundred dollars. Which is a small part of it. It's got to stop. I don't care whether these accidents are accidents or whether somebody is arranging them—they've got to quit, and quit sudden. Suppose we lose a hundred dollars every three days. That's two hundred a week and ten thousand a year. Have you talked about this to anybody?"

"No," said Nelson. Beam shook his head.

"Is there any talk in the mill?"

"Haven't heard any."

"Well, keep quiet about it. If you fellows are right, we don't want to advertise it. Now clear out of here and do the best you can. Keep your eyes open. Don't get suspicious of anybody till you have mighty good reason. I'd hate to think it was any of the crew."

"It's somebody that knows the run of things."

"Yes."

"What possible reason could anybody have, Mr. Ashe——"

"That'll be my job—to find out. This suspicion of yours is upsetting. I want to think about it. Then I'll do something."

Nelson's eyes twinkled as he glanced sideways at Beam. As they went out Jim heard him say in a low tone:

"You bet he'll do somethin'—and it'll come sudden and astonishin'. Sudden Jim!" There was a note of affection in Nelson's voice as he pronounced the name.

Jim settled down to think about it. That someone was planning deliberately to cripple the plant by injuring its machinery was illogical. It affronted Jim's reason.

The Exclusive
Toasty Flavor
Has Now Made
BUTTER-KIST
Pop Corn
The National Treat

Look in your town for the up-to-date store, theatre, restaurant, newsstand or concession that now has the self-running Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine.

Watch the super-human way it pops, removes the unpopped grains and butters each fluffy, white morsel *evenly*—with pure creamery butter.

Then buy a 5c bag or a 10c carton and taste this delicious new discovery—the pop corn with *the toasty flavor!*

You will eat it all and go back for more fresh, crackling, fluffy, white Butter-Kist—made only by the patented Butter-Kist Machine.

To avoid imitations, insist on the bag or carton with the Butter-Kist trademark.

Scores of Records Like These—
Names on Request

Druggist, Ottawa, Ill. (10,000 pop.) $583.00 in 66 days.

Confectioner, Lestershire, N. Y. (3,775 pop.), $1400 first 3 months.

Picture Theatre, Augusta, Ga. (62,482 pop.), $135 first 10 days.

Dept. Store, Philadelphia, $1085 first month.

News-Stand, Warsaw, Ind. (4,480 pop.), $600 in 3 months.

Grocer, Wake Forest, N. C. (1,600 pop.), $4 to $6 per day.

Lunch Room, Fostoria, O. (9,597 pop.), $235 in 28 days.

Butter-Kist Profits $3120 Yearly from Waste Space

Owned and Endorsed by Hundreds of High-Class
Drug Stores — Confectioners — Grocers
Picture Theatres — Department Stores
Cigar Stores — 5-and-10-Cent Stores
Restaurants — News-Stands
Billiard Parlors — Fairs — Concessions, Etc.

We'll send any business man scores of signed sales records from trustworthy concerns in all sized towns down to 300 population to prove how the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine is earning them $600 to $3120 NET profits yearly, *and more*

How the human-like *motion* of their machines makes people stop and stand spell-bound—how they can't resist Butter-Kist's *coaxing fragrance*—how the *toasty flavor* brings them back from blocks around *for more.*

Let Profits Buy This Machine

Make a small payment down and you can have this machine making money one hour after arrival. Earnings soon pay off the balance.

Stands anywhere—occupies only 26x32 inches of floor space. Beautiful oak, mahogany or white enameled cabinet with plate glass sides—fitted for the finest interior. Capacity, 70c to $4.00 per hour. All-year-round business with splendid family trade.

Get "Little Gold Mine" Book

This valuable book gives actual proof of profits, photographs, pay-from-your-profits plan and full details. Sent *free* to any business man.

Mail This FREE Coupon Today

Delay is costly—you men already in business lose $2 to $10 a day without this machine. So send this coupon for our free book today—NOW. No obligation whatever.

Holcomb & Hoke Manufacturing Co.
552 Van Buren Street
Indianapolis, Ind.
The Largest Manufacturers of Pop Corn Machines in the World

Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Company
552 Van Buren St.
Indianapolis, Indiana

Send free your Butter-Kist photo-book—
"The Little Gold Mine"
with sales records, proof of profits and full information

Name ——
Business
Address

ANSCO
CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

The Sign of the Ansco Dealer

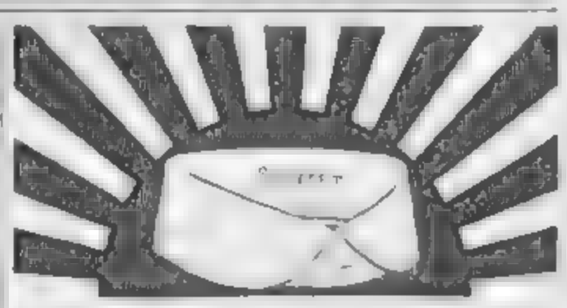
Camera value is not alone in the camera design nor in the lens or shutter, but in the *proper way* in which these elements are combined. More than half a century of experience in camera making has taught the Ansco Company the proper balance. No other camera manufacturers have had that long experience.

Extra values in the Ansco, for which you pay nothing, are the exclusive features for taking pictures easily and with certainty—such as the wonderful exact radius finder, the automatic adjustable focusing device and many useful refinements.

No 3A Folding Ansco. Pictures, 3¼ in. x 5½ in. Prices $20.00 to $27.50, depending on equipment. Other Anscos $2.00 up.

The 1916 Ansco Catalog tells the whole story. Get it from the nearest Ansco dealer, or write to us for one and a specimen picture on Cyko Paper made by the camera in which you are interested.

ANSCO COMPANY BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK



SUNSET is the low collar that is so becoming for most every summer occasion. Its Graduated tie-space and tie-protecting shield are exclusive comfort features in

REFLECTOR

SLIDEWELL COLLARS

SOFTOP 8

that save your tie, time and temper.

Reflector—the spaced collar and

SOFTOP 9

Softop—with starched band and soft top are the favored new models.

Ask your dealer or write us

Hall, Hartwell & Co., Makers, Troy, N.Y.

Yet it was a theory impossible to dismiss. It must be considered. In that case, who had an adequate motive? Nobody, so far as Jim could see at first glance.

He set up the possibilities, only to knock them down one by one. It might be the work of a man with a mania for malicious destruction. Highly improbably, thought Jim. It might be workmen or a workman with a grievance practicing sabotage. But so far as Jim knew there was no discontent; the crew were satisfied; there had been no complaints, no unrest. That possibility must be dismissed. It might be some individual in Diversity with a grudge to work off against the company. But Jim had never heard of conflict between the company and a citizen, nor had unfriendliness developed since his arrival. This, too, was dismissed.

Who had an interest in the failure of the concern? A thought which lay deep in his mind, which he had hoped to conceal even from himself, obtruded: The Clothespin Club. As an organization of men who had fought upward through adverse conditions, against obstacles, side by side with his father, Jim did not believe them guilty. But organizations of honorable business men often employ underlings, concerning whose methods their masters neglect to make close inquiry. Might this not be the case? It was the sole possibility to stand erect before Jim's reason.

The Club brought up speculations on Morton J. Welliver—which led to Michael Moran and Zaanan Frame. They led to the Diversity Hardwood Company, of which Moran was now the head. Should the Ashe Clothespin Company fail, who was most likely to succeed it? Who would be in the best position to take over the wreck and operate it? To that question there was but one answer—the Diversity Hardwood Company. Now Jim became obsessed by a real suspicion—and he would act upon it until evidence showed him he was at fault. He would move on the theory that Welliver, Moran and Frame were not clean of hand. Frame! What had he to base a suspicion of Zaanan Frame upon? Nothing but an evident acquaintance with Welliver, a patent closeness of relation to Moran. No, the old justice's name must stand among the suspected.

"Where's Mr. Ashe?" roared an angry voice in the outer office.

Jim heard Grierson's parchment voice give the direction, and heavy feet pounded down the hall to his door. Watson, foreman of the veneer room, burst in, a huge veneer knife in his arms—no mean weight.

"Look at that," he said belligerently, dropping the knife on Jim's desk with a bang. "Look at that! Two knives this mornin'."

There was plain to view a generous nick on the cutting edge.

"What did it?" Jim asked.

"Nail. Twice this morning. Now I've got to shut down one lathe till the other knife's ground down. What kind of timber is this anyhow, with nails hid all over it?"

"Nothing the matter with your eyesight, is there?"

Watson glared at Jim, shook a grimy finger at him.

"I kin see nails as far as anybody, but I can't look through an inch of timber to 'em. We always look out for nails, but it's easy to see 'em. Bolts come to us from the vats with the bark peeled, and mostly the peelers get the nails with their spuds. But nobody kin see a nail that's sunk an inch and the hole plugged. Yes, sir, that's what I mean. The hole was plugged!"

"How do you know?"

"Strip of veneer showed it. Slice of plug was still stickin' in. And we went over a dozen more bolts with a fine-tooth comb. We found one with a spot in it that looked suspicious. Dug it out and it was a plug! And we notched in and hit the nail. Now what does that mean?"

"It means you're to keep your mouth shut about it, and tell some kind of a story to your gang to keep their mouths shut."

"Somebody's goin' to get hurt," Watson said darkly.

"Yes," said Jim slowly, "somebody is going to get hurt—bad."

"I s'pose I'll have to look over every bolt with opery glasses," growled Watson.

"I'll give you a man who is to do nothing else. Tell Beam I said so."

Jim put on his coat and hat and went to dinner. His physical machine was such that it required nourishment, no matter what was happening to the mental department. Some men lose their appetites when things go wrong. Not so Jim Ashe. Some men drown their troubles in drink. Jim had his drowned three times daily in hunger.

When he had eaten his dinner—for the Widow Stickney had only vaguely heard of a strange custom of moving that meal along till six o'clock, and having a thing at noon called luncheon; to her, luncheon was something you put up in a basket and took to a picnic—he leaned back in his chair for his usual midday chat with the old lady.

"You've lived here long, Mrs. Stickney?"

"Born in the county."

"You ought to be pretty well acquainted with folks hereabout."

"Don't have to live here long to be that. Everybody you meet is boilin' over with anxiety to give you the true life history of everybody else. You kin git to know Diversity consid'able well in a week, if you're willin' to listen."

"Justice Frame's lived here a long time, too, hasn't he?"

"Him and me was children together."

"Mrs. Stickney, I'm not asking this wholly out of curiosity. I'm new to you all. I've got my hands pretty full, and there are people in the world who would be glad to see me spill part of my load. It's a fine thing to know whom you can depend on and whom you want to shy at. So I'm asking you to tell me something about Zaanan Frame."

"He's a stiff-spined old grampus," said the widow promptly. "Him and me squabbles so's the neighbors most come a-runnin' in to part us. He's powerful set on havin' his own way—and mostly he gits it. He's sharper'n a new sickle. He's been justice of the peace here since before Mary Whittaker was born, and Mary's got a boy of ten herself. Hain't never been nothin' more'n just justice of the peace, but he runs the whole blessed county out of his office. He's one of them things the papers call a political boss; but if I do say it, Zaanan Frame does a good job of it. But he runs it so folks git the wuth of their taxes, and so that them that wants justice gits it.

"About dependin' on him," she went on after drawing a breath, "you won't never find him dodgin' about underhand. If he likes you, he hain't apt to show it by runnin' up and kissin' you in public; and if he don't like you, he don't cuss you and try to hit you with a pebble whenever you meet—but you soon git to know. I've knowed him to give a man he didn't like all the best of a deal—so nobody'd accuse him of workin' a personal spite. I've knowed him to refuse things to a friend he'd 'a' done for a stranger. They say he stretches the powers of his office and does things a justice hain't got no right to do—and I calc'late he does. But it's in time of need for somebody. He meddles into folkses' fam'ly affairs, and plans to marry off this girl to that feller—which plans mostly works out to his notion.

"He's got a sort of notion he was put here by God Almighty to be father and mother to every man, woman and child in the county. But there hain't no complaints of him as a parent, though he's a mean-dispositioned, meddlin', sharp-tongued, stubborn-minded old coot.

"Diversity hain't given much to sayin' anythin' but meannesses about folks; we don't speak none about Zaanan, but I calc'late there's growed men that'll walk behind him to the cemetery with tears a-runnin' down their cheeks, and wimmin that'll be sobbin' and leetle children that'll know what it means to lose their pa. If there's any argument when Zaanan gits to stand before the great white throne, he's got a right to say: 'Wait a minnit, Lord, till we kin git in a number of souls that's here but was bound for the other place till I got my hands on the reins.' If you're worryin' as to where Zaanan Frame stands I kin tell you—he stands where it's honestest and rightest for him to stand. My goodness, but hain't I been goin' on about him! Thinkin' as high of him as I do, it's a wonder I don't up and make him my third."

Jim sat gnawing his finger silently for many minutes after the widow was done speaking. She spoke as one who knew. Jim knew she would have testified in a court of law just as she had spoken to him. Nor would she have spoken so except from certainty. He was compelled, therefore, to revise his judgments and suspicions.

"If you were in a hard place, Mrs. Stickney, and needed advice, would you go to Zaanan Frame?"

"I'd hitch up and go at a gallop," she said.

"That," said Jim, "is about what I think I'll do."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Stretch" and "Slip"

These Wasteful Twins are Costing American Manufacturers $100,000,000 a Year

The Scientifically-built Leviathan-Anaconda Belting eliminates stretch and slip and is adding 10 to 30 per cent. to the productive capacity of Machines

THIS Year 1916 will be notable in the history of many a business as the year it woke up!

Plants which have been resting fourteen hours out of every twenty-four, are now keeping *three shifts busy seven days a week.*

Transmission, which formerly had an easy job and plenty of time to recuperate, is groaning under a *continuous overload.*

The head of the House is personally looking into many matters which formerly were classed as "routine" or "departmental," and were run on tradition and theory.

He finds that to speed up machines even a little takes power out of all proportion. He sees that the plant that "just passes" under ordinary conditions falls down when the real test comes. The *belting* that has to be *dressed* and *taken up* and *pampered* when a factory is running at *normal*, is going to be an awful *expense* when that factory is taxed to keep up with orders.

* * *

In times like these, *scientifically built belting*, such as Leviathan-Anaconda, justifies itself a thousand times over.

The average manufacturer has not thought much about his belting so long as it seemed to be doing the work—any more than the average man thinks about the muscles in his arm.

But when a man sees an example of remarkable development and realizes how weak and flabby his own muscles are, he wakes up to his own weakness.

Probably the severest jolt the manufacturer could get is to compare his own figures with those of a plant in which Leviathan-Anaconda is used.

* * *

The Leviathan-Anaconda user in 19 industries is beginning to see *(and his competitor is beginning to feel)*, that under the stress of present conditions his belting is doing its work *without special care;* adequately with *power to spare;* is *handling overloads* without shortening its life or lessening its endurance.

The up-to-date factory man and the efficiency engineer are alive to the facts and when these people want results they are *specifying Leviathan-Anaconda without solicitation.*

* * *

One of the oldest of the world's industries is brick making. The art came from Babylon and Egypt. Perhaps some of the methods did also.

But there is a modern plant in North Carolina, the Cherokee Brick Company, where totally new methods and new types of machinery have been put in by efficiency engineers. The plant makes good brick and good looking brick. It is a marvel of efficient production and uses the last ounce of power delivered to its machines.

There has been no question in the minds of the engineers about belting. *Leviathan is used* and its records fully justify the judgment of the men who chose it.

* * *

Another representative of an ancient industry is the Chickasaw Milling Company. But located in Oklahoma, it goes without saying that its elevator equipment is as modern as any in America.

A little instance of the strength and ruggedness of the Anaconda elevator belt in this mill was given when the grain elevator became *choked with grain* so that in running it flattened out the buckets. *The belt kept on running.* When it was taken off for new buckets not enough stretch was found to make it necessary to take it up a single inch.

* * *

Leviathan-Anaconda Belts are totally unlike any other belts in the world—various-ply, of solid fabric, so impregnated with a special composition, treated, stretched and aged as to form a pliable belting material well-nigh indestructible.

"This belt has been in service over 30 years, and has worn down to almost 2-ply—but is still giving 100% service. It has very rarely been dressed, and it has not been taken up in years."

They are in no sense a substitute for any other type of belting. They are the scientific answer to the power transmission problem in *nineteen classes* of American industry.

By all means have your engineer send for our Belting Hand Book.

***But more important, write us,* and let us show you the *man service* that comes before belt service.**

LEVIATHAN AND ANACONDA BELTS

for Transmission, Conveying and Elevating

MAIN BELTING COMPANY, Philadelphia

New York Chicago Pittsburgh Seattle Birmingham

CHARLES PURDEN, Birmingham, England
THE M. METT ENGINEERING CO., Petrograd, Russia
WM. A. CAMPBELL, Havana, Cuba
MAIN BELTING CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Montreal, Toronto
ADOLPHE GRANDJEAN, 211 Rue Lafayette, Paris
HONOLULU IRON WORKS CO., Honolulu

Oakland
eights sixes fours

Sturdy as the Oak

Oakland Eight develops full 73 horsepower. It throttles down on high to a walk—or is off again at top speed with the smoothness and grace of an ocean-going yacht.

This wonderful car brings to its owner the finest form of motoring luxury.

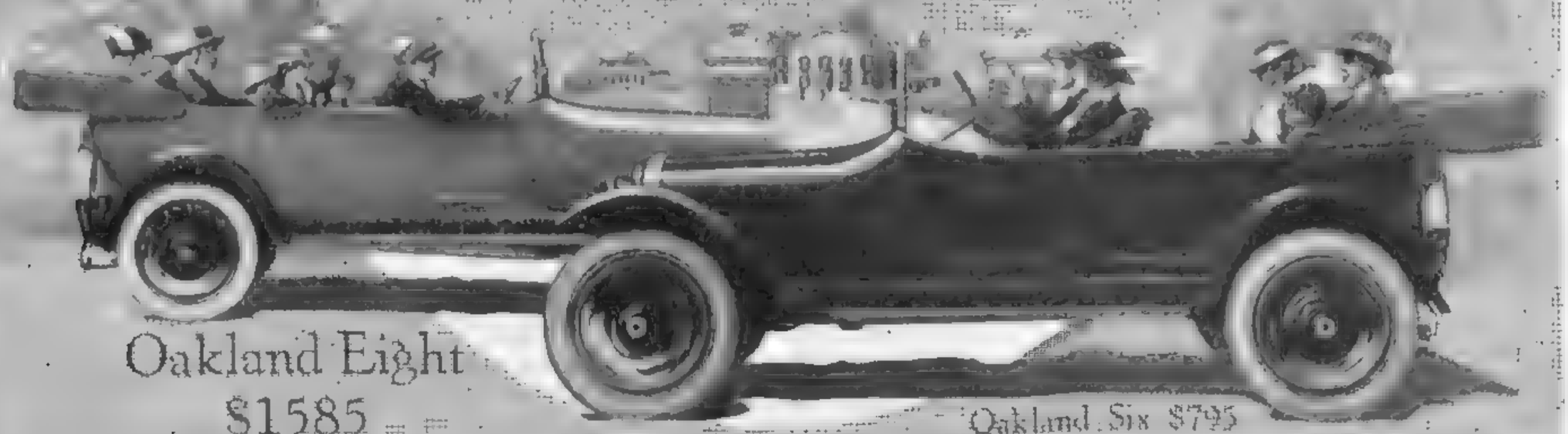
Yet, despite its quality, it is moderate in first cost. *And*, its lightness and efficiency make it most economical to operate. The perfected motor makes every atom of gas deliver its full mileage of top quality travel.

Oakland Six, $795, the sensible "Six" to buy and keep—has all the power and smoothness that six cylinders assure. And its low-hung, graceful body, its lustrous finish, its real leather upholstery and complete appointments, stamp it a quality car.

Oakland Four $1050—a family car of generous size and amazing simplicity. *So—no matter what your motoring needs, in the complete Oakland line you'll find "an Oakland for you."*

OAKLAND MOTOR COMPANY
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

(11)



Oakland Eight $1585

Oakland Six $795

THE ROOF OF ARMAGEDDON

(Continued from Page 8)

Had we chosen to climb, however, we untrained civilians from sea level must have started at dawn; and, at that, we could hardly have reached the plateau by dark. Even then we should have been lucky. This mountain work is a great tester of flaws in middle-aged men. As it was, we should mount by mule to the foot of the *teliferica*, and take the very hardest part of the rise in a few dazzling minutes. After we reached the advanced base, our expert lieutenant assured us, there would be no real Alpine work, unless luck and the weather enabled us to go forward to some of the front trenches on the glacier—only plain climbing.

Dawn brought less fear of *telifericas;* and as we bobbed along a precipitous road on little, sure-footed mountain mules we found ourselves gay. The Commander, a small, compact, bullet-headed soldier, all determination, leadership and nerve, grew communicative on this subject of war in the air. Men had never done anything like it before, he said. Hannibal and Napoleon crossing the Alps? They crossed hundreds and hundreds of meters lower than the very artillery positions of his boys up there. Garibaldi's famous mountain campaign of 1866—it was fought below timber line, and mostly without artillery. Here was the Italian Army fighting, and winning too, on the very glaciers. And it was an artillery fight; mind that! So we brushed past long mule trains going down for fresh loads, past files of reservists plodding upward; and —

There was the *teliferica!*

I had been dizzy with imagination when, the day before, I saw the stretch of that little hand *teliferica;* but my imagination had never conceived anything like this one. I should say it was at least half a mile long, and it sagged upward to a great cliff. A carriage had just started as I looked. It became a speck in the distance; it lost itself against the gray cliff; a weary time later I could see it reappear, a speck on the snow crown at the top of the cliff.

We were in the motor shed now; what with the surroundings, it resembled nothing so much as a shaft house in the little mines of the Colorado Rockies. And now the carriage had come down, and an orderly was packing it comfortably with blankets for the first passage. This carriage is just a box, perhaps four feet long by two broad, and a foot and a half deep. Two frames attach it to the wheels which run on that slender cable, and it has just room for two men sitting face to face and legs by legs, with their backs braced against the frames. It is like riding through the air in a bread basket. The terrifying thing about it to prospective passengers is the low side rails. They appear no more than a foot high. It seems as though the slightest jog would spill the passengers.

Cookery Among the Clouds

Hiatt, the Associated Press man, used to be a sailor; he is scornful of dizzy heights. He and the Commander made the first trip. I watched them go, gesticulating as they talked, to a point above a certain tall rock that edged the deepest chasm. Presently I could make them out no more as individuals; and then the speck reappeared on the snow at the top of the cliff.

"Don't you think we'd better have some hot soup?" asked the lieutenant suddenly.

Beside the shaft house a cook was ladling soup into the grub cans of a newly arrived mule train. We found spare cans and begged a ration. For the lieutenant, as I understand now, was wise in the soldierly technic of holding men to their work. It is half the art of being an officer. He had perceived, without my telling him, that I did not like sheer heights—a very common form of personal fear—and he was about to carry me through. When we packed ourselves into the basket; when, with an *au revoir!* from the captain in command of the shaft house, we made a slow, halting start, gathered speed and shot away, I was still taking scalding-hot soup from a tin spoon. Just then our lieutenant began to talk.

"You call this broth, don't you?" he asked. "In London I found they make a distinction between the word broth and the word soup. What is the exact distinction?"

I half perceived what he was doing and I clutched at this device for closing imagination. All through that flight we talked as hard as we could talk—upon Italian cooking, American cooking, British cooking; upon the lack of variety in the preparation of English meats and the various ways of preparing macaroni; upon corn on the cob, and polenta. Once the regular speed of our carriage slackened; but, before my imagination had time to rush to the surface and picture what might happen in case it stopped altogether, it had gathered speed and gone on.

An object rushed past us in the air. It was the other basket, passing on its downward flight. The trip was only half over then; I thought we had gone farther than that! And now the lieutenant removed his eyes from mine and began to cast cool glances to right and left. I had a secondary terror at this moment for fear he would ask me to view the scenery, and I should not have the moral courage to refuse. But he put no such test to my nerve. He let his eyes jump back to mine and continued to talk on food, drink and good cheer.

I was facing forward; and, though I kept my gaze fixed on his, I could not help seeing what was back of him. That gray cliff seemed to be moving toward us. Would it ever arrive? It crept and crept. Now it seemed I could have reached out and picked a bunch of sage-gray lichen which hung just behind the lieutenant. And now there was a little jar as the wheels ran over a brace like a trolley pole. We were traveling across the snowcap at the top of the cliff. I became aware for the first time that my fingers were cramped from clutching the rail of the basket.

A Session With the Poets

We had a little walk in an upland plateau after this. All in a burst we had come from the timberline to a place as devoid of life as the moon; from a temperate winter to an Arctic winter. We could not see the higher peaks from here, for round shoulders of mountains cut them off. There was not even the relief of snow-shedding crags. It was all a gigantesque rolling, tumbling field of white. The day had come off bright and even warm; as we walked the easy perspiration of the mountains started on our skins so that we shed our overcoats. The sky above seemed to have changed from the heavenly Alpine blue, which we had been marking with joy at the lower levels, to a cruel slate-gray. The diamond points on the snow began to beat on our unaccustomed eyes, so that, on the advice of our lieutenant, we slipped the snow glasses down from our gray knitted caps.

And now the lieutenant, born Alpinist that he is, began to grow epic in his enthusiasm at finding himself once more in the world above timberline—the world of his youthful adventures and his long night watches under the stars. When he was a boy, he said, he used to go alone as far up as man dares to go alone, with two days' provisions and some books in his knapsack; and up there he used to read and dream. He had first read our English poets, he had first acquired his passion for Shakspere, up here on the higher levels. Over yonder—we should see it presently—was a peak that his party had been first to scale and to name.

We were approaching a shaft house. Again, as the orderlies packed me into the basket, I must shut my imagination and control my breath.

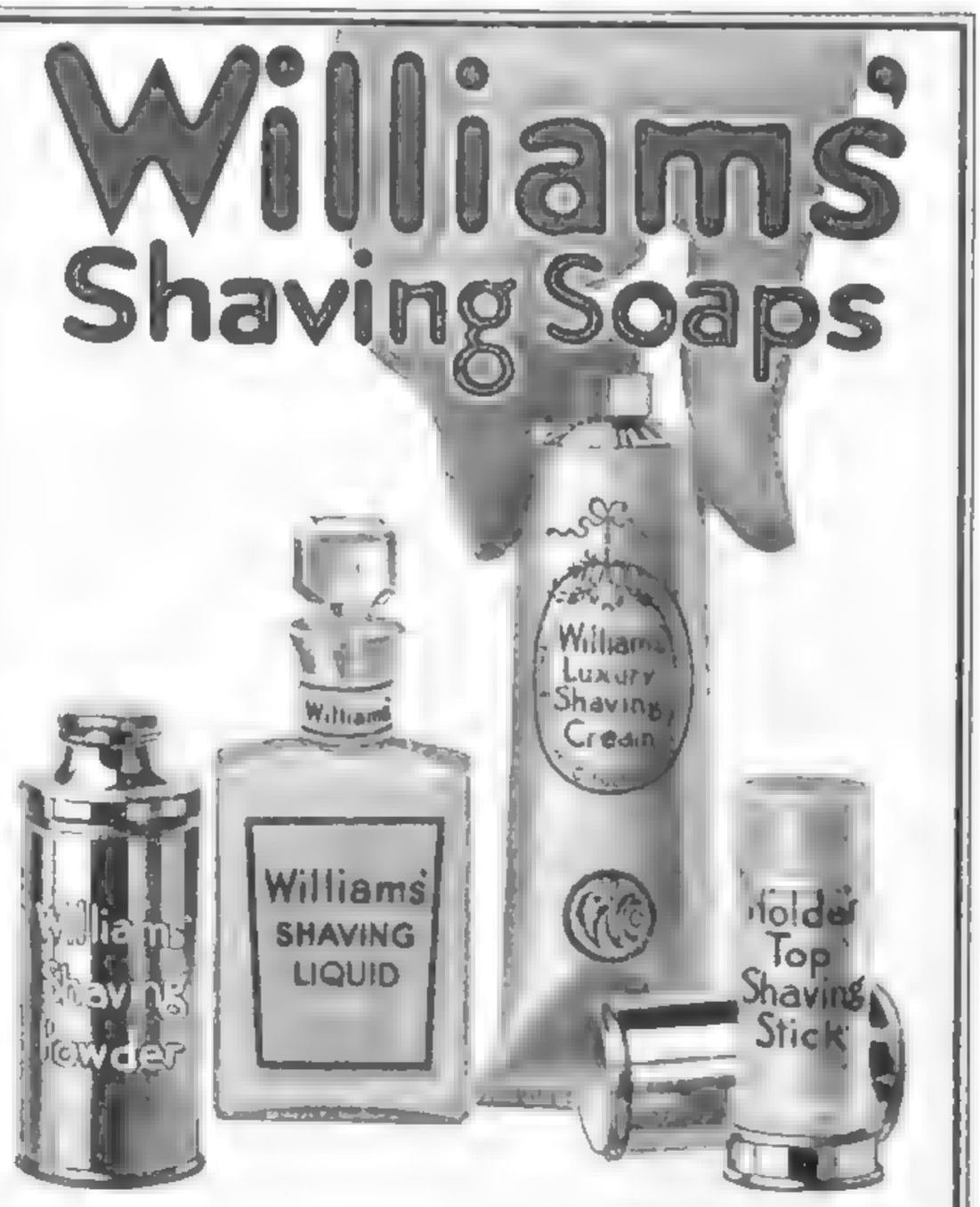
Any soldier will tell you that the second time under fire is more trying than the first. I found that the same rule holds of *telifericas.* Moreover, this was longer than the first flight, and, as I learned later—I did not look to see—somewhat higher. It seemed, at the end, that the cliff would never crawl down to me. But the lieutenant knew all this, and—tactful man—he sprang the best device he had, brought up his heaviest gun.

He got me to talk about myself!

He asked me what I had written; and I wallowed in shameful egotism. Then, somewhere at about the height aboveground of all but the tallest skyscrapers, he switched the conversation to English literature in general. Did I like Shelley? A friend of his had translated The Sensitive Plant into Italian—and had kept the music of the original. Listen! And he began to quote. Did I know Shakspere's Sonnets? And, taking my cue from that, I spouted:

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love ——

[Would that cliff never come nearer?]



—and Shaving Cream

You cannot remove a beard by force and you cannot fool a beard with a soap that is a shaving soap in name only.

Williams' Shaving Soap made its reputation on the faces of millions of smooth-shaven, well-groomed men.

It is more than a preparation: it is an achievement. Its copious lather has the feel of cream and the moistening power of a cloudburst. It instantly takes the resistance out of any beard and soothes the face like a lotion. In 75 years it has never shirked its job of keeping humanity's face in order.

Say "Williams'" to any dealer and he will lay out four convenient forms—Stick, Powder, Cream and Liquid. Pick your favorite—you cannot go wrong. The form is a matter of preference—the quality is a matter of history.

STICK, POWDER, CREAM, LIQUID

Send 12 cents in stamps for a trial size of all four forms, and then decide which you prefer. Or send 4 cents in stamps for any one.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Talc Powder

Champion
"TOLEDO MADE FOR THE WHOLE WORLDS TRADE"
Dependable Spark Plugs

Why Quantity Means Quality

Champion Heavy Stone for High Powered Cars. ⅞-18, $1.25.

Uniform accuracy is essential to dependability in a spark plug.

Nothing so quickly detects a defect as its rapid multiplication in quantity production.

Nothing so quickly enforces the correction of a defect as the expense entailed by its rapid multiplication in quantity production.

Quantity production therefore not only encourages but actually enforces uniform accuracy—the essential to dependable spark plugs.

We produce over fifty thousand Champion Dependable Spark Plugs every working day.

Remember Champion Dependability—the reason for it—your assurance of it—when you replace the spark plugs in your car.

Your dealer knows which particular Champion was developed to serve your particular motor.

See that the name "Champion" is on the porcelain—not merely on the box.

The Champion Guarantee

Complete satisfaction to the user—free repair, replacement or money back.

Champion Spark Plug Company, 114 Avondale Ave., Toledo, Ohio

Summer Work Pays for 4 Years in College

HILDING C. ANDERSON of Washington has paid for a four-year course in the University of Minnesota through work done for us during summer months. Last summer his work as a representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* netted him $846.30. He writes:

"This spring I am finishing my fourth year in college on Curtis subscription money. I expect to get my bachelor's degree in June and write to thank you for the generous salary and commissions which you have paid me. Without these it would have been impossible for me to have had these years in college."

The same opportunity which enabled Mr. Anderson to make good is open to you. You can go to any college, business school or musical conservatory, all expenses paid by us.

Educational Division, Box 448 **The Curtis Publishing Company** *Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*

Purity Cross
Creamed Chicken à la king—
READY TO SERVE ON TOAST OR PATTY SHELLS
Tender fresh farm raised poultry—exquisite Golden Cream sauce—a few pimentos, mushrooms a plenty. The great hotels master dish—for your lunch, supper, guest, outing, etc. And so incr...
Direct, at $1.45 or $2.85 half doz. express paid if you mention your best grocer.
Purity Cross, Inc., Route 2B, Prov., R.I.

"Which alters when it alteration finds,

[I wished the lieutenant wouldn't look down that way.]

"Or bends with the remover to remove ——."

[There; he was looking back again. That was better.]

And by this time we were traveling above snow again. In all the three hundred years of Shakspere I doubt that he was ever recited under such circumstances.

There were more flights after this, but I was growing inured; and I dared occasionally to look down. Once we passed fifty feet over a trail. The men of a mule train stopped to gaze up at us; I could catch the glint of white teeth in their open, gaping mouths. After the heights we had already shot, this fifty feet did not seem to disturb me at all. Yet had we been dumped out there we should have died as suddenly and thoroughly as though we had been dropped from four hundred and fifty feet. Of all human emotions, I dare say, none—not even love—is so illogical as fear.

Now I have described this Arctic landscape as lifeless, but that is reckoning without the army; for all the way up, even before we abandoned the mules, we had been getting glimpses of a wonderful organization, trafficking back and forth, doing in orderly fashion a hundred diverse things. Sometimes, as you stood in a bowl of the mountains, the trails seemed alive with crawling men and mules.

It kept reminding me of that old rush to Leadville in '79, when all the adventurers of the Western World packed up and climbed across the snow to death or treasure. Only in those old days of the Rockies the crowds were colorful and picturesque—flaming cowboy bandannas flashed at you along the trails; rumbling old stagecoaches stuck beside you in the mud; there were jingling silver spurs, carved Mexican hatbands, and the crude finery of frontier women. Here all was sober olive-gray. At one point a gang of soldier laborers dug a new road with pick and crowbar and blasting powder. At another a gang cleared, with heart-shaped shovels, the way through an old road that had been smothered in an avalanche.

Once, in this day's wanderings or the next, I saw along a white mountainside a long string of men, looking like flies gathered on a sugared cord. When I put the glasses on them I found they were dragging a gun, mounted on sledges. Up they went, making almost imperceptible progress, across a slope on which a man could scarcely stand without the help of steps. Everywhere were trains of mules, lurching along the edges of precipices, packed with explosives, with shells, with food, with clothing, with that variety of supplies which civilized men need to live and fight in the Arctics of the Temperate Zone.

Life on Top of the World

You could see here the organization of an army as by diagram; you cannot see it so in flat country like Belgium or Flanders. You understood why, for every ten men on the firing line, a hundred are working behind; and why the man behind is more important sometimes than the man on the line.

The organization seemed to my inexperienced civilian eyes a perfect thing. I could notice no hitches anywhere, no leisurely methods, no undue haste, and no jams in the traffic. Everywhere, even to the Roof of Armageddon, I was to find the men well fed, well equipped, lacking no necessity. I remarked this to a Florentine captain I met somewhere up on the higher mountain levels, adding that the Germans, so proud of their teamwork, should see what the Italians had done.

"Ah!" said my Florentine. "This efficiency of which the Germans are so proud—it is an attempt to conquer by mediocrity. It cannot be done. The one thing always better than efficiency—it is genius!"

He should know—this Florentine—having sprung from the little town that produced more genius in two centuries than many great nations in their whole history!

By mule, by *teliferica*, and by legs, we came at last to that point among the mountains where there was safety from avalanches, where many troops were gathered, and where we were to make our start against the glacier. We were near the higher peaks now, those gray pinnacles that shoot up above the very ice fields. To this point, as I have said, only the most hardy and expert mountaineers came in winter before the war; and they seldom, and as a kind of stunt. Even in summer it was too hard and high a climb for the mountain goatherds; they kept their flocks lower down. Except for Alpinists, the only form of higher animal life that put foot or hoof on the solitudes was the wild chamois.

It was melting a little now, and along the path to camp we even trod on a little mud. But this path must have run across a ridge; for just beside it a soldier starting a piece of military work was boring through the snow, looking for a foundation. He rammed and rammed, and his steel went down for six or seven feet before it rang on rock.

Soldiers were coming our way now—at first a group of officers, who greeted us after the fashion of the Italian Army, by saluting and giving their names; and then a horde of soldiers, turning out to gape at the unparalleled spectacle of civilians in such a place.

They might have been Gurkhas or Apache Indians, for their complexions. That glare of sun on snow, which was turning my own face a feverish lobster red, had tinted them not only brown but almost black. The North Italian is not especially dark; there are as many gray-eyed men among the Alpini as brown-eyed; as many brown-haired men as black-haired. But the sun spares no complexion up here.

Some Real Skylarking

The camp was like other camps; it is better that I should not describe it. Here, as elsewhere in the real mountains, we saw no aëroplanes. The highest fighting in the Alps is almost at the extreme possible elevation of the aëroplane flight; the aviator who dared it would merely skim the peaks and passes, an easy target.

While we stood there numerous soldiers with packs on their backs and ice clamps over their shoulders raced down a snowy decline into camp. They were frolicking like boys—snowballing; washing one another's faces; coming on by great, vaulting leaps.

"They are just back from the trenches," said the officer in command.

Now I had seen many men of many armies "just back from the trenches," and the contrast here struck me at once. The others had shown the strain in pinched faces and weary movements; but the Alpini came back larking. The men of these peaks, fighting not only the enemy but Nature, weary leagues and heights away from civilization, are the most cheerful warriors I have seen in Armageddon. Why, I cannot guess—unless it be the nobility bred of the mountains.

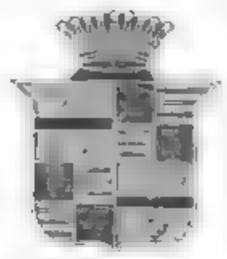
When we had finished luncheon, which a sergeant cooked for us over a spirit stove, our lieutenant inspected the kit and equipment of his little command and issued orders. Our great, steel-barred Alpine boots were wet in spite of the thorough greasing Giacomo had given them that morning. It is hard to keep dry feet in thawing weather. Those boots must be greased again. We must put on two fresh pairs apiece of heavy woolen socks. Our big double sweaters, our masklike woolen caps and our long mittens had come up in our knapsacks by *teliferica* and soldier-back. Another squad of soldiers would carry them and our overcoats up to the point where we might need wraps badly.

"It is warm enough now," explained the lieutenant; "but you never know. And see!" He pointed upward. From the higher peaks, in the direction of our course, tufts and whirls of white snow mist were blowing. "There is wind and a tempest over there," he said.

Then he issued the orders of the day. The mountains rose above us, shoulder on shoulder, to the gray serrated crags which were the peaks. Between two of these crags was a kind of pass—an edge of the giant glacier. When we reached it we should be on the eternal ice. A path tracked in the snow ran over the slopes of the ascent until we lost it completely. All along the way were men; up toward the pass they showed merely as the faintest specks. I noticed after a time that two of these specks were moving downward, and moving fast. I got them with the field glasses. They were ski runners, cavalry of the mountains, coasting. As I looked, the foremost reached the top of a short slope. He rose with the grace and skim of an aëroplane "taking the air." He soared; he came down in a flurry of snow and sped on.

(Continued on Page 65)

THE MORE A MAN KNOWS ABOUT MOTOR CARS, THE MORE EAGER HE IS TO OWN A CADILLAC



WHEN a man becomes the owner of his first motor car, even an inferior product represents to him—for the time being—the acme of elegance and the height of enjoyment.

It is such an innovation that he feels almost as if he were living in a new world.

He revels in its achievements.

He excuses its faults and dismisses any forebodings which may arise in his mind—with the honest belief that it is a good car.

But, after a while, conditions change.

He makes observations; he contrasts his car with others which he might have owned—and the contrast disturbs him.

Now that the first enthusiasm of ownership has faded, he begins to feel that his car is not entirely befitting his station, and that it does not measure up to the standard of what he would like it to be.

He inquires into the merits of various cars—he traces their "ancestry."

And, as he becomes more familiar with motor cars in general, the greater becomes his desire to own a Cadillac.

He recognizes, in the Cadillac, the car that has been passing him on the roads and on the hills.

He recalls the testimony of shop men about the very few Cadillacs which come under their care.

And, ultimately, he graduates.

He becomes a Cadillac owner.

He lives over again the enthusiasm of his first days' motoring.

Driving a Cadillac is such an advance over his previous experience that, again, he feels as if he were in a new world.

It is a world of new beauty, and of fewer limitations.

Where, before, he felt restricted, he now feels the utmost freedom.

The fascination of driving, which had faded somewhat, returns with renewed charm.

He finds that his Cadillac possesses an abundance of reserve power, instantly at his command.

He finds that it does more of the things which he wants his car to do.

He finds that it runs more slowly on direct drive, and does so without expert manipulation.

He finds that it negotiates bad roads better, more easily, with less attention, and with greater comfort to himself and passengers.

He finds that it is much easier to handle and control, and that after a long drive, instead of being exhausted, he is rested and invigorated.

He finds that hills which—in the past—had compelled his car to strain and labor, now seem almost to melt away before him.

The thrill which attended the first "speeding up" was never so pronounced as that which surges through him as he feels the quick response of the Cadillac engine.

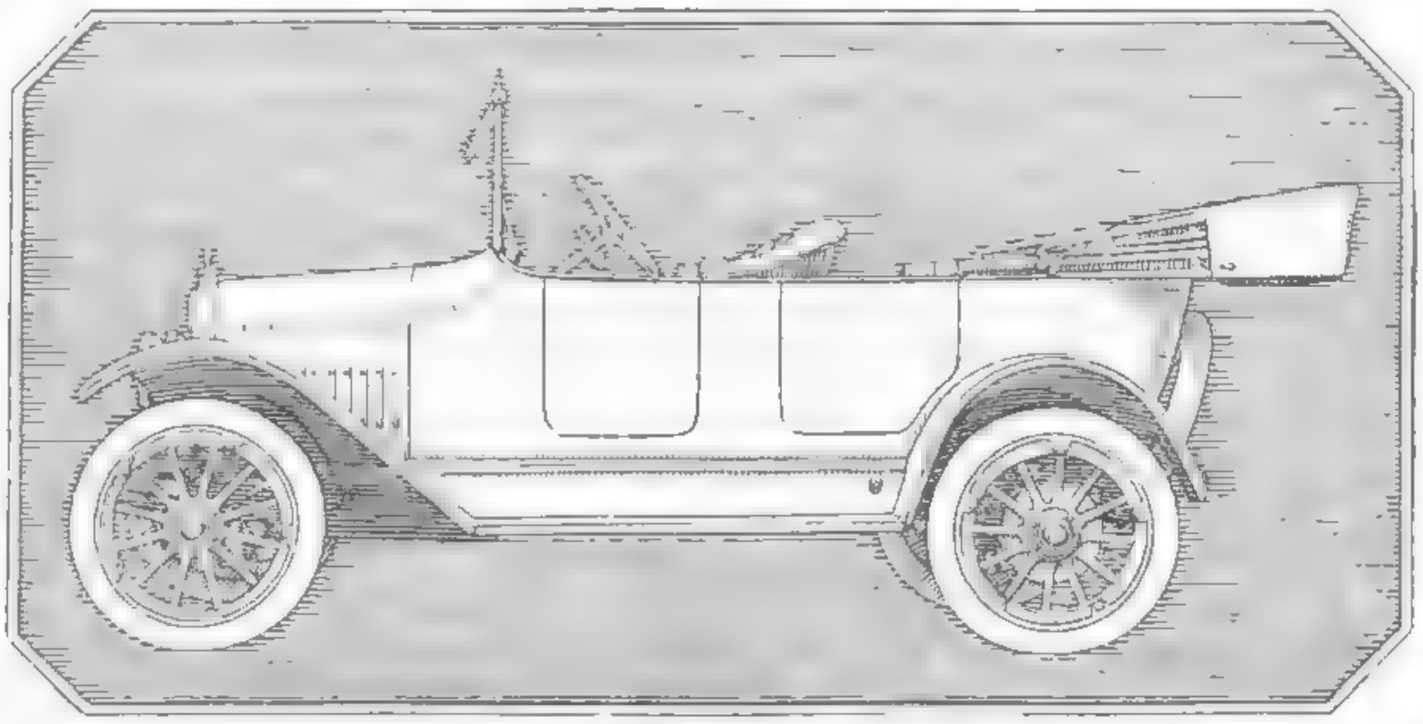
The confidence which, before, was buoyed up by the ***belief*** that his car was a "good" car, is now a permanent ***conviction*** that he owns a car which has made history, whose prestige is an asset, and whose performance is unapproached.

He is no longer merely a motor car owner.

He is a Cadillac owner.

Cadillac
Standard of the World

Copyright 1916, Cadillac Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.



The Maxwell Shield

THE Maxwell Motor Car is a product that we are proud to brand with the Maxwell emblem. The car gives value to the shield, and the shield, in turn, goes forth as a guarantee of the car.

The Maxwell trade-mark carries a definite message. It presents our declaration that Maxwell Motor Cars are well and honorably made, that they are cars of real worth, that they represent an exceeding value and that our resources and reputation are staked on their ability to give the fullest measure of efficient service.

The Maxwell Shield, whether it appears on Maxwell Motor Cars or on Maxwell advertising, symbolizes the honesty of purpose, the integrity, the ideals of The Maxwell Motor Company.

To many thousands of Maxwell Owners it has come to mean more than any spoken or written words.

The prices, including Full Equipment, are: Touring Car, $655; Roadster, $635.
One Chassis, three other Body Styles
In Canada, Touring Car, $850; Roadster, $830, f. o. b. Windsor, Ont.

Maxwell

Motor Company - Detroit, Mich.

(Continued from Page 62)

Our lieutenant mentioned that it was not perilous climbing, this. We should not even need the ice clamps, those devices like the spikes of a telephone lineman by which Alpinists make sure their footing on ice. But it was going to be hard work. When we reached the pass we should see. And so, our soldier bearers before and behind, we began the climb—up and up.

On the first level we again passed soldiers just back from trench work—the same larking boys. Always when I met a detachment of Italian soldiers I used to call out:

"Who speaks English here?"

It seldom failed to bring a response, and usually five or six responses. Then the English-speaking soldiers would come forward to tell me that they used to work in Buffalo or Dayton or New York or Chicago. However, the south Italian, not the northerner, is the Italian of the United States; and when, this time, I gave my hailing call, I scarcely expected a response. But a voice replied in excellent English:

"I do!"

"Where do you come from?" That was the second question in the formula.

"Leadville, Colorado," he said. "I work in the Johnnie Hill Mine."

Leadville! I was brought up in that town on the Roof of the Divide; and all day long these mountains had been recalling to me forgotten vistas of the peaks about Mount Massive.

His name was Joe Rossi. He had worked as a miner in many places, such as Ogden, Salt Lake and Ouray; but Leadville was the latest foothold in his wandering life. He liked the camp, he said; he had a good time there. As we squatted in the snow, the rest of the Alpini staring as though trying to catch our strange conversation, he showed himself pathetically eager to talk commonplaces about the old home. We spoke of how the through train stops at Malta now, and your car goes up to Leadville by a side line; of the new moving-picture shows; of the Elks' Opera House; of Ben Loeb's Pioneer Saloon. He was so avid of conversation about Leadville he showed up at my quarters that night for another talk.

As we pushed on, all our old sins of pipes and cigarettes began to be expiated in our middle-aged hearts. Soldiers climbed past us, a reproach to our feeble legs and lungs; more soldiers were coming down. We struck a very steep slope, where we must set our spiked boots carefully into the slippery trail. And here we were forced to dodge suddenly in order to escape a squad coasting without sleds. They had simply drawn their army overcoats between their legs, sat down, and let themselves go. They would coast thus until the speed grew dangerous, when they would turn their course into the loose snow, bring up half-buried, rise, shake themselves and start again. Our lieutenant yelled out something in emphatic Italian to the effect that the King, not they, had paid for those breeches; but before he finished they were out of hearing.

Fire, Sword and Ice

So we struggled on, the easy perspiration bathing our bodies. Hiatt was doing better than I, being younger and less guilty of cigarettes. I would force myself until I could go no farther; would stop; would droop over my alpenstock and pant like a netted fish. Always the lieutenant was holding us back, and at last he came down sharply.

"I command here!" he said. "You must wait. We have come up more than two thousand meters since morning. The heart has to accommodate itself. I can take up sick people, even people with defective hearts, if they go slowly enough. You shall not advance until long after you have finished panting."

We seemed very near the summit of the pass now; yet each time we surmounted a ridge there was another before us. The tempest was still raging above, whirling swift snowclouds from the peaks. And, as we looked forward, we had a strange illusion. It seemed that we were crawling to the edge of a caldron, and that the speeding mists were not snowclouds, blown horizontally, but fumes rising from the depths of the great kettle beyond.

When, at last, we had thrown ourselves onto a sled which happened to be standing at the summit of the pass; when the ski men of our escort had bundled us in our double sweaters, our coats and our long mittens, there seemed, at first, but little to see. We were looking simply on a snowfield with a snowstorm sweeping it; here and there we could catch the rise of a gray rock pinnacle. Also, as the snow rose and settled at the mercy of the wind, we could catch glimpses through the glasses of spots where the Italians had set their trenches, or of incredible positions they had already taken and passed. Those positions looked very near; but to reach them, our escort informed us, would take many hours. Even then it would be an uncertain venture for soft civilians in such weather. We had seen front trenches on the Isonzo, however; and in our present condition of heart and lungs we were just as glad. After all, we said to ourselves, we were the first civilians to reach this place since the war began. We did not know the truth until later. Three days before, an Italian moving-picture man had reached not only the glacier but the front trenches. There is one class of adventurer who cannot be beaten in these days.

The Adamello, spreading over a hundred square kilometers, is one of the great glaciers of the world. Now it has become a battlefield, the strangest on which man ever fought. I can give no better idea of its conformation than this homely comparison: Heap up a pan of loose, jagged, splintered rock, with many of the splinters sticking up in the air, and pour over it a pailful of white glue. The glue will settle, before it hardens, into the spaces between the rock points; and here and there it will pour over the edge of the pile. The splinters of rock are the glacial peaks; the glue is the eternal ice; the points of overflow are the passes, like the one upon which we stood now.

The Big Gun on the Mountain

Underfoot it looked like a snowfield, no different from the others we had been traversing. However, the lieutenant pointed to a spot, revealed now by a rift of the storm, where a series of glass-green cracks broke the flat surface. This was ice, Arctic and eternal.

"Crevasses," he said; "that is why we go roped together in Alpine work. Those crevasses will open unexpectedly under your feet, and if you are not roped to your party you cannot get out."

We rested, shivering under our double sweaters and our coats. And when our hearts grew accustomed to the new altitude there were more climbing and some perilous scrambling until at last, with little force left in us, we reached one of the very highest guns of Armageddon.

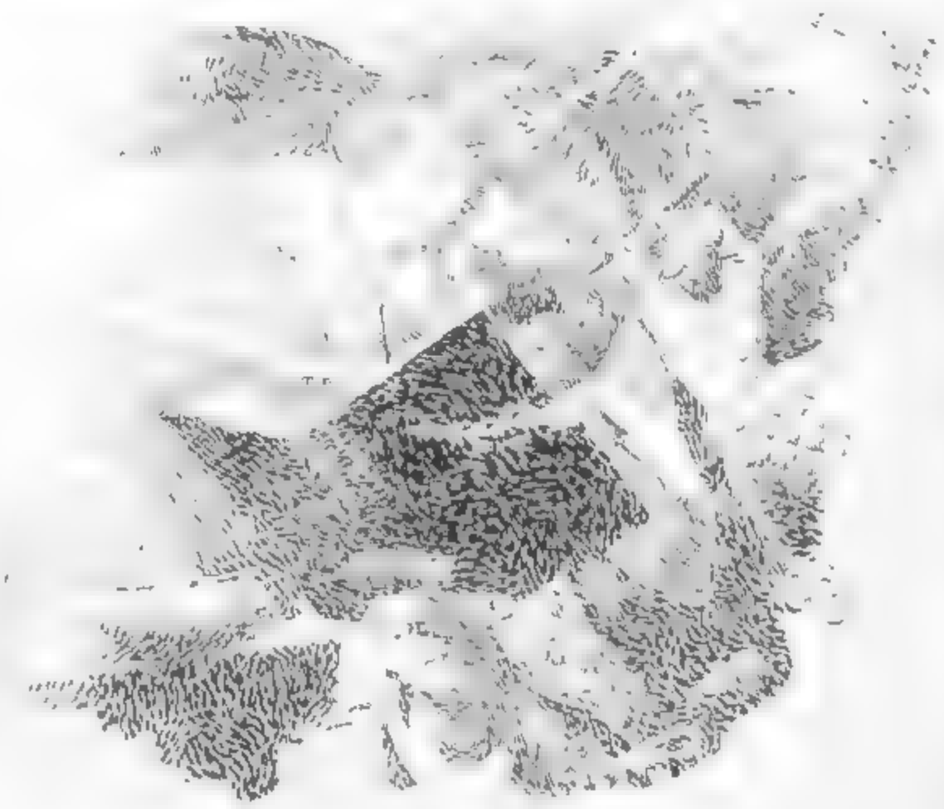
Of the gun it is not necessary to speak. How they got it there by sheer man power, sometimes advancing only a hundred yards a day; sometimes stopped by a blizzard; sometimes following new roads blasted out by expert Italian dynamite workers from our Pennsylvania mines—that will make a great story when the war is done. To draw it within killing range of the Austrians many a brave man had died in the avalanches.

The crew, quartered not far away, had all the comforts that one may hope for in Arctic conditions. Their avalanche-proof hut was built for compactness; in their bunks they lay like sardines. A caldron of sausages and potatoes was cooking for dinner, and the captain insisted on brewing tea, seasoned with condensed milk. There was an English-speaking soldier here too—but he had learned our tongue in Australia.

However, the thing I remember best about the gun is the leaving of it. As we scrambled down, beyond sight of the glacial field, the storm increased. The gun was a black blotch against a background of whirling, drifting white. And on its breech stood a soldier singing—singing with full voice, into the teeth of the blizzard, a gay love song of Naples.

Though we did not see the advanced trenches, save at a distance and through a storm, we learned here and elsewhere something of the life out there. Of course in terrain like this there is no continuous trench line. With a choice of positions, which only a military engineer would understand, the belligerents have laid trenches, sometimes only a few hundred yards long, between this pair of peaks, that set of crevasses. The opposing trenches seem nowhere to come very close together, as they do often in the Isonzo, in Flanders, or along the Aisne. From three to six hundred yards is a good average distance, I judge.

They have built the trench parapets of sandbags; but even before the bags are set they become snow trenches, what with the



Now about smoking—
and sleeping afterwards

You can't hitch sleep to heavy cigars, with bedtime near—why try? Give me the milder, wiser kind that *soothes*.

Give me my ROBERT BURNS! It is just right for me, "last thing"—soothing and restful always—a modern cigar for a *moderate* and modern type of man.

Yes, let me close my eyes and revel in its calming, aromatic fragrance, feeling its happy, undisturbing influence as I take my good-night smoke!

* * * * *

Are you one of those who believe that *moderation* pays in all things—yes, in smoking, too?

Smoke ROBERT BURNS! It has the joys of fine Havana flavor—without the fuddling effects of marked Havana heaviness.

How is this extraordinary cigar-result attained?

The blend and the curing explain it. *Its Havana filler gives it fine flavor.* Our own special curing gives that Havana rare mildness. The neutral Sumatra wrapper *helps* that mildness.

Thus ripe and Havana-flavored, yet *soothing*, it moves forward with the intelligent standards of today—a truly modern cigar and better even than ever before!

Have you tried one lately?

Sold by thousands of dealers in the U. S. and particularly by those who display this sign.

Remember that Little Bobbie is a pocket edition of ROBERT BURNS himself. Price 5c.

Rob't Burns 10¢

Little Bobbie 5¢

SMOKER'S NOTE—If you must smoke heavy cigars, smoke them only after meals. At all other times smoke a mild cigar. Make it a ROBERT BURNS and your palate and nerves will both thank you.

STRAITON & STORM, *Manufacturers*, 119 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

THE AUTOMATIC
GASSAVE
"Runs your car on lean gasoline"

Cut one-third from your gasoline bills!

Get more speed, more power, quicker pick-up and a virtual elimination of carbon deposits—by simply screwing the tried-and-proved **AUTOMATIC GASSAVE** to your manifold.

Absolutely automatic, no adjustments, no levers to operate. Assures proper mixture of gasoline for perfect combustion at every speed—by unique combination of manifold suction and air-valve control, regulated to the speed of the car and amount of gas being fed. Scientifically correct, proved practical by more than a year's daily use. One user, L. L. Cheval, Gulfport, Miss., writes:

"I have a *** truck, a *** truck and a *** 6-cylinder. They formerly cost me $150.00 a month to run. With the Automatic Gassave they cost only $100.00 a month, under same loads and same weather conditions."

$5 All Cars. Parcel Post Prepaid—complete, ready to attach. State make and model of car when ordering.

The AUTOMATIC GASSAVE *must prove every claim, on your own car, to your entire satisfaction. Sold on 30 days' trial.*

Money refund guaranteed by First National Bank
OF HOWARD, PA.

without question or quibble, if you are not convinced that the AUTOMATIC GASSAVE saves its cost eight or ten times a year. Write for our descriptive leaflet which explains the evidence and the guarantee, which tells how we furnish **FREE** a plug to seal the manifold opening in all such cases.

LEATHERS BROTHERS CO.
Box 16 Howard, Pa.

DEALERS WANTED
Live representatives—either dealers or car owners—can earn exclusive territory by sales. Liberal contract—we sell no territory.

VITALIC TIRES
TRADE MARK
For Bicycles

Vitalic Tires have outrun the best bicycle tires of other makes *two to one* in the experience of so many riders that their absolute supremacy can not be questioned.

Examine a section of this tire: The thick tread is so soft and pliable that it can scarcely be pierced with a knife, because it is made of the very highest quality rubber. Next to the tread are two layers of genuine *motorcycle* fabric—not ordinary bicycle fabric—frictioned with *pure rubber*. The white pure rubber inner tube is of extra thickness, preventing any possibility of slow leak.

Point for point, Vitalic Tires are far above any other tire made, in quality of material used. That is why, in every comparative mileage test in which they have been used, they have outrun every competing tire.

Write for folder, "From Boston to San Francisco on one pair of Vitalic." Sold by the man who rode the bicycle

Continental Rubber Works
1904 Liberty St. Erie, Pa.

I do not know why I try to describe it. Some things are beyond words; when you look for the appropriate descriptive phrases you achieve only bombast. It was a forest of peaks, all white except for the gray pinnacles of stratified, pipe-organ rock. They stretched away, roll and rise after roll and rise, even to stately Mont Blanc, crowned with the only clouds in this sky. Although we were a little lower than the highest of these crags, which are famous Alpine peaks, we seemed, by the illusion of distance, to be looking down on them.

It appeared all white and gray as we first looked, our minds vibrating with the inexpressible. Then there came out the color of it all. That white wall just before us, across the fathomless valley, was already in the shadow of the lowering sun. It was not white, but violet-blue. Bluer still were the snowy eminences in the distance. From behind the many-pronged peak in the near distance a mist was rising. It was pale, yellowish green, like a tint seen sometimes in the shallows of a tropical ocean. A glacier hooded a long crest in the middle distance. That glacier below our feet seemed all flat white. This one in the distance was of the same glittering drab-gray as the sides of a military balloon—it looked like a deep-sea slug lying there out of its element.

And, even if you forgot the troops of men, crawling up and down everywhere as far as you could see man, the prospect no more appeared lifeless. It was not only the ravens, followers of battles, which soared and called above. It was not only the streams, beginning to break out here and there through the snow. There was a sense of life dwelling and bursting underneath it all—life that was going to conquer when the lordly sun came into his summer kingdom.

So we descended before darkness fell. The lieutenant taught us to advance down loose snow by the same expert jumps the Alpini employ. We were minutes in descending heights that had taken hours to ascend. Wrapped in every garment we had, we slept in bags that night under a hut on a shelf of rock, and in the cloudy morning of the next day we walked back by trail through the orderly confusion of army transport. There was avalanche dodging to do in this walk; but I, for one, preferred it to descent by *teliferica!*

continual drift. The men live like Eskimos in an igloo—and without fire, though with plenty of warm, white clothing and rough comforts. Frozen feet, I may say, seem rarer here than in the lowlands. However, cold takes its toll of life in another way. A wounded man, because of lowered vitality, often freezes to death before they can get him out.

Though there are no fires for warmth, they use a little device, copied from the Japanese, to produce heat without flame. The suggestion, I believe, came from an Italian woman who has traveled in the Orient. This serves for hot coffee. Then, too, at points easy of access hot dinners come up in those giant bottles I have described before. Otherwise the food is cold, but plentiful and heat-making. They even have their half liter of wine a day.

When the heaviest blizzards sweep over the glacier they blot out all sight of landmarks. One might pass within a rod of his camp and never find it. However, the Italians have methods, not to be described, for finding one's way in the blizzards. Still, men sometimes get lost. Once up here a party of four was found roped together and frozen to death—only one of them wounded. Sometimes, again, the weather and the state of military operations have cut off a trench or an advanced post from all touch.

In another sector of the Alps, they told me, a detachment was cut off for forty days. All that time they lived Eskimo-fashion, on accumulated provisions, and fought like devils. They were only a few miles from the comforts of the base—only a few more miles from home in the valleys below; yet they might have been fighting at the Pole. Sometimes, in that period, the thermometer fell as far as thirty degrees, Fahrenheit, below zero. Yet they held the position and were relieved in the end.

When we came across the pass, on our return, we stepped at once from winter to spring. In two minutes of walking we felt the atmosphere change from Arctic to temperate. For behind us, on the field of the glacier, the snow still whirled, while before us the sun was shining bright and hot in the cloudless sky. And now we could sit down on a snowbank and enjoy a view that not two men a year ever saw before this war, so perilous and difficult was the ascent—the winter-covered peaks of the Alps from above.

MILLION-DOLLAR INCOMES

(Continued from Page 13)

he has been shown to have at least half as much in two other great New York banks.

The largest bank in America is the National City, of New York. One-fifth of its twenty-five-million-dollar stock has been shown to be the property of the silent man who is chairman of its board of directors, James Stillman. From this stock alone his income is more than half a million dollars a year. Stillman has long been a director and power in many of the country's largest railroads and in the Amalgamated Copper Company. He was one of a little syndicate, including Henry C. Frick, members of the banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and two men now dead—E. H. Harriman and H. H. Rogers—who for some years dominated the Union Pacific Railroad. It was shown by affidavits in a Government suit that this syndicate owned at one time no less than $68,992,800 of the valuable Union Pacific stock.

Of bankers possessing great wealth there is no lack in every large city. There are the Schiffs, Blairs and Woodwards, of New York; the Drexels and E. T. Stotesbury, of Philadelphia; the Mellons, of Pittsburgh; the Browns and Garretts, of Baltimore; and the Mitchells, of Chicago. But where wealth is scattered among members of a firm or members of a family it is somewhat rash to say that this man or woman is the recipient of a definitely stated income. There are the Pynes and Taylors, descendants of that sturdy, old-fashioned merchant, Moses Taylor, who once owned the National City Bank and the Lackawanna Railroad. He left a huge fortune for his day and the Pyne and Taylor families have kept much of it in highly profitable securities.

Naturally it is not altogether easy to keep together the country's older fortunes, such as those of the Vanderbilts and Goulds; and, though the Gould fortune is still only in its second and third generations, the inevitable relentless splitting-up process seems to be at work. But every possible expedient has been adopted to assure, through trustees, the continuance of these estates intact. It was brought out in court proceedings about six years ago that, in 1903, the Gould family income, which then went to six heirs, amounted to $4,697,729.25, and, up to 1908, had never fallen below four million dollars. In 1908 there was only $2,851,976.22; and Wall Street is convinced that the Goulds have suffered severe reverses since that time.

It is more probable that at least one member of the Vanderbilt family, William K., and perhaps two others, have the distinction of being in the million-dollar-income class as individuals. In 1908 William K. Vanderbilt was on the books of the New York Central and the Chicago and Northwestern railroads as the owner of one hundred thousand and thirty-seven thousand shares of stock respectively, these holdings alone assuring him an income of three-quarters of a million dollars. That the Vanderbilts have had tremendous holdings in the valuable Pullman Company stock is also a matter of record.

After Jay Gould, the Vanderbilts and E. H. Harriman, the greatest railroad fortune ever amassed in this country was that of John S. Kennedy, who left sixty-seven million dollars when he died, in 1909. From holdings in two railroads alone, Kennedy had an income of almost two million dollars at the time of his death; but he bequeathed thirty millions to education and charity, fifteen millions to a large number of relatives, and seventeen millions to his widow. As the entire estate was exceedingly well invested, the widow must to-day be one of the largest income taxpayers—unless, of course, she has given her inheritance away.

Several students of the income tax have urged that the Commissioner of Internal Revenue make public a sex classification of

(Continued on Page 69)

Good Luck Garden Hose

GARDEN HOSE that stays alive must be built right. Garden Hose seldom wears out; it usually dies and falls to pieces.

GOOD LUCK HOSE has six separate plies with plenty of live rubber in them. Such hose must be stronger and more flexible than hose made of a few heavy plies which add bulk without strength.

Made ⅝ in. with ¾ in. connections 10c a ft. in 25 and 50 ft. lengths.

If you want the best hose we make, our Bull Dog at 18c a ft. is the recognized standard.

Your hose will serve you best when equipped with a Boston Nozzle. It is easy to use, can't get out of order and gives you a shower spray or mist. 50 cents at your dealer's.

Send for our practical Booklet "How to Make Your Garden Grow." It is full of helpful suggestions. Address Dept E

Boston Woven Hose & Rubber Co.
Makers of the famous Red and Gray Tread Tire Rubber
Cambridge, Mass.
Order from us if your dealer does not have our hose

10¢ the foot
At Your Dealer's

We will send you a can of
JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX
"Makes Old Cars New Motor Stars"

An application of Johnson's Prepared Wax to the body, hood and fenders of automobiles preserves and protects the varnish—it minimizes the labor of keeping cars in good condition. Its greatest advantage is the fact that

It Does Not Gather Dust

Johnson's Prepared Wax is clean and easy to use and economical—it imparts a hard, dry, high gloss which holds its lustre indefinitely, covers up small scratches and

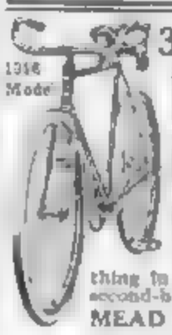
"Sheds Water Like a Duck's Back"

You will find this Wax a splendid polish for

Floors	*Pianos*
Linoleum	*Furniture*
Woodwork	*Leather Goods*

For 10c we will send you postpaid enough Wax for polishing an automobile, a piano, several pieces of furniture or a small floor.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. 86, Racine, Wis.



30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

1916 Model

at *freight prepaid* on the new 1916 "RANGER" bicycle. Write at once for our big catalog and special offer.

Improved Models, factory prices reduced. Extraordinary new offers. You cannot afford to buy a bicycle or sundries until you get our Latest Propositions. Write TODAY.

Ride a "Rider Agent" and make big money taking orders from your friends and neighbors. Special terms to a sample to introduce the new "RANGER."

TIRES, equipment, sundries and everything in the bicycle line half usual prices. A few second-hand bicycles $3 to $8 to clear.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. R-55, CHICAGO

"Now, son, when you buy that automobile remember that a motor car is only as good as its bearings

"The ideal bearing should not only be everlastingly dependable, but meddle proof.

"It should be absolutely free from the necessity of adjustments that cause depreciation and loss of efficiency.

"It should be self-sufficient, requiring no auxiliary bearings to assist in the full performance of its function, **and above all it should conquer friction**—not only that, Son, but it really is the simplest to install—a self-contained, triple-duty unit.

"In other words, New Department Ball Bearings in your car mean frictionless operation and lifelong service.

"I speak from experience when I tell you that the New Departure Double Row gives you all these essentials of an ideal bearing equipment.

"First, because it carries the heaviest axle loads.

"Second, because it resists the severe shocks and stresses that occur in all parts of the car mechanism.

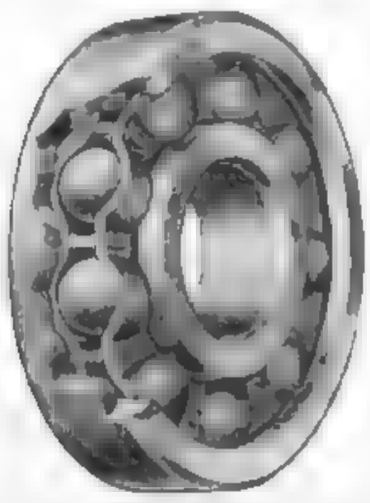
"Third, because it reduces friction to the vanishing point, thereby saving gasoline and oil and reducing the up-keep cost to the minimum.

"Therefore, see to it that

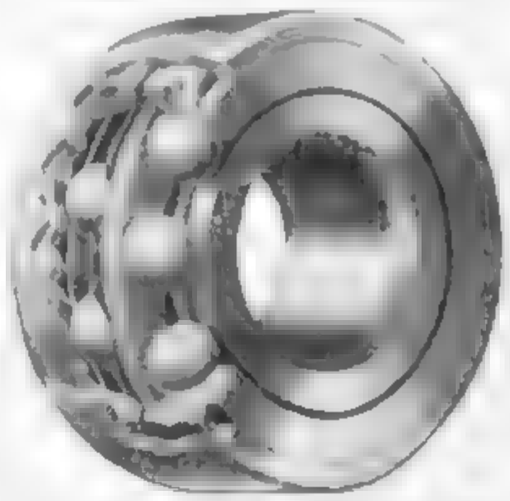
NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

are in the car you buy

"I suggest you write for a most interesting Booklet. It is called 'New Departure Ball Bearings and What They Mean to the Car Owner.' Ask for Booklet 'A'."



New Departure Single Row Type
A highly perfected anti-friction Bearing for use where radial loads only are to be carried



New Departure Double Row Type
A single, self-contained, "fool-proof" unit carrying *all* the loads and stresses simultaneously from whatever direction they may come, with equal e—

THE NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO.
Conrad Patent Licensee
Main Office and Works, Bristol, Conn.

Hartford Division, Hartford, Connecticut

Western Branch, Detroit, 1016-17 Ford Bldg.

British Agents: Brown Bros. Ltd., London, E. C.
Continent of Europe Agent: Jacob Holst, Copenhagen, Freeport, Denmark
Dépôt New Departure, 16 Rue d'Armaillé, Paris

You've Always Wanted an Electric Fan

Here it is - at a price that will tickle you.

$5.95 and it's a Western Electric

ONLY $5.95 for a real fan—not a toy, but a regular Western Electric fan. Large enough to stir up a brisk breeze, small enough for a child to carry. Nothing like it ever offered before at a price anywhere near this. A small investment for a large measure of comfort all summer long.

This little Western Electric Six is absolutely dependable, and comes to you all ready to attach to your lamp socket. Turn on the switch. Zip! Away goes the hot, stuffy air. Comes instead fresh, cool, circulating air.

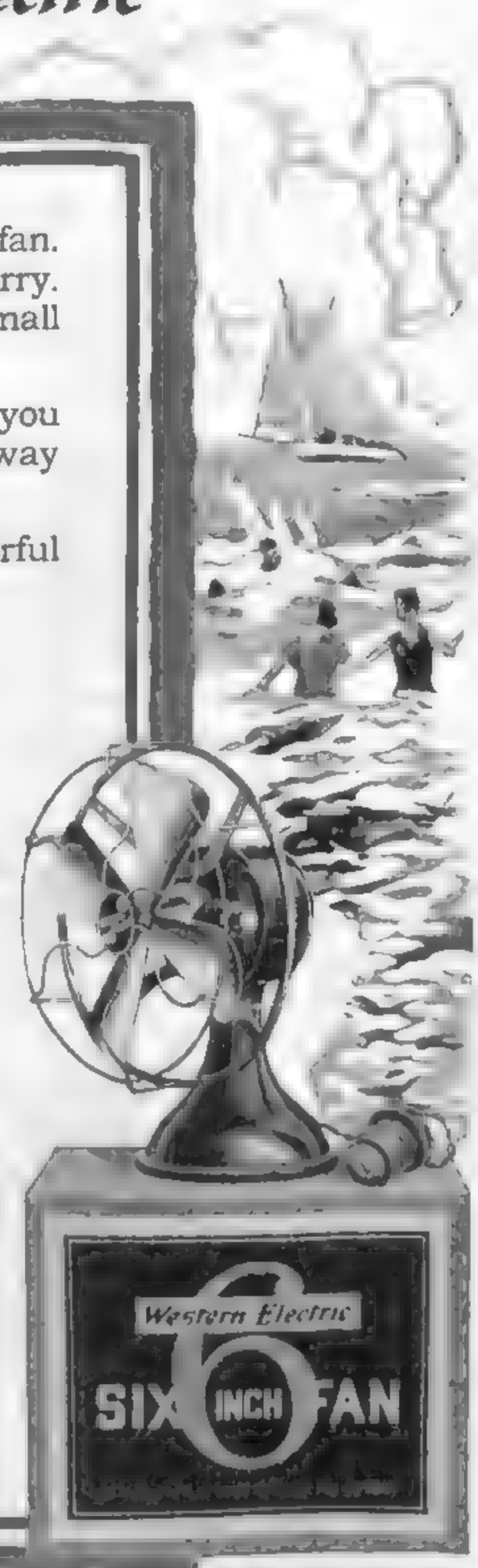
You will find it indispensable on hot days and sultry nights. It is wonderful in the nursery and the sick room. Why swelter longer? Get a

Western Electric SIX-INCH FAN

The electricity to run it will hardly increase your monthly light bill.

This new fan is of the same high quality that has made Western Electric products the standard of excellence everywhere. It is the youngest member of the Western Electric family of fans, to be had in six, eight, nine, twelve and sixteen inch sizes, and adapted to every possible application.

You should be able to get a Western Electric fan from the nearest dealer in electrical goods. If not, address our nearest house, asking for dealer's name and Booklet No. 125-Q.



WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED

New York	Atlanta	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Kansas City	Denver	San Francisco
Buffalo	Richmond	Cleveland	Indianapolis	St. Louis	Salt Lake City	Oakland
Newark	Savannah	Milwaukee	St. Paul	Cincinnati	Omaha	Los Angeles
Philadelphia	New Orleans	Detroit	Minneapolis	Dallas	Oklahoma City	Seattle
Boston	Birmingham					Portland

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

Houston

(Continued from Page 66)

the higher groups. Certain it is that several of the largest incomes must be those of women, particularly Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Mrs. Russell Sage, and possibly Mrs. Hetty Green and Mrs. Frederic C. Penfield, wife of the Ambassador to Austria, who inherited the big Weightman fortune of Philadelphia. Mrs. Sage received seventy million dollars and Mrs. Harriman seventy-one millions, both fortunes being admirably invested to bring in an ever-growing rather than a decreasing income. But Mrs. Sage has given away vast sums, and Mrs. Harriman has also made some important gifts. That she would retain most of the fortune, however, for some time at least, seems likely from the peculiar nature of Harriman's laconic will:

"I give, devise and bequeath all of my property, real and personal, of every kind and nature, to my wife, Mary W. Harriman, to be hers absolutely and forever; and I do hereby nominate and appoint the said Mary W. Harriman to be executrix of this will."

Another great fortune made from railroads or similar enterprises was that of Henry B. Plant, who founded the railroads that are now the Atlantic Coast Line System, and likewise the Southern Express Company. But in this case the property passed to Morton F. Plant, who is to-day one of the most striking examples of the ability of some of the ultra rich to remain unknown to the public.

Of the men who are actively in control of railroads, by far the richest is Henry Walters, of Baltimore, who is the dominating factor in the Atlantic Coast Line. If the million-dollar list is too small to include him he would surely fit into the half-million group.

In New York there is a group of old Knickerbocker families who are the city's landed aristocracy. They invested, not in railroads or mines or factories, but in America's richest soil—that of Manhattan Island. In other cities there are great fortunes based on continuous ownership of real estate, the Wades, of Cleveland, being a striking example; but nowhere is there such a notable group as on Manhattan Island. It has been estimated, with some reliability, that thirteen families own one-fifteenth of New York City's assessed real estate, and ninety-nine families own one-tenth. Of these the richest are the Astors, with the Goelets as second, and followed by such families as the Gerrys, Rhinelanders, Wendells, Hoffmans, Van Ingens, Potters and Vanderbilts.

Income from real estate is hard to figure. Because a man owns much land he is not of necessity rich in income. We speak of people being "land poor." The statement was made once that Frederick Weyerhaeuser, of Minnesota, was richer than John D. Rockefeller, and a report of the United States Bureau of Corporations showed that he owned ninety-six billion feet of timberland—the third largest holding in the country. But such facts prove nothing as to his income.

Who's Who Among the Rich

That Vincent Astor has an income of more than a million dollars is practically certain. His father, John Jacob Astor, left a fortune of eighty-seven million dollars when he went down on the Titanic, and Vincent inherited sixty-five millions of it. At the moderate rate of only four or five per cent on the choice pieces of New York real estate he owns, the young man's income is probably nearer three or four millions than one.

Finally, when we come to the general field of manufacturing, merchandising and mining, two powerfully opposing tendencies are found to be at work. Many fortunes of the first rank are constantly being distributed by inheritance, while, on the other hand, new figures in the business world push their way into the front rank.

Almost equal to the Standard Oil as a millionaire maker was the old American Tobacco Company; and here also there are exact facts to draw upon. Of the American Tobacco Company's chief owners, several of the richest have already died, and the income from their estates is being divided among numerous heirs. Thus it is with Anthony N. Brady, who left more than eighty million dollars. Peter A. B. Widener is another of that very rich coterie who has died in recent years, but the bulk of his huge estate was left in trust to his son, Joseph E. Widener. James B. Duke and Bernard N. Duke are generally counted among the wealthiest of Americans because of their holdings of American Tobacco stock.

Several of the most profitable manufacturing enterprises are owned by families rather than by individuals. In these cases it is difficult to form a reliable estimate of incomes. Thus it is with the McCormicks and Deerings, of Chicago, who control the International Harvester Company. On the other hand, though a whole tribe of Du Ponts owns the Du Pont Powder Company, the dividends of that concern have been so large in the last couple of years that, figuring from the known stock holdings, at least two, and perhaps even a larger number of this family, are probably in receipt of incomes of a million or more.

Three men, either surely in receipt of million-dollar incomes, or able to draw them down if they care to, are J. Ogden Armour, practically sole owner of Armour & Company; Marcellus Hartley Dodge, owner of the Remington Arms and Union Metallic Cartridge companies; and Henry Ford. Ford's cash dividends from his automobile business are known to have been over a million dollars each year for a number of years. Several of his associates, also, are men of great wealth; and even in 1914 six persons in the Detroit internal revenue district paid income taxes on more than half a million dollars. This year the number of enormously rich automobile makers must have increased by leaps and bounds. John N. Willys and William C. Durant are among those who have won great material rewards from the motor industry.

Keeping Millionaires' Secrets

George Eastman, president of the Eastman Company, shuns publicity; but he is known to be the chief owner of his company's stock; and, as it pays sixty per cent dividends on about twenty million dollars of stock, there is no escaping the inevitable conclusion of the arithmetic.

In the field of mining many of the largest fortunes have been divided up, or at least have passed to a second generation. But the present boom in copper, zinc and silver is sure to breed a new crop of millionaires to take the place of the bonanza kings of California.

One of the bonanza millionaires was D. O. Mills. He died a few years ago, leaving thirty-six million dollars, which has been divided between his son and daughter. The Guggenheims, as a family, have extracted many millions from the mining and smelting business. Former United States Senator William A. Clark, of Montana, chief owner of the rich United Verde Copper Company; John R. McLean, proprietor of several newspapers, whose available wealth is enhanced by his wife's mining interests; the Hazards, of Syracuse; Cleveland H. Dodge and Arthur C. James, of the copper firm of Phelps, Dodge & Company; E. J. Berwind, of New York; and the Markoes, of Pennsylvania, who rank near the head of the list of soft-coal operators—all these and many others are known to possess enormous wealth, which, in its origin at least, came from the ground.

The Government does not tell who the million-dollar-income receivers are, or even in what states they live. Some time after June thirtieth of each year the Commissioner of Internal Revenue at Washington reports the total number of persons for the preceding calendar year who have paid taxes on incomes of a million dollars or over; half a million to one million; four hundred thousand dollars to five hundred thousand—and so on down the list. He also makes public the number of taxpayers in each state, but gives only one faint clew to their identity—namely, the number of persons with incomes of five hundred thousand dollars or over in each state and collection district.

To pry loose by bribery or theft anything beyond these meager official facts would subject the guilty Treasury employees to the terrors of the Spanish Inquisition. The penalties for divulging information and the specifications as to what information must not be divulged are incredibly definite, sweeping and complete. The collector of a downtown New York City district even refused, courteously but firmly, to tell me whether a single millionaire had filed an income-tax return in that district, although everybody knows that millionaires and multis swarm like flies through the golden precincts of Wall Street.

5c
Everywhere
Necco
HOARHOUND DROPS
5¢
4 OUNCES
LEMON DR
Necco Wafers
Hub Wafers
A Message
Of Good Taste
FRESH from the Necco factory come these packages of delight for little folks and grown-ups. In the protective wrappers are pure and delicious confections—the kinds that make friends on short acquaintance.
It takes only five cents to introduce your folks to Necco Lemon Drops, Fruit Drops, Sweethearts, Boston Baked Beans, Hoarhound Drops, Necco or Hub Wafers. And it's pretty certain that once they've been introduced, they'll always demand these pure and delicious confections.
There are nine old-fashioned flavors in Necco and Hub Wafers—why not take some home to please the folks?
New England Confectionery Co.
Boston, Mass.

Why Bran
Saves the Dull Days

It is Nature's laxative, put on wheat because folks need it.

It is efficient, yet it doesn't injure. It doesn't form a habit.

In Pettijohn's the bran is hidden in luscious, soft wheat flakes. Everybody likes this dish.

Start a few days with this dainty. Note the good cheer that follows. You will never then go long without it, we believe.

Pettijohn's
Rolled Wheat With Bran Flakes

At grocers—15c per package.

Also Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent patent flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe. 25c per package. (1328)

The Quaker Oats Company
Chicago

It isn't necessary to scratch or scrape your face with a dull or ragged blade.

BAILEY
Sharpener and Strop

keeps your razor blade exactly right. A few strokes on each side—that's all. One side, with delicate abrasive makes a keen edge. The other side, oiled calf skin, makes it smooth for comfortable shaving. Both surfaces, mounted on flexible pads, hug the blade at exactly the right angle—no tearing or spoiling the delicate edge.

For Regular Razors and Safety Blades
Easy to Use—Handy for Traveling

Buy it. Try it. Use it 30 days. If it doesn't give you *real* Shaving Comfort, you get your money back—all of it—no argument.

Costs $1. At drug or hardware stores or send $1 to us. Booklet on request.

Special Holder for double edged blades. Special Holders for Safety blades cost 25c extra.

L. A. BOWMAN COMPANY, *Wilmette, Ill*

Cheney Cravats

During the summer months, when negligee shirts are in vogue, a Cheney Silk bow tie gives distinction to your dress.

Any Cheney dealer will show you the knack of tying a bow. This quality-mark is on the neckband—

CHENEY SILKS

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers
4th Ave. and 18th St.
New York

IVER JOHNSON

Everybody's Riding This Year

Now that the general public has suddenly decided to take up bicycling again as a sport, it becomes important to learn about bicycles. There is sure to be a shortage, and as a result many poor bicycles will be sold as good ones.

Iver Johnson was the best bicycle in existence thirty years ago and it is the *only* bicycle that has never been cheapened. It is absolutely high-grade throughout—strong, fast and long lived. It is made of seamless steel tubing, not welded tubing as used in cheap bicycles. No finer bearings ever went into a bicycle. It is finished with four coats of baked, hand-rubbed enamel.

Agents Everywhere

Send for our big, 84-page book on Bicycles, Motorcycles, Revolvers and Shot Guns. It is Free.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
147 River Street Fitchburg, Mass.
99 Chambers Street, New York

Get This Book Before You Buy A Bicycle

It is often said that the American people tend to exaggerate wealth. Popular imagination dwells long upon a great and conspicuous fortune and gradually stretches it to unheard-of figures. Supposedly rich men die and are found to have left astonishingly little. Men reputed to be worth millions are often lucky if they can actually prove their title to a few thousands. Sensational newspaper accounts are constantly overstating the size of fortunes. In 1845 a book entitled Wealthy Citizens of Philadelphia appeared, with this modest preface:

"We have been very cautious in estimating the wealth of men and their property; and the late failure of a large manufacturer and merchant, who was reckoned to be worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and who can now pay, it is said, twenty per cent of his debts, reminds us of the difficult task we have undertaken, and to beware of rating men's riches too high."

But income-tax figures do not lie. Nor do they even exaggerate. On the contrary, they distinctly underestimate the vast fortunes of America. The income tax first went into effect during ten months of 1913; and, with all the shortcomings, imperfections and prevailing ignorance of a brand-new system forty-four persons actually paid taxes on incomes of one million dollars and over for those ten months. In 1914 there were sixty persons who paid taxes on a million or more, and one hundred and seventy-four who paid on more than half a million.

Let us affect a dovelike and confiding trust in the very rich, and assume that not a single rich man in this country, either consciously or unconsciously, evaded paying a single dollar of the income tax. Even then the income tax is, on its very face, a gross underestimate of the million-dollar incomes; for not a dollar of the interest on the six billion dollars of Government, state and municipal bonds of this country has to be reported by persons who make out income-tax returns. Naturally the very rich own at least a part of such gilt-edged bonds. Wall Street rumor has it that about seven hundred million dollars of these bonds has been bought in the last year just to escape the income tax. A banking institution recently bought, single-handed, an entire issue of twenty-five million dollars of New York State bonds and sold them to its own "friends" without calling in the help of any other financial institution.

Tax Figures That Do Not Lie

Then, too, there are thousands of issues of corporation bonds in which it is provided that the corporation itself shall pay the income tax. This means several billion dollars more of investments the income of which keeps down the individual returns. Nor does a person have to include dividends from stocks in his income until his or her total income reaches twenty thousand dollars a year. Thus there were really more than forty-four persons in 1913 and sixty in 1914 who really had million-dollar incomes. The forty-four and sixty were merely those who paid taxes on that much.

It is often said that great American fortunes are quickly wasted or distributed among heirs or charities. One Isaiah Williamson died in Philadelphia some years ago at an advanced age and left behind him twenty-seven million dollars, which went to nineteen nephews and nieces.

Once again the income-tax figures do not lie. The popular mind may exaggerate wealth, and great fortunes may in time be broken up among many inheritors or benefactions. But the fact remains that, with even several important sources of income left out, there were actually not only sixty individuals who paid taxes on a million dollars or more in 1914, and ninety-four who paid on incomes between half a million and a million, but two thousand and thirty-four who paid on incomes between one hundred thousand and five hundred thousand dollars a year. These are flesh-and-blood individuals—men, women and children. They are all individual human beings and not benefactions, charities, colleges, foundations, families, estates or trust funds. If it were possible to group all the incomes received by relatives from a single ancestor, the million-dollar incomes would astound us by their number.

When Money Marries Money

It may be objected that many great and conspicuous fortunes are unprofitably invested. There are notable instances of men who accumulated enormous wealth in their own businesses and lost it, or sank it for long periods of time, in unproductive enterprises. Henry H. Rogers, a power in Standard Oil, invested perhaps twenty million dollars in a railroad that brought him no immediate or early return. Even Henry M. Flagler, one of the most astute managers of Standard Oil, sank a king's ransom in a new railroad which for years could not be expected to pay dividends. Most notable of all is the example of John D. Rockefeller, who has bought up whole industries that pay not a cent in dividends.

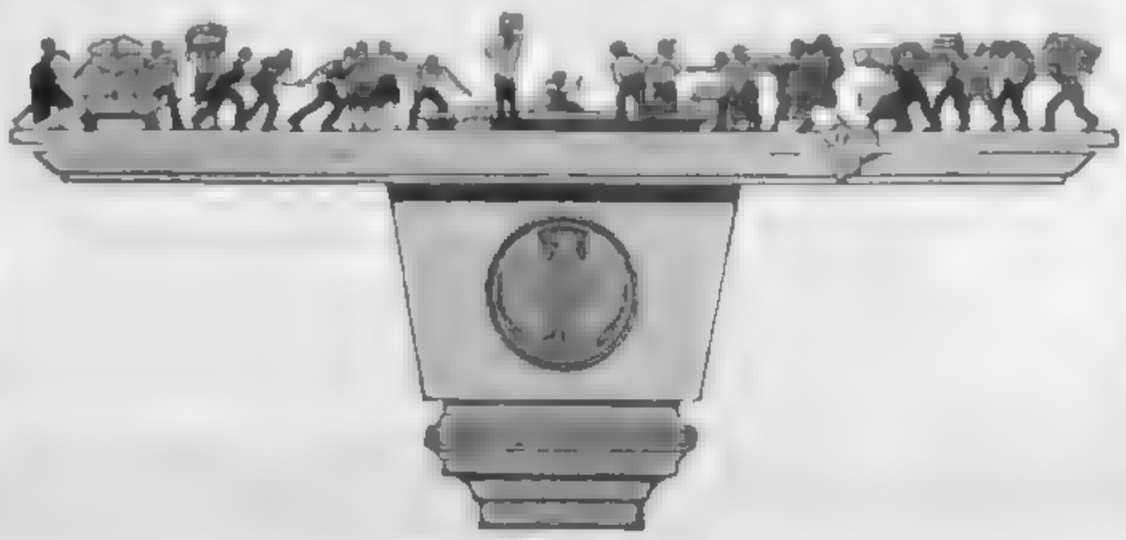
It is often much easier to make money than to invest it. And if this be true of the actual founders of huge fortunes it must surely apply to their descendants. Aside from those reckless ones who squander and dissipate inherited wealth—"go through it," as we say—there are innumerable instances of poor investments with the best of intentions. Think of the New England incomes that have been reduced by the fall of New Haven stock as a gilt-edged eight per cent payer!

But any tendency on the part of the older and better-known fortunes to break up is more than made up for by the swift rise to new fortunes of men whose very names are as yet unknown to more than a limited circle. Then, too, though the very rich make bad investments, they also at times make surprisingly good ones, quite unexpectedly and through no particular wisdom of their own. To-day there are families, by no means poor before, whose incomes have been fabulously swollen by increased dividends from almost countless oil, copper, zinc, munition and chemical companies.

There is still another offset, little thought of, perhaps, to the certain disintegration of many of the older fortunes. I refer to the tendency toward intermarriage in families of vast wealth. A perfect network of these intermarriages already knits together a score of the great moneyed dynasties of this country.

Time and its disintegrating effects are defied in another way by the founders of fortunes. More and more they leave their estates "in trust." Many of these fortunes are so invested and hedged about with restrictions upon expenditure that they are, to all intents and purposes, perpetuities. An analysis of fifty of the largest American fortunes shows that nearly one-half have already passed to the control of heirs or to trustees, and that the remainder will pass to the control of heirs within twenty years, upon the deaths of the founders.

Already, indeed, these founders have, almost without exception, retired from active service, leaving the management ostensibly to their heirs, but actually to executive officials upon salaries. This practice of appointing efficient salaried and professional managers or officials to care for large estates tends to strengthen and keep them intact for years to come.



UM-M-M MEAT-TREATS

I [illegible] Meat-Treats in sandwiches. And these wholesome ready-to-eat meat delicacies are equally delicious served hot or sliced cold for luncheon and supper.

FRANK'S QUALITY MEAT-TREATS
THE NATIONAL DELICATESSEN
Made in Milwaukee

are sold by the pound or in tins. Write to us if your grocer or delicatessen [illegible] does not sell them.

FREE [illegible] for our booklet [illegible]

entrées, sandwiches or serving hot.

L. FRANK & SON COMPANY
Dept. A-1, Milwaukee

RETAILERS [illegible]

BROKERS Write

You could dip this house in water

Stucco, concrete or brick walls absorb much water, becoming damp, unsanitary, and disfigured. But they can be waterproofed and beautified with

TRUS-CON STONETEX
APPLIED WITH A BRUSH

A [illegible] cement coating which becomes in [illegible] and filling hair cracks. Hard as flint. Damp-proof, weather-resisting. Gives uniform, artistic [illegible] of pleasing tones.

[illegible] Write for full information [illegible] your needs.

THE TRUS-CON LABORATORIES
101 Trus-Con Building Detroit, Mich.

E-Z Garter
Gives Real Muscle Freedom

The cool [illegible] gartered [illegible] metal [illegible] Money [illegible] order

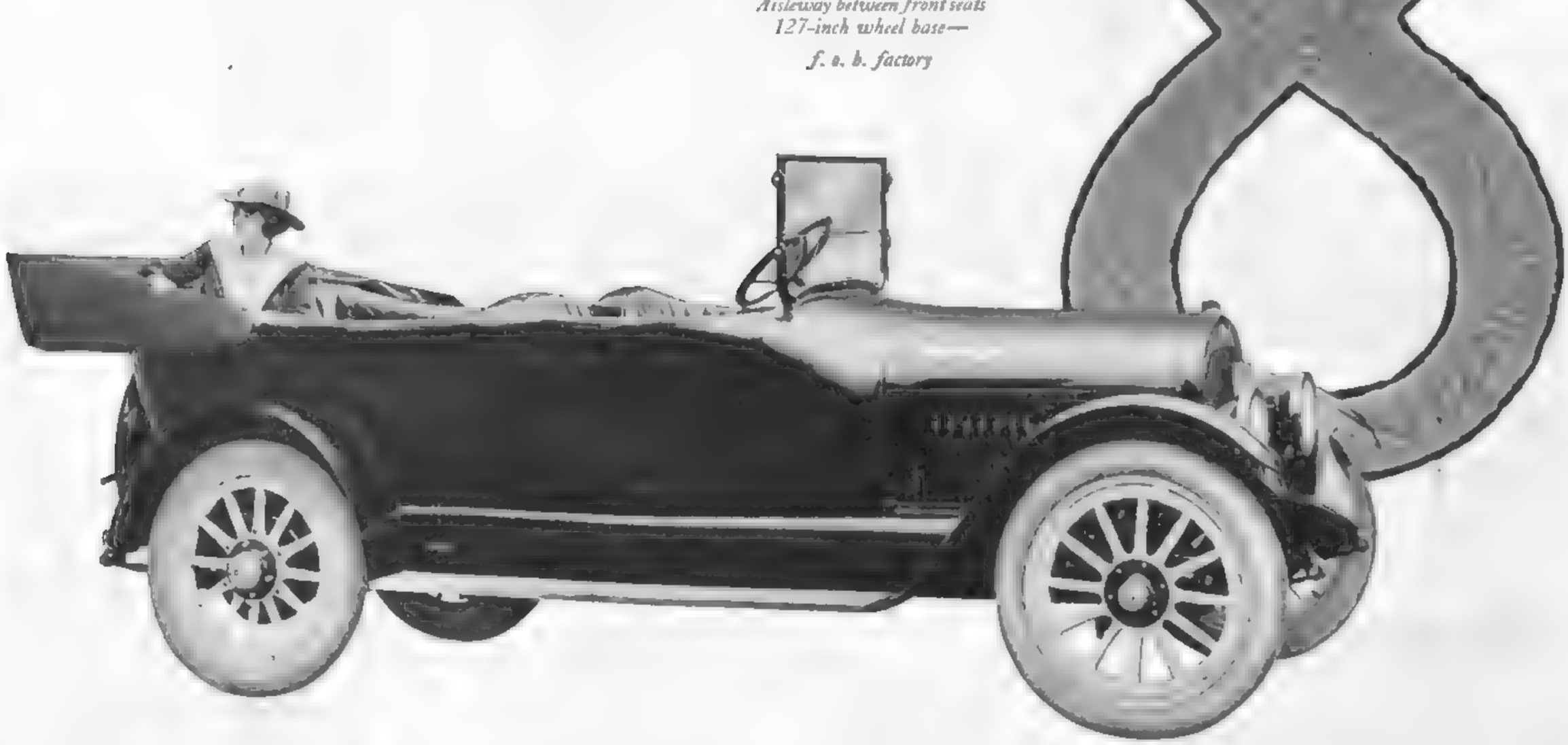
DEALERS Write for our attractive proposition.
The Thos. P. Taylor Company Dept. A. Bridgeport, Conn.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen Patents. Send for 3 free books, inventions wanted, etc. I help you market your invention without charge.
RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg., Washington, D.C.

COLE

$1595

70 horsepower — Eight Cylinders
Seven passenger Touring Car
Aisleway between front seats
127-inch wheel base—
f. o. b. factory



Performance—Past *and* Present

The ordinary car does the ordinary thing. It has power—to a limited extent; it has flexibility and smoothness—to a limited degree.

But you judge from your point of view only. Your idea of performance is based on the car you are accustomed to.

That's wrong.

How can you pit 1916 luxuries against the annoyances, inconveniences and shortcomings of several seasons ago?

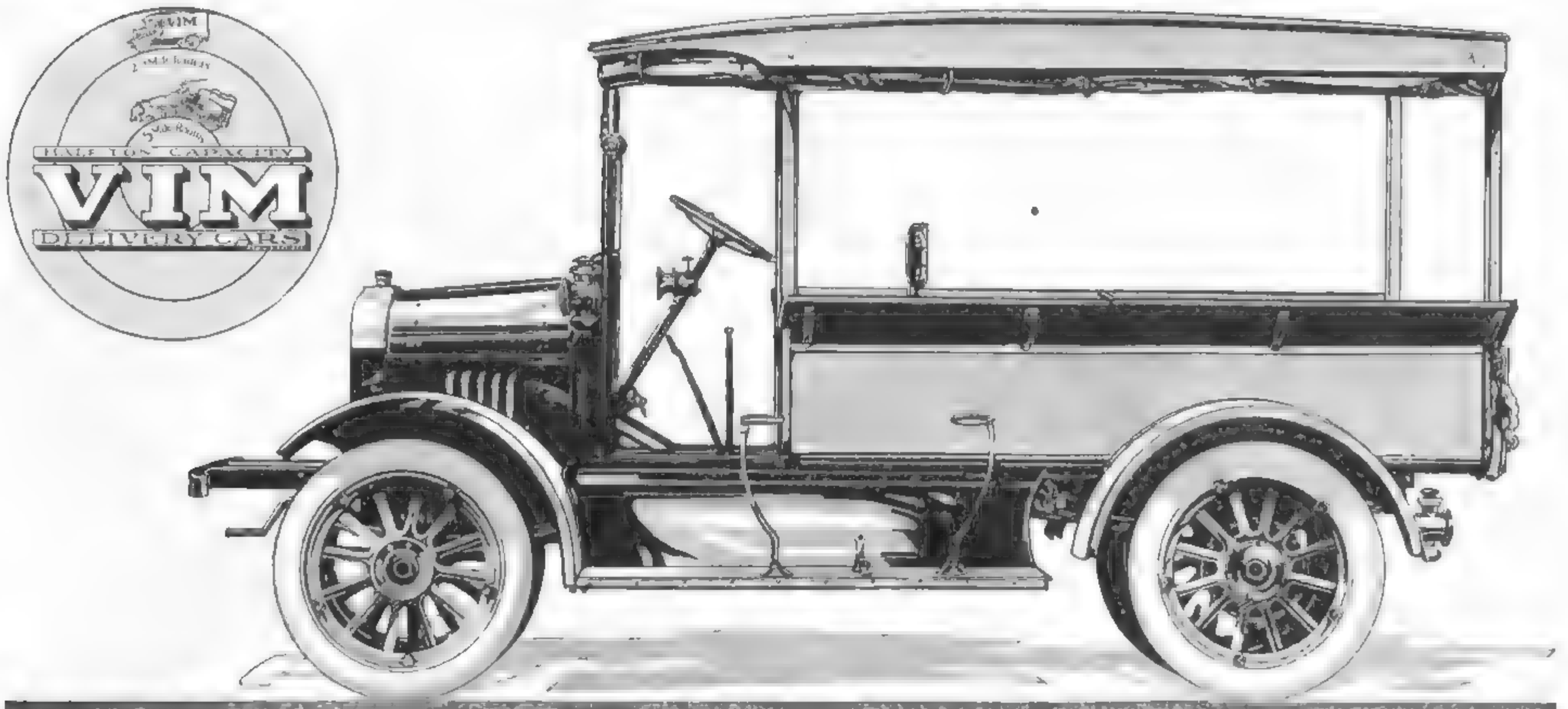
Come out of the past into the present—and future. Come up to date. Climb into the big, beautiful Cole Eight. Get a new thrill—a Cole Eight thrill.

Feel its soft, spirited, velvety action; its giant locomotive power; its smooth, certain flexibility.

Then you'll know why more and more people are realizing the sense and prudence of paying a few hundred dollars more rather than a few hundred dollars less.

It's just the difference between the past and the present.

Cole Motor Car Company, Indianapolis, U. S. A.



$695 Complete
F. O. B. PHILADELPHIA

VIM
DELIVERY CARS

The Vim Delivery Car sells for $695—

And it's a *real delivery* car, *not* a pleasure car with a wagon body.

It is "half-ton" capacity but it has one-ton mechanical safety factors—the unit best suited to 85% of the world's delivery demands.

It gives 106 cubic feet of carrying space.

It gives 20 or more miles to every gallon of gasoline.

It is complete in every way—no extras.

And it is a *real delivery* car, *not* a pleasure car with a wagon body.

It is graceful in design—super-normal in construction.

It is "classy" in appearance—powerful in performance.

It is efficient in service—economical in operation.

And it is a *real delivery* car, *not* a pleasure car with a wagon body.

It will "stand up" under the most strenuous service—it's *made* that way.

It will give a *long* and useful life—it's made that way too.

It will not be an experiment for you—but a *permanent* factor in your business. Ask Vim owners.

And it is a *real delivery* car, *not* a pleasure car with a wagon body.

It is being used by merchants all over the country in businesses of widely differing character. In every one of these instances it has "made good."

It is built from radiator to rear axle for *continuous* business service.

Its *proved ability* in the strenuous work, which it has been doing for over two years, has made us the **largest exclusive producers of delivery cars in the world**—and we build but one chassis.

In moderate sized production the Vim could not possibly be sold for less than $1200—it is not now equaled at that price.

It will demonstrate its value to your business in facts—facts of service bettered, money saved, trade increased.

It is sold to you complete for $695 (f.o.b. Phila.)—

And it's a *real delivery* car, *not* a pleasure car with a wagon body.

Model D (closed panel body), $725 complete, f.o.b. Phila.

See our dealer in your vicinity or write for catalog

VIM MOTOR TRUCK CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

NEW YORK CITY	CHICAGO	BOSTON	PITTSBURGH	KANSAS CITY	SAN FRANCISCO
56th Street and Broadway	1233 Michigan Ave.	88 Brookline Ave.	6117 Broad Street	501 E. 16th Street	1600 Van Ness Avenue

Sales and Service Stations in 504 Cities and Towns throughout the United States

WHY NOT SIMPLIFY YOUR PURCHASING RECORDS?

"Our purchase record system is like Topsy—it 'just grew'," said the Man who does the Buying. "It needs over-hauling."

And the Baker-Vawter salesman located (and suggested forms to correct) many awkward "kinks" which had duplicated work, caused mistakes, confusion, unnecessary delays and actual money-losses.

It was very little bother to change—and has saved them endless trouble since

It would pay you to have a Baker Vawter salesman look over your methods of handling purchase records and tell you if they can be improved upon or simplified.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

will make no charge for studying your requisition forms, purchase orders (including receiving blanks), methods of invoice entry (cash journal, accounts payable invoice filing, etc.), system of creditors accounts (purchase ledger, duplicate voucher checks and remittance letters) your claim, return and merchandise records, including cost or price book, perpetual stock inventory, inventory forms, etc.

Recommendations for simplifying and bettering your records will be based upon 28 years' experience with over 200,000 firms. Hadn't you better investigate? There never was a time when *right buying* was more vital to a profitably conducted business.

Write for Vawter salesman to call. Here's no obligation

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY
Originators and Manufacturers 634
Loose-Leaf and Steel Filing Equipment
Benton Harbor, Mich. [Address either] Holyoke, Mass
Sales offices in 42 cities—salesmen everywhere

DEAF?

There Is No Standard of Sound!

Therefore the only way that you who are hard of hearing can possibly know whether a hearing device will make you hear clearly, is to try it in your own home under all conditions—And if the maker of it thoroughly believes in its ability to do this, he will let you make that trial without a penny of cost or even a deposit. That's one reason we are eager to have you try the

"1916" ACOUSTICON

No Deposit FREE No Expense

Another reason is that this "1916" Acousticon is not only protected [illegible] by U. S. Patents [illegible] but is the result of [illegible] experiments, all making for greater [illegible] than any of our old models. It was [illegible] cost to offer it on such easy terms that [illegible] old instrument which made [illegible] so well.

WARNING! There is no good reason why everyone should not make as liberal a trial offer as we do, so do not send money for any instrument for the deaf until you have tried it

Our fearless offer sometimes puts us a little behind in production. So we suggest that you send for your free trial today, while you think of it just say "I am hard of hearing, and will try the '1916' Acousticon, if the trial costs me nothing." Address

GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO., 1301 Candler Building, N. Y.
Toronto, Ont. Office, Royal Bank Bldg.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.
Reduced Rates on Shipments of Automobiles
443 Marquette Building, Chicago; 324 Whitehall Building, New York; 640 Old South Building, Boston; 435 Oliver Building, Pittsburg; 1501 Wright Building, St. Louis; 518 Central Bldg., Los Angeles; 855 Monadnock Building, San Francisco. *Write Nearest Office.*

You Can Fill the Bill

If you're a [illegible] Selling Advertising The [illegible] men in the [illegible] Use and [illegible] Correspondence Schools [illegible] and prepare [illegible] one [illegible] Box [illegible] Scranton, Pa.

Name [illegible]
Address [illegible]
Present Occupation [illegible]

Send Dept. 95 Adams Street, Rochester, New York

SENSE AND NONSENSE

The Best Road of All

I LIKE a road that leads away to prospects white and fair,
A road that is an ordered road, like a nun's evening prayer;
But, best of all, I love a road that leads to God knows where.

You come upon it suddenly—you cannot seek it out;
It's like a secret still unheard and never noised about;
But when you see it, gone at once is every lurking doubt.

It winds beside some rushing stream where aspens lightly quiver;
It follows many a broken field by many a shining river;
It seems to lead you on and on, forever and forever!

You tramp along its dusty way, beneath its shadowy trees,
And hear beside you chattering birds or happy booming bees,
And all around you golden sounds, the green leaves' litanies.

And here's a hedge, and there's a cot; and then—strange, sudden turns;
A dip, a rise, a little glimpse where the red sunset burns;
A bit of sky at eventingtime, the scent of hidden ferns.

A winding road, a loitering road, a finger mark of God
Traced when the Maker of the world leaned over ways untrod.
See! Here He smiled His glowing smile, and lo, the goldenrod!

I like a road that wanders straight; the King's highway is fair,
And lovely are the sheltered lanes that take you here and there;
But, best of all, I love a road that leads to God knows where.

—*Charles Hanson Towne.*

A Speedy Return

THERE is a negro waiter at a hotel in Savannah who calls himself Speedy. He claims to be the fastest waiter in the known world.

Last year the New York team of the American League did its spring training at Savannah. The members of the team stopped at the hotel that Speedy ornaments with his presence and services. He presided over the table where Owner Huston and Manager Donovan sat for their meals and, with his thoughts on opulent tips, strove mightily to please them.

One morning for breakfast Donovan ordered buttered toast. When Speedy brought the toast it was in a thoroughly chilled state.

"Look here, boy," stated Donovan, "I told you I wanted hot toast. This toast is cold as a wedge."

For a moment Speedy scratched his head. Then inspiration came to him.

"Boss," he said, "I come runnin' wid dat toast so quick I reckin de draft must 'a' chilled it."

The Natural Rejoinder

A MAN who owned a little hat store on Grand Street, New York, was able to borrow five thousand dollars without security other than his own word from a bank newly opened in the neighborhood. He told his amazing good luck to his brother, who was in business on the same block; and the brother set off hotfoot to tap the source of golden accommodation before the news spread and the supply of cash ran out.

He introduced himself to the president of the bank, described his business as being in a healthy state, and said he would like to have a loan.

"How much do you want?" said the banker.

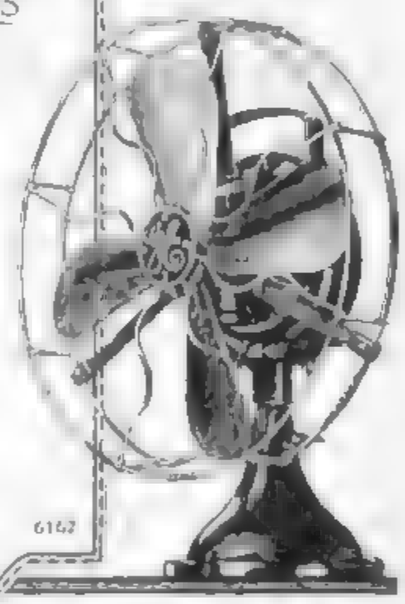
"How much have you got?" said the caller.

Absolutely No Complaint

A YOUTH of New York, the son of a wealthy retired dry-goods merchant, came back from Berlin, where he had been studying voice culture for several years.

G-E Electric Fans

The Cooling Breezes of Outdoors brought Inside



A G-E Electric Fan dispenses its refreshing breezes and comfortable coolness two or three hours for a cent. Built on over twenty years of experience, the high quality of the G-E Electric Fan makes for long and economical service. Go to your lighting company or electrical dealer; look for the G-E monogram on the face of the fan: It is the "Guarantee of Excellence on Goods Electrical."

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
General Offices, Schenectady, New York 6162

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability. Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

BETTER ADS—MORE SALES
Since 1896 The Advertising World has been helping retail merchants increase their sales thru better advertising. Read it yourself. Only $1 the year. 6c in stamps brings sample. The Advertising World, 67 E. Gay, Columbus, Ohio

You Can Make Big Money

[illegible] summer with an Empire Candy Floss [illegible]

EMPIRE CANDY FLOSS MACHINE CO
880 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

Your friends can buy anything you can give them—
except your photograph.

There's a photographer in your town.
Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

"THE MORTGAGE interest doesn't bother us now,"

writes Mrs. W. N. Osbourne of Massachusetts. It doesn't "bother" Mrs. Osbourne because in odd hours she looks after the local subscription business of *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal.*

If you have odd hours which you would like to convert into money for some special purpose let us tell you how it may be done.

Box 445, Agency Division
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

If your Summer Vacation is not yet in sight write to us

THOUSANDS of young folks will stay at home this summer just because they feel that they cannot afford the outlay necessary to cover the expenses. Hundreds paid for such trips last summer with money earned through

THE CURTIS PLAN

Most of these will do so again this year.

If you are willing to look after the local subscription business of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, we will pay you a liberal commission upon each order forwarded besides a monthly salary. Why not try it? You can't help making money if you have an occasional hour at your disposal.

BOX 447, AGENCY DIVISION
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The proud father promptly arranged for a matinée recital, to be given by his son at Carnegie Hall. On the night before the youth was to make his début as a professional singer the parent went to his lodge and induced his fellow members who were present, fifteen in all, to buy tickets for the affair.

"Listen," he said when this detail had been attended to: "if the boy makes a hit you are all invited to come to the Knickerbocker Hotel after the performance and be my guests at a big dinner. Not a cent does it cost you. You will have all you can eat and drink and smoke and we'll have a good time together. Only if the boy should not be a success there wouldn't be any dinner. Understand?"

They said they understood. The next afternoon the youth made his appearance. Overcome with stage fright as he was, his voice failed him and the recital quickly resolved itself into a melancholy flivver. At the first sign of a breakdown on the part of his son, the father rose from his seat, grabbed his hat, and ran to the Knickerbocker to countermand the order he had given for the spread. To his horror, on arriving there he found all his lodge brothers seated at the table, wading into the feast with might and main.

"Wait a minute!" screamed the agonized host, breaking in on the merry party. "I said there should be a dinner if the boy made a hit—not otherwise."

A spokesman for the others turned to face him as he stood in the doorway making frantic gestures. The spokesman struggled a moment with a particularly large mouthful.

"Well," he said pleasantly, "we liked him!"

And the dinner went on.

A Musical Jag

A CERTAIN New York correspondent used to be city editor of a newspaper in Cincinnati. One of the star reporters on the paper was a pale young man of studious mien who held himself aloof from the rest of the staff. He wore a flowing tie and horn-rimmed glasses, and between assignments reveled in the pages of Shavian plays and Ibsen tales.

He was sent one night by the city editor to cover a big musical festival, and it resulted in his warming up to the staff the next morning for the first time since he had been on the paper.

Floating into the office as if wafted by a gentle breeze, he eddied up to the copy desk and said:

"Boys, I'm positively drunk with rhythm!"

Floral Novelties

A WELL-KNOWN architect up Westchester way was standing before one of his newly completed creations. Its mistress, plentifully sprinkled with diamonds at eleven in the morning, turned to him and said:

"It's grand! And I've just decided not to employ a landscape gardener. I know just what I want myself. Banked up right against the porch there I want a real thick border—now what is that name? You know; those bright-red flowers that look so dressy—yes; now I have it—saliva!"

The architect was staggered for a moment, but soon recovered and came back enthusiastically.

"The very thing!" he agreed. "And right in front a nice row of spitunias!"

Not for Years

IN THE old days, when Chauncey Depew was president of the New York Central and active in politics, a ward leader on the East Side rendered the Republican party valiant service during a campaign. The day after the election he went to Mr. Depew—so the story runs—and asked for his reward. He wanted a job with the line. Mr. Depew was instrumental in having his henchman appointed as a train caller at the old Grand Central Station.

Resplendent in his uniform, and with a megaphone tucked under his arm, the new official went on duty. Hardly had he entered the waiting room when a prospective traveler approached him.

"Mister," said the other, "when does the last train go to Buffalo?"

"The last train?" repeated the East Sider. "The last train? My friend, you should live so long!"

MOSLER
VESUVIUS
PLUG

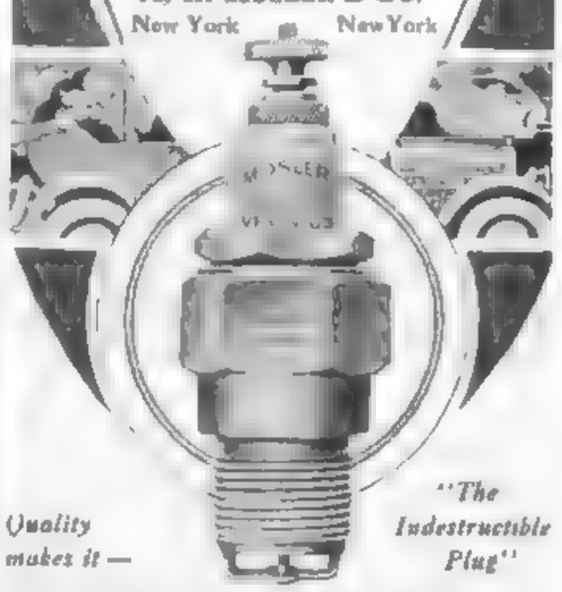
"Perfected Spark Plug Construction gives Perfect Motor Operation"—A. R. MOSLER

The Vesuvius Plug is designed and constructed to develop greater power, and insure absolute certainty of operation in any motor, under all conditions. Mechanically perfect, sturdy and powerful, it is—

Guaranteed to outlast the motor.

$1.00 each, in round metal box.
"Mosler on Spark Plugs"—a book that tells the right plug for your motor—sent free.

A. R. MOSLER & CO.
New York New York



Quality makes it— *"The Indestructible Plug"*

THE GREAT SHIP "SEEANDBEE"

Largest and most costly steamer on inland waters of the world

A Good Night's Rest Be it East or West

Let old Lake Erie rock you to sleep for one night of your trip—East or West. You'll find comfort and quiet on a completely appointed steamer and will wake up refreshed.

The great ship "SEEANDBEE" is 500 ft. [illegible] September 2nd

Daily Between Cleveland and Buffalo

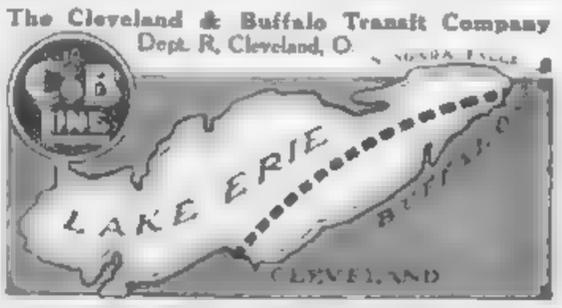
Fare $3 May 1st to Nov. 15th

Leave Cleveland . . . 8:00 p. m. (Cen. Time)
Arrive Buffalo
Leave Buffalo
Arrive Cleveland 6:30 a. m. (Cen. Time)

Connections at Buffalo [illegible]

Send 5 cents for colored puzzle chart of the Great Ship "SEEANDBEE." Also ask for pictorial booklet (free)

The Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Company
Dept. R, Cleveland, O.



The MOTOR OIL that's Clean
Pure Penna Crude
Tiolene

TIONA OIL CO. BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

A Great Big Instrument
Size 17 Inches Deep
15 " Wide
8 " High

Nearly 3 times the size of this picture

THE WONDERFUL
←"DOMESTIC"
SOUND-BOX

A Marvelous Talking Machine at a Sensational Price

THE PERFECTED TALKING MACHINE at a sensational price is HERE. The DOMESTIC Talking Machine is an achievement of inventive genius, efficiency in production, big resources and economic methods of selling. Nothing like this has ever been offered before.

The DOMESTIC is not designed as a toy, makeshift or substitute for the machines of higher price. It is intended for the economical home, for the entertainment and joy of those who cannot afford luxuries and yet take pride in their possessions. The DOMESTIC brings to *every* home the greatest music recorded.

The DOMESTIC has been constructed with three prime motives—First, perfect tone reproduction; Second, exceptional size and beauty; Third, lowest possible selling price, free from all fancy profits. Read the facts—they are all here.

Wonderful "DOMESTIC" Sound-Box

makes its appeal through its marvelous delicacy of response, due to a reciprocating principle as sensitive as the compass needle. It gently gathers the faintest undertones, and it superbly renders the voluminous notes without any rasp, screech or guttural tones. Its range is limited only by the impressions on the record.

The "DOMESTIC" is fully protected by patents, and is found only on the DOMESTIC Talking Machine.

All-Wood Cabinet and All-Wood Sound-Chamber

of the DOMESTIC Talking Machine are constructed entirely of resonant woods like the violins of old and the sound-boards of all pianos. Nothing is used but well-seasoned resonant wood, especially selected for its incomparable tonal qualities. **This construction has been shown to be ideal, and it bears the approval of tone experts the world over.**

The DOMESTIC has been built around the slogan—**the best construction to insure perfect tonal qualities irrespective of cost.**

Domestic
TALKING MACHINE

Marvelous Reproduction

With the "DOMESTIC" Sound-Box, and the resonant woods of perfect acoustic properties; the DOMESTIC plays with wonderful accuracy all standard Disc Records, from the smallest to the largest, including those of 12-inch diameter. Until you have heard your favorite record played on the DOMESTIC, you cannot possibly realize what wonderful tones are brought out by the "DOMESTIC" Sound-Box.

The DOMESTIC will reproduce the whisper of the soft, low 'Cello notes as well as the full blast of the Trombone, both with faithful accuracy. It will faithfully reproduce without mechanical effect the highest range of the Lyric Soprano together with the lowest notes of the Basso Profundo. It will reproduce a Band or Quartette so perfectly that each instrument or voice stands out with individual distinctness. Absolutely no discord or jumbling of tones—nothing but harmony.

Silent Service Motor

of the DOMESTIC is built in our own plant by experts. It is not only silent, but runs with the evenness of a watch, and has a surplus of power.

Price, $10, a Revelation

The price of the DOMESTIC Talking Machine "Model No. 1" complete, with the "DOMESTIC" Sound-Box, is only $10 in genuine Oak, or $12.50 in genuine Mahogany (Model No. 1M), both finished in a manner to make them an ornament and source of never-ending satisfaction in any home.

Remember the size is 17 inches deep, 15 inches wide and 8 inches in height. TAKE A FOOT RULE AND SEE HOW BIG THIS IS.

We Prepay Express Charges

We will ship one of these machines, complete, delivery charges prepaid, TO ANY POINT IN THE UNITED STATES, on receipt of Price.

Money Back if Unsatisfactory

The DOMESTIC is guaranteed to give complete satisfaction, or we will refund full purchase price without question, and pay for its return if shipped back to us within 30 days of its purchase. You cannot lose in a deal like this.

Fill Out the Coupon and Mail Today

Dealers We have a very unusual offer to make you. Write immediately.

DOMESTIC TALKING MACHINE CORPORATION
Dept. B, 33rd AND ARCH STREETS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

S. E. P.

DOMESTIC TALKING MACHINE CORP., Dept. B, 33rd and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Kindly send me, express prepaid, a Domestic Talking Machine, for which find enclosed { $10 for genuine Oak / $12.50 for genuine Mahogany } as per your money-back offer and guarantee in *The Saturday Evening Post*, June 24th.

Name _____

Street Address _____

Town or City _____ State _____

The owner of a New

PEERLESS EIGHT

is in possession of

one of the greatest motor car values ever produced

HE HAS PROFITED by the high development of the Peerless Manufacturing and Metallurgical Departments, and by our concentration on the building of this one model.

HE ENJOYS LUXURY, unimpeachable style and ease-of-riding, developed through long years of experience. These are characteristics for which Peerless motor cars have always been famous among the few great makes that dominate the quality market in America.

MASTER OF HILLS and hard going, he sees on the road no exhibition of speed or get-away to excite his envy.

HIS OWNERSHIP of a *new* model is secure.

CHANGES made for the sole purpose of stimulating sales impose premature depreciation upon the owner of the superseded model and cannot result in any lasting benefit to the manufacturer or the industry.

THIS COMPANY is committed to the more equitable policy of making changes in its product only when these changes result in real improvement.

Touring $1890 Peerless ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES **Roadster $1890**

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY [LICENSED UNDER KARDO COMPANY PATENTS] CLEVELAND, OHIO

Makers also of PEERLESS TRUCKS

Copyright 1916, by Carnation Milk Products Co.

Make delicious ice cream and frozen dainties with Carnation Milk

Use this safe milk

THAT is why Carnation Milk is the only milk supply your home needs. At this season the *safety* of the milk is all-important. You can only be fully satisfied when you *know* the milk you use is wholly *pure* and of high *quality*.

Only *pure* milk can be *safe*. The purity of Carnation Milk is *positive*. It is sealed air-tight; it is sterilized. It simply cannot be contaminated in shipping or handling.

Carnation Milk is fresh, clean, sweet, pure milk evaporated to the consistency of cream. Nothing is taken out but water; nothing whatever is added. *All* the *quality* of the clean, sweet, pure milk is brought to you—and it is *safe*.

Add an equal amount of pure water to Carnation Milk when you open it, and you "bring it back" to its original state—with the added *betterment* of known purity and *safety*. If you have been using skimmed milk for cooking, simply add *more* water to reduce its richness.

• • •

CARNATION MILK is *safe* for the children to drink and to have with their cereals, fruits and berries.

Because of its *quality* it is exceptionally satisfactory for cooking and baking, for making ice cream, desserts and pastries.

Use it, undiluted, in your coffee or tea. Make cocoa with it.

TRY it. Buy two or three cans now. Once you realize how convenient, economical and satisfactory Carnation Milk is you will regard your milk supply as you do any other grocery staple.

Like thousands of housewives you will keep a few cans in the pantry and the rest of the case in the store room or basement.

Write to us for a free copy of our handsomely illustrated booklet of special Carnation Milk recipes for everyday dishes, fancy desserts, etc.

Order Carnation Milk today from your grocer. "The Carnation Milkman."

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY

632 STUART BLDG.,
SEATTLE, U. S. A.

The Answer to the Milk Question:

Carnation Milk

Clean Sweet Pure

FAIRY
Pure as its whiteness suggests—refreshing in its cleansing qualities—there is more than ordinary satisfaction in the use of
FAIRY SOAP
for toilet and bath
Skillfully made of the choicest materials, Fairy Soap offers for 5 cents a cake *quality* which cannot be excelled at any price.
Each oval, floating cake is wrapped in dainty tissue and enclosed in its individual box.
THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"
FAIRY
5¢